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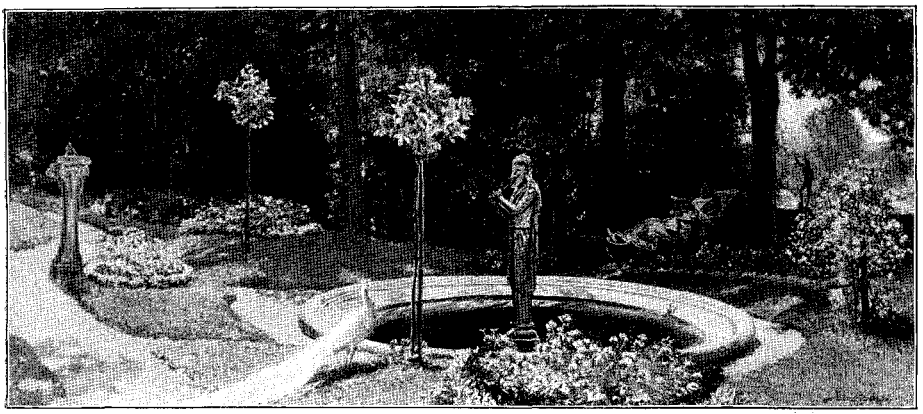

IN AN OLD FRENCH GARDEN

By Will H. Low

With Illustrations from Paintings by the Author

DO you remember the April moon and the song of the nightingale? Leaning from the window, we looked out upon long lines of cloud spanning the valley; the moon, swimming high, a disk of pale gold, radiated a halo of dull orange and smoky purple as the clouds in measured array passed before its face. Below lay the garden filled with indistinct light and shadow; the basin, a dark pool, reflected a single star to the west; and beyond the terrace wall the cherry and the plum trees in flower shone like dim silver. Near at hand, so near that he was palpably one of us, the nightingale voiced the rapture of spring and, conscious artist, responded again and again to our hushed murmurs of applause.

On such a night as this began the happy cycle of months within the garden walls. We were willing prisoners, for the roof of our prison was the all-enclosing sky, and from our point of vantage we soared above a happy valley threaded by living streams. We were four and, *place aux dames,* first the Châtelaine hostess, mother, painter, and *fermière,* though each of the qualities could be transposed in order, so thoroughly did each in turn dominate the others. Then the Ménagère, temporarily freed from domestic cares and not the less happy for the release, who also joyed to hear herself called *marraine* as a right by the elder daughter of the house, aged six, and, as an extension of privilege, by the four-year-old sister Marjorie. The ruder sex was represented by the Uncompromising Realist, who, taking his rôle of host so lightly as to put his guests absolutely at their ease,

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was engrossed in the accomplishment of a task long anticipated as a reward for the hours of arduous labor devoted to the art of sculpture. It is a fine thing to have the basis of preliminary study carried to the credit of the art of sculpture so that painting may be approached with confidence; a virgin field that can be sown with certainty of harvest. Not the least of the pleasures of the summer was to see this skilful workman in a field new to him, yet summon to his aid. In compensation, and as a reward for innumerable virtues, two small ladies knew him as *parrain*.

These four people found themselves in a pleasant part of France, upon a hillside overlooking a great valley. You would pass the house and garden on the road hidden behind the wall without suspicion of its charm, for the proverbial saving spirit of France seems to extend to nature itself, and one passes through a French

Departure for the First Communion.

one in which he was to a large degree master, and to join in the chorus of cheers which fittingly rewarded each new step of triumphant progress. And last of the four was the writer of these lines, known in the cheerful give and take of speech which filled the intervals of our work as the Idealist, from the supposed liberties to which he subjected our great model Nature; though this was most unjust, as, at least for the moment, he was gladly content to sit at the feet of his model, desert thoughts of decorative arrangement, and copy what he saw before him, with all the sincerity which he could

village with no inkling of the beauty which the walled street may mask on either hand. The place was ancient, as the earliest deed, an old parchment, dated 1616, recording its sale by the Abbey of St. Ouen, which, situated at Rouen, once owned the larger part of this happy valley, bore witness. Low upon the road the gentle descent of the land gave two stories and an attic to the house at the garden end, and within the long passage, with rooms opening to one side, gave it a conventual aspect and denoted its original use as a priory of the order. Its sale by the mother house at so early a date may have saved it when the

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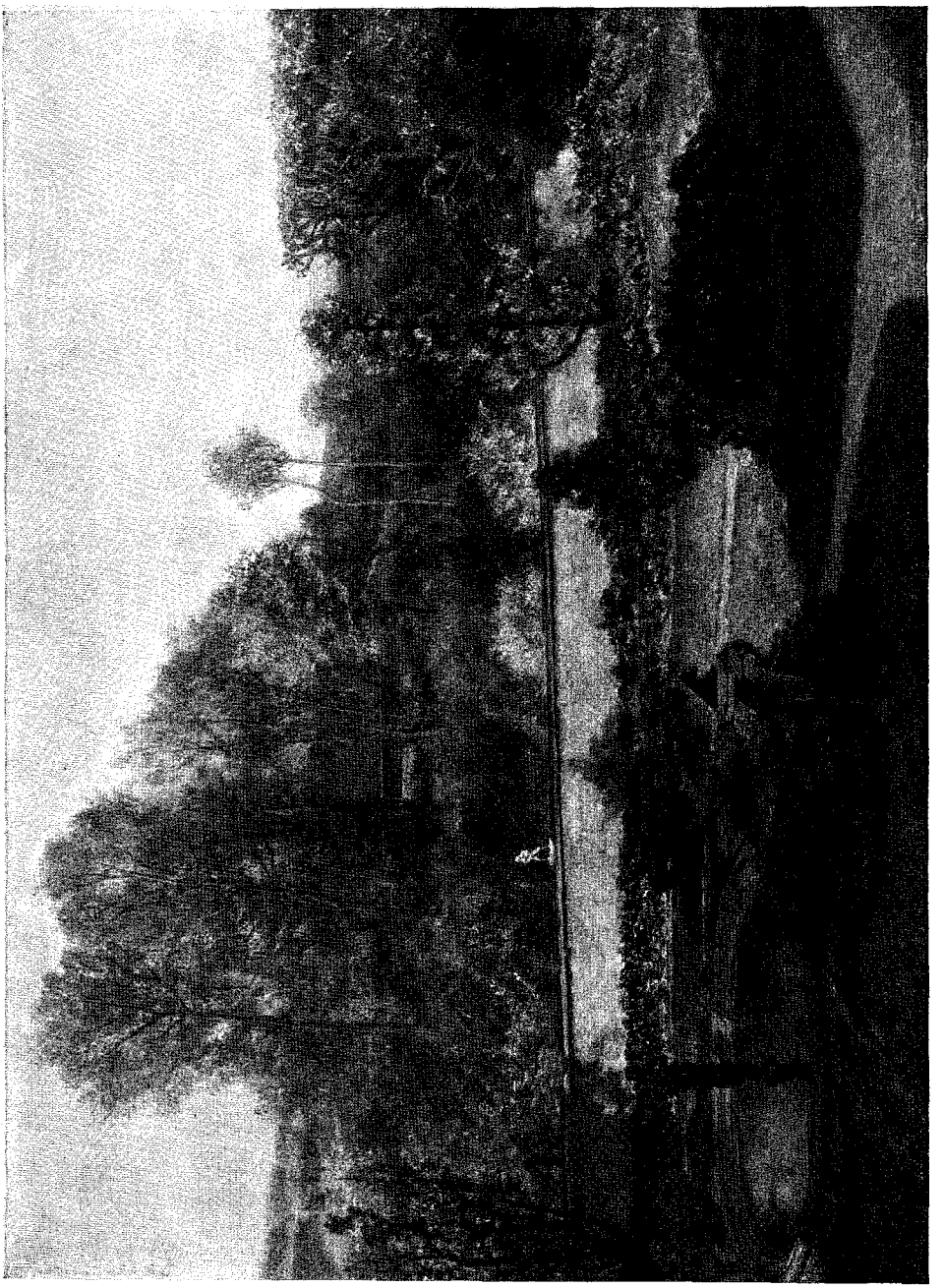

April Morning on the Terrace.

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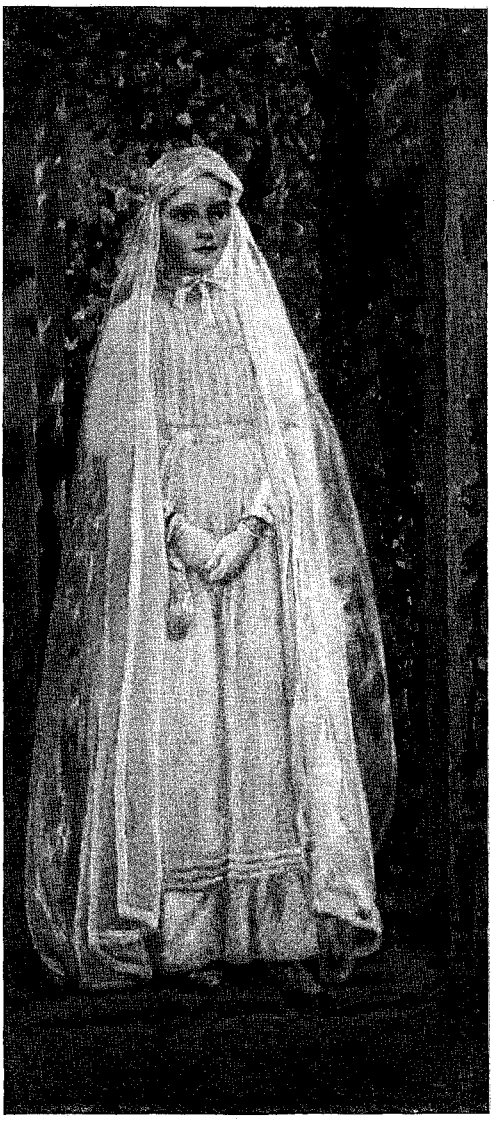
Revolution ravaged the possessions of the church in 1789, if indeed its modest character was not as effectual a safeguard as the fact of its private possession. In the large living room, framed above the mantel, in wooden mouldings which show the good taste and good craftsmanship of the village carpenter of the time, there is a portrait of the then proprietor of the house. He is a portly gentleman in a bagwig, seated at his ease under a spreading tree, gold-headed cane in hand, with flowers at his feet, and in the background a gardener, in blue coat, red breeches, and gray stockings, gravely waters the garden apparently with an exaggerated coffee pot. This painting, rather well-done and finely embrowned by time, bears the signature of a forgotten painter: Lechevalier fecit, 1750. Supporting the ceiling here, as elsewhere through the house, are massive beams of oak, eighteen inches in



The Narrow Gate.

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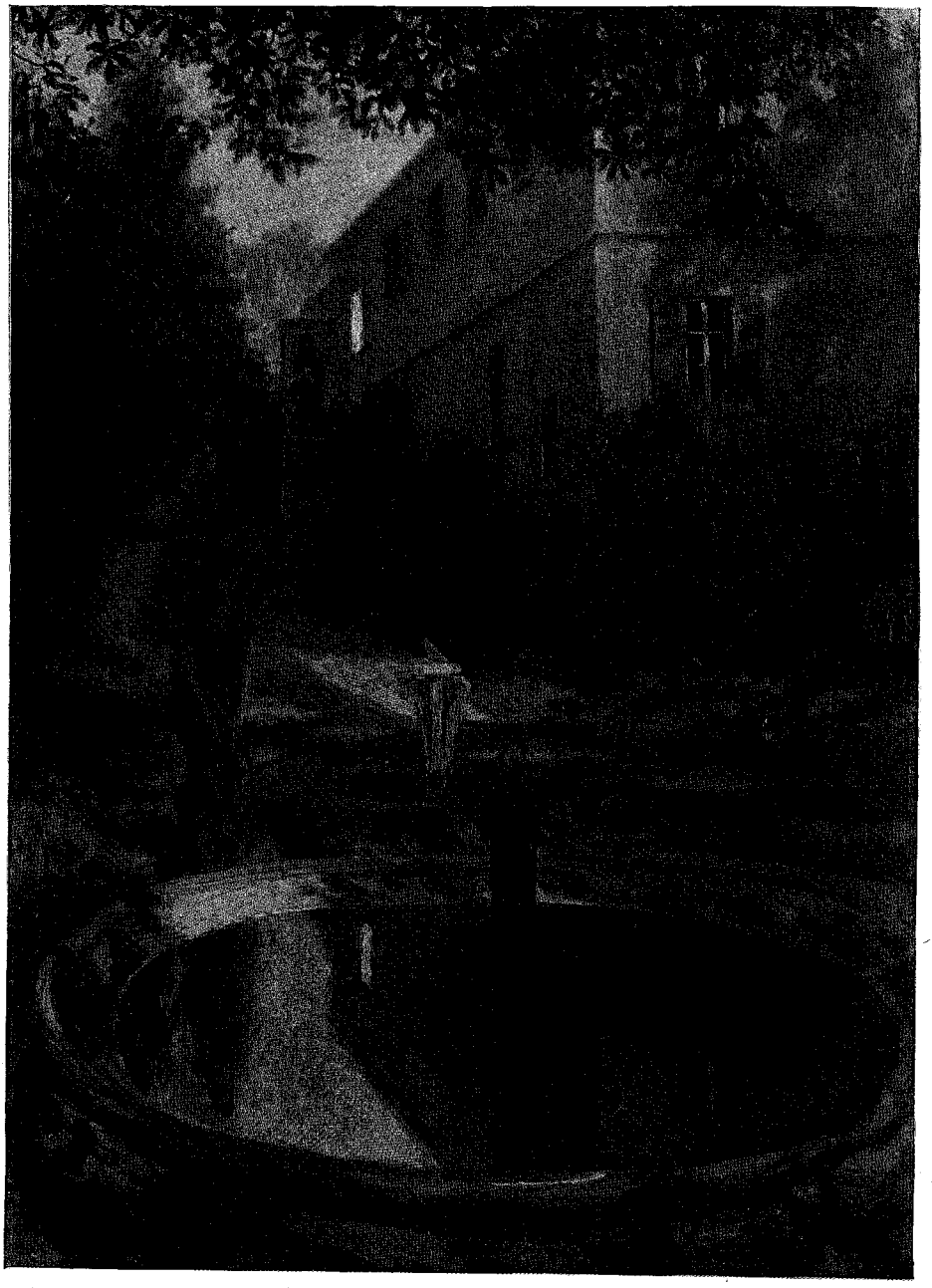

Midsummer Night.

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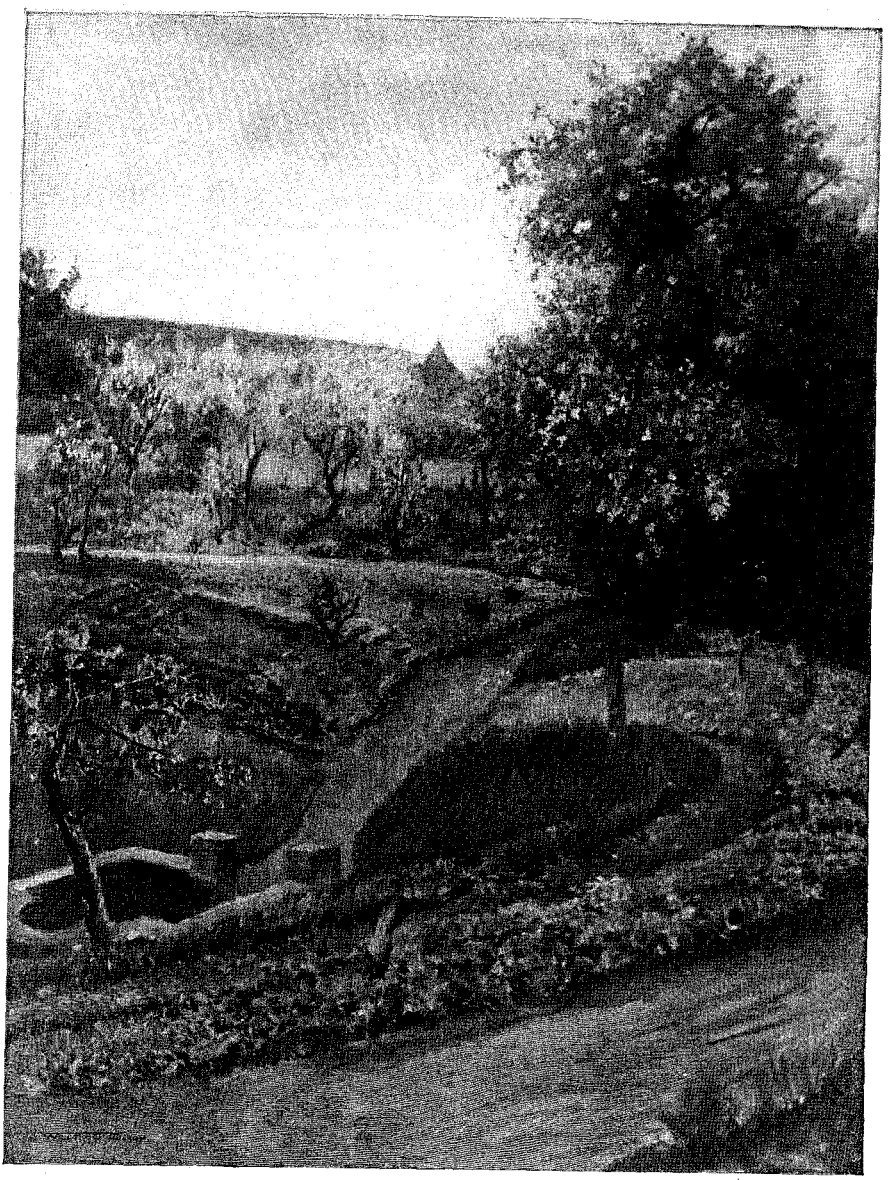

The Lower Garden.

diameter, giving testimony, in a country long since stripped of its oak, to the age of the house. Below this story, on the ground floor, is the dining-room, large enough to serve its former uses as a refectory, with stone floor, oaken beams, and a fire-place monumental in proportion. Behind this is the former kitchen, and still behind and nearest to the road a store-room with a walled up archway, once giving entrance to a subterranean passage leading through and beyond the neighboring hill some three miles to an old château. Crumbling walls made this passage dangerous, and fifteen years ago it was closed, but many of the older villagers have threaded their way through it, and I tell their tale as it was told to me. Another disused passage led to the church through the farmyard. The upperside of this court is closed by a long barn, twenty metres in length and proportionately wide,

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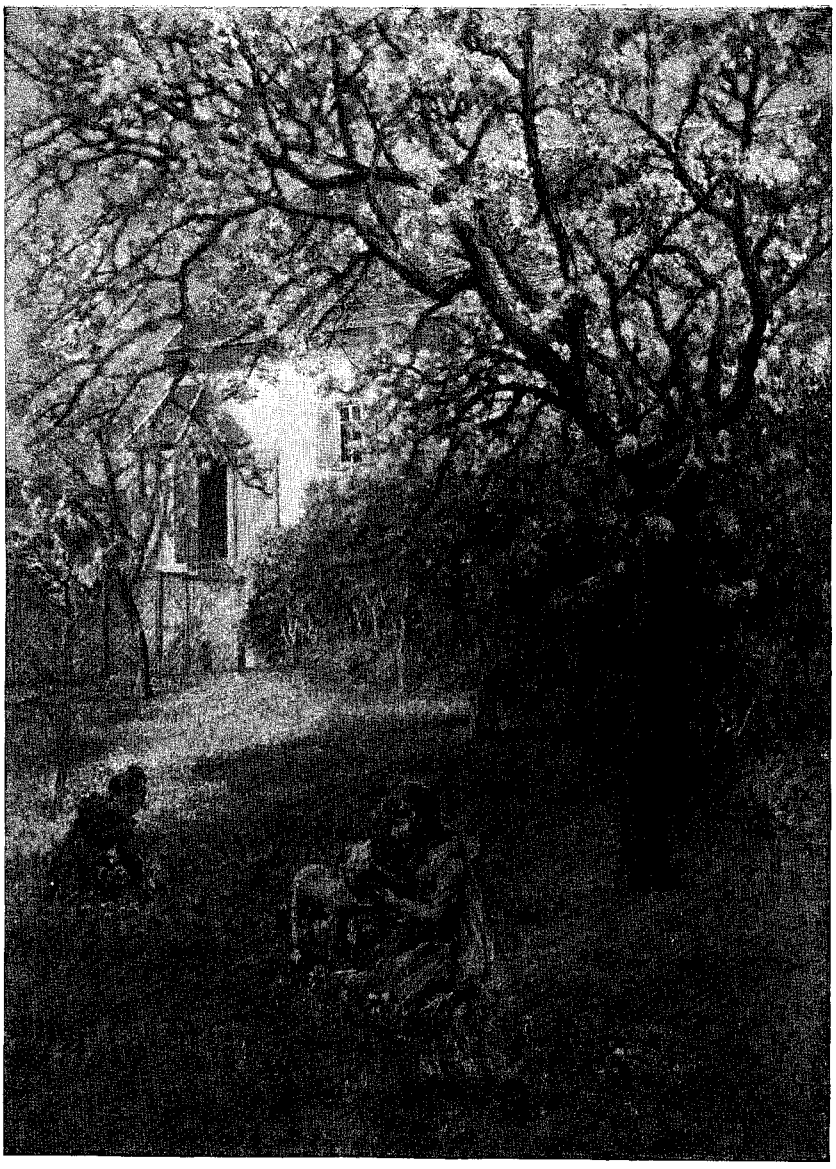

The Children's Playground.

which tells of the generous harvests of the good fathers and which, with its antique shell pierced by a large window and skylight, now serves as a studio. The four-square yard is closed on the other sides by the house, stables, and lodgings for servants, the buildings all presenting a good type of the Norman manor less pretentious than a château, but of more importance than the ordinary farmhouse. Below these buildings and upon the other side of the house the garden lies, a place of meandering paths, rich masses of flowers and pleasant shade. The chalk formation which underlies these hills gives to trees a life of only fifty or sixty years and limits their growth, perhaps to the advantage of the garden, which, comparatively small, is by no means a park. The sense of space is given by the outlook over the valley and by the scale of the bronze statuettes, replicas of Pompeiian

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work, which dot the terrace wall, and the half life-sized Pan in the centre of the basin, a copy from a late Greek pseudo-archaic figure in the British Museum, all erection from the village church, which was built in the thirteenth century.

The basin was a never-ending delight, reflecting the sky, the trees, the flowers,

Pomona.

additions of the present occupant. The dial numbering "none but sunny hours," and keeping quite good enough time for our purposes, was graven with the date of 1755 and an attestation of its calculation for our meridian. It stood on a pedestal, purloined probably at the time of its and the sunshine by day and the moon and stars by night; drained dry each evening in time of drought by the gardener to water the flowers, and the scene of endless trans-atlantic passages which betrayed the nationality of the children in their play with little boats. Being fed by

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The Carpet of Leaves.

a primitive device from the old well on the farm court above, it never remained dry very long, and with a fine scorn for archæological accuracy classic maidens with a far-too-modern harp lingered by its brink in the interlude of song.

The terrace wall, shaded by a chestnut-tree, where we took our noontide coffee, closed the upper garden, but on a slightly lower level ran a second wall parallel to the first, and between, on either side, were grapevines trained in graceful festoons after the manner of the grape countries by our Burgundian gardener. At one end of this terrace was the larger *charmille*, a deeply shaded retreat overarched by clipped linden-trees, cool in the summer heat and sheltered from cold winds in spring and autumn. Below this terrace was another and larger garden filled with flowers and fruit-trees, the pride and care of the gardener and the Châtelaine, who jointly bewildered us with their knowledge of planting, pruning, grafting, transplanting, and all the love of fruit and flower culture.

This lower garden in the early spring was like a great bridal bouquet, where the filmy white of cherry, pear, and plum and the modest blush of apple-bloom not only in the trees but, according to Old-World usage, cunningly dwarfed to border the garden walks, filled the days with a beauty so delicate and impalpable that, knowing how soon it would vanish, brought a pleasure closely akin to pain. Here also was a large reservoir to slake the garden's thirst, fed by a little stream which flowed swiftly by the garden end, just outside the wall, by which stood the little *charmille*, whence a grilled opening in the wall gave us a glimpse of the lower road, the little river, and the fields beyond. Here the birds had elected residence in the trees overarching the *charmille*, and one had to walk softly and keep silent not to provoke their flight with a great whirr of wings whenever one entered there.

The kitchen garden lay beyond under the farm court, and by the skill of the gardener was made a thing of beauty, aye, and of mystery, for it was there that an unsuspecting Idealist was brought to shame by refusing to recognize the thistle-like

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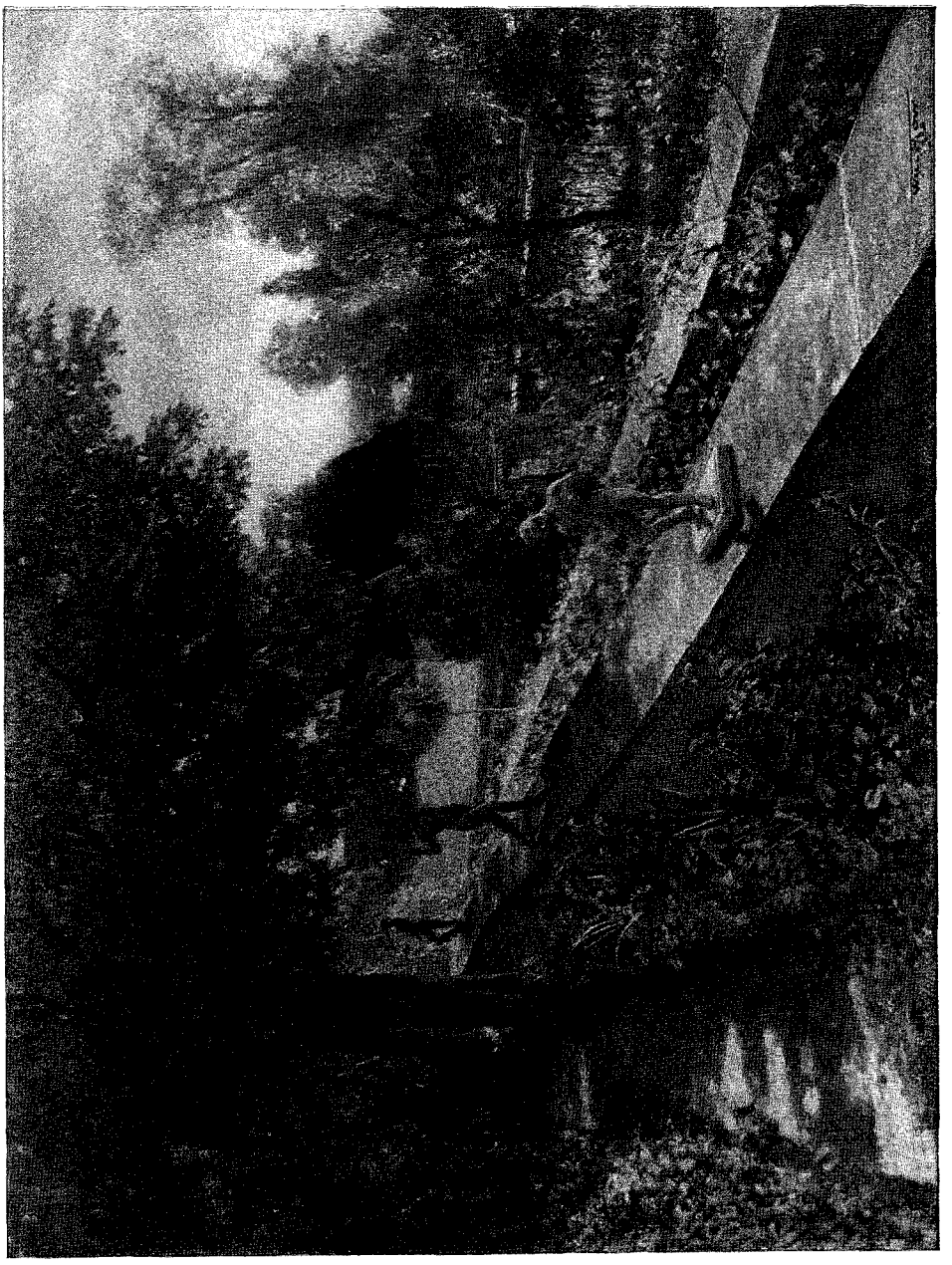

The Terrace Walls.

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plant which bore artichokes high upon its branches; some trick of erroneous memory bringing clear to his eyes a chequered field where artichokes grew in regular rows even with the ground, as though served on a plate.

Within these walls, closed high "to keep the vulgar out," we lived and worked.

There are few things which to an artist's eye present fairer possibilities than a blank canvas.

Covered by the handiwork of his own or others' efforts, limitations are established and reservations begin, but stretched taut upon its frame a new canvas suggests an inevitable masterpiece.

It was with untempered joy therefore that we began our season's work by unpacking two huge boxes containing not one but several dozen canvases. The Realist, uncompromising in every respect, had literally metres on metres of canvas, each large stretcher having a definite purpose which the summer saw fulfilled. As the nearest approach to nature all his work was planned to be, and was, life sized in respect to the human figure, and the unpacking of his box suggested an attempt to paint all outdoors in the scale of nature.

The Idealist's box, though deeper, had less superficial area and contained a larger number of canvases, which in course of time became the pictures which accompany these lines.

The Châtelaine, suspected as a woman of an economical spirit, was prone to work on an old canvas over some previous study, though an unprejudiced mind is forced to conclude that the result generally repeated the miracle of nature and brought new bloom from the mould beneath.

Thus armed, with no set purpose to keep within the garden walls, it soon became evident that we would not stray far therefrom. In a generous spirit we thereupon agreed to share each other's *motifs*, knowing that each painter's rendition of a scene differs from that of his fellow, but, as it came to pass, our generosity was not taxed; and it is an eloquent tribute to the richness of nature that the pictures here printed and an equally abundant production on the part of the Châtelaine and the Realist were all found within the confines of a scant two acres.

We shared with good women and happy countries a lack of eventful history, yet every waking hour was occupied. The weather to painters out of doors was, of course, a paramount consideration, and the Ménagère, who did not paint, gained the additional title of Philistina by unsympathetically protesting against what she termed the tiresome reiteration of the weather probabilities from the artistic stand-point. She vowed that we had no other conversation save the jargon of the technicalities of our craft.

In this she was wrong, for the æsthetic consideration of Realism *vs.* Memory, Imagination, or, to boldly accept the opponent's term, Chic was often discussed; at such length in fact as to preclude its report here.

But on the whole there was much more work than talk, so much in fact that the long bicycle tours projected in the winter came to naught, and the Ménagère was reduced to take her rides *solus*, bringing back to us, from the neighboring town, far-off echoes of the restless but not busier world without.

While the blossoms lasted in the earliest days we were astir betimes. The view over the terrace wall with the sundial in the foreground found me at work at half after six when the morning was still chill, though the air was pure and fragrant with the spring. Standing with my back turned to the house after an hour of work, I would hear a clatter of shutters and the voice of a Realist in pajamas would sleepily inquire the state of the weather. The Châtelaine meanwhile had struggled forth with a large canvas begun the year before, as the only means of finding enough time to reproduce the evanescent beauty of the blooming garden.

Corot was used to say that the landscape painters' day began with sunrise and ended with ten o'clock in the morning, to begin again late in the day and end at night.

The painters' harvest at high noon is seldom as fruitful as when gathered in the hours when shadows lie long upon the earth and the sky holds the last veil of night torn from her by the grasp of the conquering sun. Noon therefore found us under the shade of the trees taking our lunch *al fresco*, and coffee and tobacco mingled

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with varied talk led us gently to our afternoon effect.

The Realist, escaping the glare of the later morning, ensconced himself under the clipped lindens, which formed a leafy arch with a glint of sunlight beyond for a background, and here on a huge canvas began to take form a portrait group, of which the Châtelaine was the principal figure, reclining on a garden chair, with her youngest child nestling against her side. Upon the ground at her feet sat the devoted Picard nurse in her characteristic costume, while behind, advancing down the *charmille*, came little Berthe, in birthday attire, crowned with flowers : the whole proving, with convincing truth, that uncompromising realism is not necessarily devoid of beauty.

None of these were tasks to be concluded in a day, and when changes of weather came in our surprising lease of sunshine, for the gray skies of France are not often so long absent in this latitude, we had other work in hand suited to the weather.

The bloom on tree and bush vanished, the far-off trees, faintly drawn upon the sky in hues of warm gray, faint yellow, or ashen rose, thickened into greens tender or positive, and summer was at hand. The spring flowers, the poppies amid the vines, and the mass of forget-me-nots by the sundial gave place to other flowers, and the roses came in June. How quickly Nature compensates her losses. The children no longer picked dandelions and buttercups under the spreading cherry-tree in bloom, and here, fragile upon their slender grafted stems, great roses lifted their graceful heads in recognition of each other's presence across the limits of the basin.

And about this time came an echo from the outer world of the village. The first communion, celebrated only in these smaller villages on alternating years, was near at hand. Arrived at the earliest age when the catechism may be thought to have entered their little heads and its precepts understood, the children prepare to approach the sacramental table for the first time. It is a season of great rejoicing in all the families. Relatives from far and near are bidden to the ceremony and the feast to follow, and when the eventful morning arrives the white-clad little maidens with long veils and the *cierges* of hollow wax, in most cases taller than the bearers, form in procession to the church, accompanied by the boy communicants preternaturally solemn in their abbreviated evening dress of black.

Of all these little maidens I would sing the praises of Alice. She was our washerwoman's daughter, and, kneeling by the riverside, her little brown arms had wrung many a piece of linen as she smilingly watched the soapy bubbles float down the surface of the clear, swift little stream. But there was no brighter child at the village school, for her parents were well-to-do and fully alive to the benefits of instruction. When the time of the first communion arrived we had been permitted to add a piece of finery for her costume, and the sight of Alice, gravely rehearsing her part for the procession, before the delighted eyes of her aunt, who had come from Paris for the occasion, in its contrast of grave dignity and bird-like delight in fine feathers, drew me away from the flowers.

So after the ceremony it was arranged that Alice was to pose for me in the little garden of the house where the Ménagère held sway, and where she abode with him who in print forbears to call himself her lord and master. This, our little home, consisted of two living rooms and a superabundant quantity of barn and stable, untenanted save by bicycles, and adjoined our friend's house and garden. A narrow gate cut in the wall permitted us to roam at will in the larger garden without going out to the village street.

Here, in the hot June mornings, between the lilies fitly growing in processional order, Alice posed with sweetest patience, for she was a very little girl on whom inaction weighed, for the painter who writes himself down her slave and rejoices to know that his affection is reciprocated. A simple child, her conversation limited by the respect which she felt for her elder to "*Oui, Monsieur,*" or "*Non, Monsieur,*" though the merry eye told of a tongue which indeed we had heard, as her voice rose clear in the little church repeating her confession of faith. Later, too, at the end of the school year, on the platform built outside the school

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and covered with green boughs, in the presence of Monsieur the Mayor, the brass-helmeted fireman, and the major part of the inhabitants of the village, Alice had displayed dramatic talent in a clever dialogue supposed to take place between Water and Wine. A solemn-faced youth as the votary of Bacchus was letter perfect, but Alice gave the reply with spirit and humor, and was fitly crowned with laurels at the end. By my side stood a young dramatic author fresh from a successful play at the Odéon, and he averred that he had witnessed much worse performances upon the boards of Parisian theatres.

So the little mute, quaint figure posed resolutely through this picture, and did not flinch when I proposed a second later in the season, until at the end her beautiful costume through constant wear was finally beyond repair, when the philosophical child reassured her painter that it really did not matter, as one has only *one* first communion.

But to return to our garden. Wonderful days were succeeded by no less beautiful nights. As the glow of day deepened to the rosier glow of twilight colored Japanese lanterns, strange exotic flowers, were hung on bush and tree to our own and the children's delight. As they flitted about, placing lanterns here and there, we all exclaimed, "There's a subject," and then with equal accord we said, "Rosemary Lily, Lily Rose," as the thought of Sargent's superb picture of the same subject with that title gave us pause. But from the time when the moon dipped the reflection of its thin crescent in the basin near at hand, through all its phases we followed and studied its effect on our surrounding world. Here the uncompromising Realist left us to our devices. The quasi-impossibility of painting directly from nature by moonlight caused him to scoff or to lend a languid ear as we discussed the color of objects seen by moonlight. Nevertheless the Châtelaine and her ally proved beyond dispute that a cloak of a certain red kept its color perceptibly in the moonlight when a much more brilliant orange drapery became a dingy colorless brown. And here also Philistina Ménagère again protested. "Was it not enough," she wailed pathetically, "to be unable by daylight to tear words from our lips which did not smack of our craft, but were the nights also to be devoted to chasing lights and shadows, tones and colors, reflections and effects? In self-defence she would take to painting, she vowed; in much the same spirit as a threat to take to drink. To pacify, occupy her time, and as we agreed "to keep her out of mischief," she was pressed into service as a model, and, standing by the basin in a white summer gown in the direct rays of the setting sun, she became a beautiful example of orange lights and purple shadows in the deft hand of the Châtelaine.

But we were not always alone. Others, liking upon report the profit and our kind of life, joined us from time to time. I have said nothing of the young girl pupils of the Realist, who, a portion of the time, made gay the garden with the hum of additional workers and, faithful followers, added unfair accretion of numbers to his side in artistic argument.

And there was one who to my musically ignorant soul could get out—or put in—such voice to the piano as has lingered in my memory since the times when, a child, I heard the great Rubinstein play. It was well that our pianist loved his art, for by day and by night we clamored for his presence at the piano. Some evenings we would desert the garden for the living-room, and there, with the all-accomplished Châtelaine at her spinet, and our visitor at the piano, Bach, Mozart, or Palestrina would hold us entranced. At other times denying himself the pleasure of our company, or the glory of the moonlight, our self-sacrificing friend would stay indoors, while in the garden below, grouped in the shadow of the chestnut or bathing in the silvered light, the hushed company would sit while strains of heavenly melody would float down to us from the open window above.

Once also our curiosity was aroused by the frequent visits of the Russian doctor who had settled in the nearby town, an able man and interesting withal; but none of us was ill, and he was a busy country physician. At last, after three or four visits, he explained to the Châtelaine, "I have come rather often of late, when I know you have no need of me, but the fact is, I find the spectacle of your exist-

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ence here most interesting. In my kind of life, I have never encountered such industry combined with such evident pleasure, and, if I do not intrude, I would like to come in occasionally as I pass by."

He was assured of a welcome, as was the village priest, M. l'Abbé Toussaint, who shall figure here under his real name, as it is far more appropriate than any I can invent. The abbé was a fine type of the peasant who has profited by the instruction of the *seminaire*, and who, called to a neighboring village but little more populous than our own, now serves the two parishes. His clerical work leaves him ample leisure to satisfy his passion for botany, and he often appeared flushed from the pursuit of some rare specimen. A joyous companion and a firm friend of his heretical friends, he moves in his well-mended *soutane* through my memory of the summer, a sombre but most pleasing figure. I regret that I did not impose on his perennial good-humor to paint him, but here the Realist was ahead of me, and, arrayed in the golden robes of the church, upon the altar steps, a red-caped altar-boy on either hand, the Abbé lives upon canvas, dignified and serene amid the riot of color which the Church of Rome enlists in its service.

Nor must I forget, for they were not strangers though without our gates, an accomplished correspondent of a great newspaper and his amiable wife, domiciled nearby. From his excursions in search of "copy" we were in constant touch with the great pulsing world. The newest books, the last piece of news, the future success of the Parisian theatres, he brought to our door, and the great review of the French army in the presence of the Emperor of Russia and the President of the Republic we had at first hand.

This served to remind us that we did not always live in Arcady, and once when he was absent in Paris the black wing of a great tragedy obscured the sunshine of our garden. It was a lovely morning. The Realist was at work in the *charmille* engaged in fixing the volatile features of his youngest daughter, happily ignorant of the fact that she was posing for her portrait, upon his canvas. It was a task provocative of much song and of merry stories suited to the childish mind. I sat near by, working at another picture, while the Châtelaine and the Ménagère were both occupied in keeping the living bit of quicksilver whose portrait was underway in some semblance of order.

To us appeared suddenly the fairly tragic figure of our friend's wife, waving an ominous blue telegram, exclaiming: "Our President is assassinated!"

It was a few hours after the tragedy at Buffalo, and in a foreign land a knot of Americans, behind the ramparts isolating them in a little world of the joy of pleasurable labor, felt the sunlight fade at the horror of the act and the sorrow of their nation.

Meanwhile the pageant of the seasons moved on. We had no rain, but, to vary the monotony of blue skies, great storms circled round our valley. The sunset, rich in orange, turquoise, and crimson, showed us high-piled masses of billowy storm-cloud breaking in the distance, while near at hand the weary gardener, deprived of all such modern implements as water motors and garden hose, carried his sprinkling pots from bed to bed, to assuage the thirst of the flowers.

Stevenson in his essay on "The Day after To-morrow," after noting that man is an idle animal, enumerates: "Of those who are found truly indefatigable in business, some are misers, some are the practisers of delightful industries like gardening." Alas, now that I live no longer in Arcady, and cannot pursue my own delightful industry in a garden, I would fain be a gardener. Yet one thing would hold me back. It is not the excessive use of sprinkling-pots over thirsty acres, but the amazing store of knowledge which a competent gardener must acquire. It has been given to me to sit measurably at the feet of the wise on this earth, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that to listen to the varied and lucid explanation of the details of a well-kept garden from the lips of Louis Desbois seems, if one could grasp it, almost the acme of acquired knowledge. Like most painters who are students of external aspects, absolute ignorance faintly describes my lack of garden lore and so I never ceased marvelling at Desbois; whose also appropriate name I refrain from tampering with. Yet I am persuaded that in France — a land of

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Convent Gossip.

thoroughness in acquired knowledge—he may not be an exception. I had his word for it when, in answer to some praise of mine, his patriotism rose superior to his self-pride, for he said: "O, there are many gardeners in France beside whom I know little."

But this paragon of gardeners is handsome, cleanly set up, with curling hair, black eyes, and ruddy cheeks, that speak well for the good Burgundy wine on which he was suckled, for he is a stranger in Normandy. He is kind-hearted and by the testimony of our little *filleulles* can do some things to which even their papa cannot pretend. His presence in the garden was so healthy and wholesome that, by common compact, we refrained from asking him to pose for us, lest he become self-conscious. On Sundays he still finds work there, for "Why," says he, "should I go to the inn and play billiards when I am happier here." No early effect to be caught ever brought me into the garden before he was there, and after sunset the watering-pot came out. And through the long drought the garden blossomed fair, and what he laughingly called "the rain from the nozzle" supplied the parched earth despite the lack of rain.

To see a handsome trade handsomely and gallantly exercised is a noble spectacle; and here I take my hat off to this Louis of the Woods.

In this enumeration the cook calls for mention, not alone from the gratitude of the stomach nor because of her flower-like beauty, for Artémise is distinctly plain. But perhaps on account of her name, predestined to be a *chasseresse des bois*, we more than suspected the existence of a vague romance between this pair. There was also a disparity of age, for, taxed with partiality for the gardener, she blushingly disowned the thought, as she might be his mother, "or at least, Madame, an elder sister." But even this slight romance, probably having as its chief result the confection of choice dishes for the delectation of the gardener in the kitchen, served to keep alive our human interest.

The painting went on; the fair possibilities of our blank canvases had resolved into more and more studies lined along the studio wall, as the productions of the triumvirate waxed numerous. At last we had rain, and suddenly we found the autumn upon us. Here again was a season like the spring filled with a stranger, more penetrating beauty than the summer, but, like the spring, flitting as we looked.

At first it came leisurely enough. The

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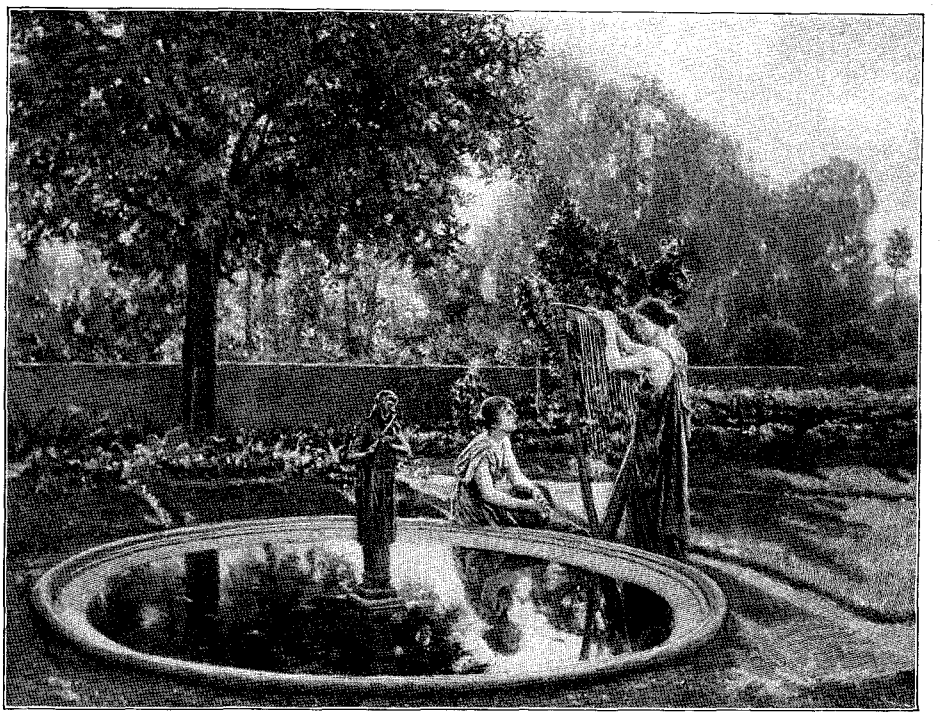

By the Basin.

lower garden was now filled with fruit, and the odor of the grape and the moist earth greeted one's morning entrance there. The fulness of harvest called Pomona to mind, and despite the jeers of the Realist a picture of that fair lady was begun walking between the vines on the second terrace in the pagan company of Diana, the Dancing Fawn, and Narcissus along the terrace wall. Then only a few paces away the conventual character of the garden reasserted itself, and three nuns deep in convent gossip came into being. Here in happy afternoons I sat and watched the shadows creep along the garden paths, the rays of flickering sunshine adding glow to the myriad flowers, gilding the terrace wall and the yellowing vines, while above all rose the great pale moon though it was yet day.

With the early evening a chill fell on the earth, and we would then hie ourselves to the great dining-room, pile logs upon the hearth, and by their cheerful glow, with tea and mulled wine for our stomachs' sake, dispel the cold. Friends from the inn and the neighboring houses found us here, and as the early dark left us two good hours before dinner, this twilight time was filled with pleasant chat as we rested from the labors of the day.

When it rained there was the picture indoors in the living room where the harp and the spinet, unmurmuring models, hardly exceeded in patience the ladies pressed into service to be their human accompaniment.

Now the mornings became chill; heavy fog rose from the river and covered all the valley. As the day grew older the valiant sun beat back the mist and the garden appeared radiant in brave array of color, each leaf and flower outlined with minute diamonds of dew left by the retreating vapor. Then came the time for a few brief hours of strenuous work. The leaves still held; only the patter of the falling chestnuts told how they in turn would be followed by the leaves, whose garb of green was already flecked with gold. Along the terrace wall the bronze statuettes seemed to give themselves over to violent exertion after their night exposure to the damp. Now the Châtelaine, no unreasoning *cigale* she, but rather the foreseeing *fourmi* of the fable, brought out her store of autumnal

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The Felled Tree.

studies begun the previous year, and each grew in force and beauty as with added skill the work was completed. Even as we worked the end was near, and, fitting presage of this ending, we heard one morning the thud of the woodsman's axe, and one of the tall trees which I had painted in the distance in earliest spring tottered and fell. Like the mortuary portrait of an old friend, it seemed incumbent that I should for this one time leave the confines of the garden to paint it prostrate across the brook—a victim of the peasant's greed, for the woodsman told me that it had taken thirty years to grow and was worth to him thirty francs !

The hoar-frost lay upon the garden every morning now ; the tang of approaching winter was in the air, and the ground was carpeted with leaves. Those which late the day before I painted on the trees I would find spread upon the ground the next morning. A few birds still hung about the little *charmille* where I essayed my last picture in a glint of late sunshine, and when I clapped my benumbed hands to restore the circulation they would still rise with their wild whirr of wings.

One early morning I found the Pan in the basin covered over with a mantle of cobweb spun by a spider whose misguided industry had kept him at work too late to catch flying insects, perhaps to keep warm, and the frost artificer had besprinkled the web with tiny jewels, while below there was a thin film of ice in the basin. It was time to pack our bedaubed canvases and separate in our various directions.

We had rounded three-quarters of the sylvan year with much work, much discussion, and hearty good-fellowship. And so, rich with memories, we left the garden.

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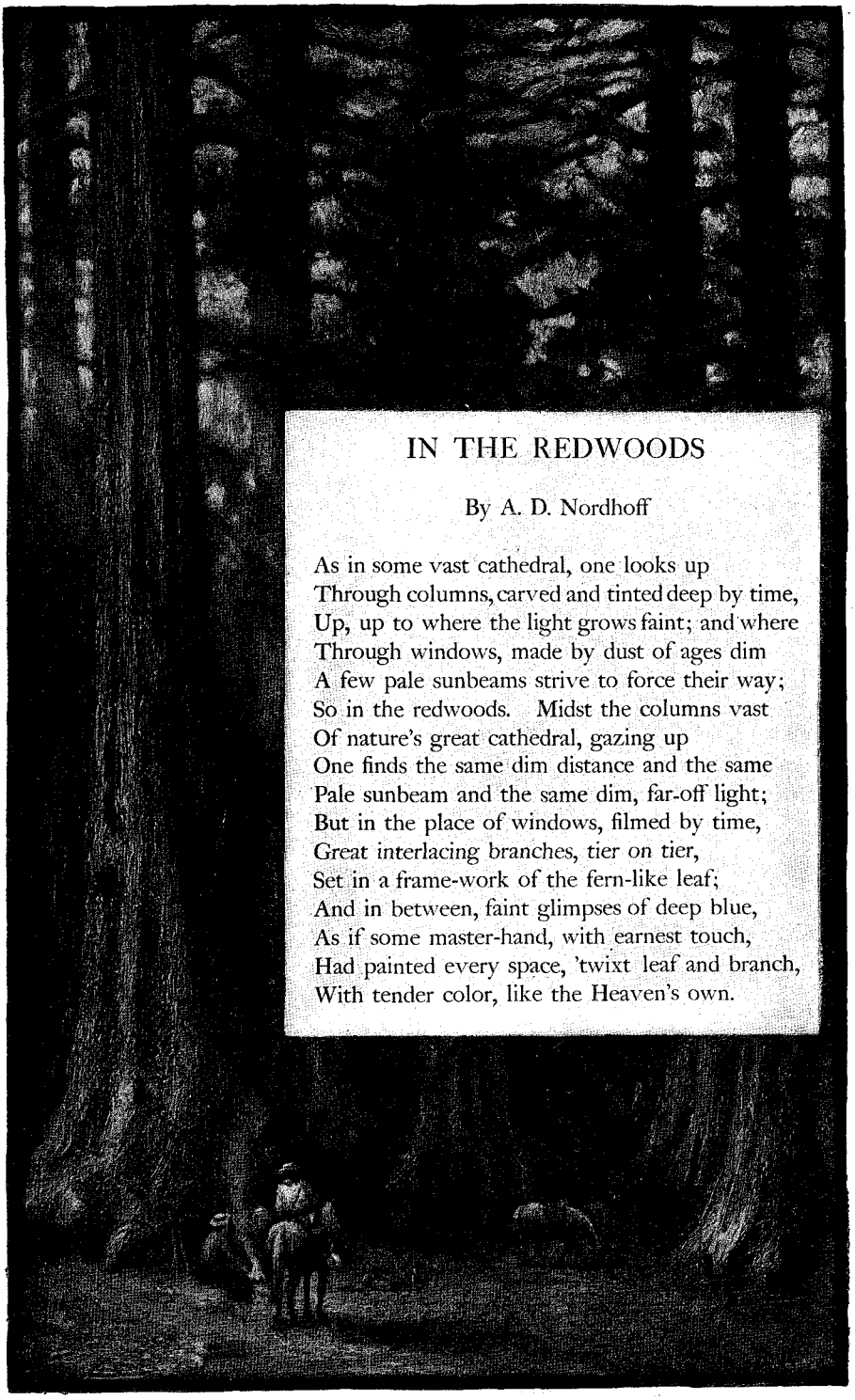

IN THE REDWOODS

By A. D. Nordhoff

As in some vast cathedral, one looks up
Through columns, carved and tinted deep by time,
Up, up to where the light grows faint; and where
Through windows, made by dust of ages dim
A few pale sunbeams strive to force their way;
So in the redwoods. Midst the columns vast
Of nature's great cathedral, gazing up
One finds the same dim distance and the same
Pale sunbeam and the same dim, far-off light;
But in the place of windows, filmed by time,
Great interlacing branches, tier on tier,
Set in a frame-work of the fern-like leaf;
And in between, faint glimpses of deep blue,
As if some master-hand, with earnest touch,
Had painted every space, 'twixt leaf and branch,
With tender color, like the Heaven's own.

Drawn by George Elmer Browne.

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THE MARTINIQUE POMPEII

BY JAMES ROBB CHURCH

Ass't Surgeon U. S. Army, serving on board the relief-ship Dixie

ON May 21st we who were on board the Dixie sighted Martinique, and passed down its coast in the dark of the early morning hours. At the site of St. Pierre we could see the dull gleam of fires on shore which flashed fitfully as the wind fanned up the embers. About five we steamed into Fort de France and burned powder in salute to the Fort and made our devoirs to the other ships in harbor. Some of the officers of the Cincinnati, which was already there, came over and told us of the condition of affairs, and of the second eruption of May 20th, which had carried ashes over Fort de France. At half-past ten a party from our ship and the Dutch cruiser Köningen Regentes started in the tug Potomac for St. Pierre.

The run is about sixteen miles, and in an hour we were in sight of the ruined town. It is difficult to describe the prospect which presented itself. The whole occurrence was so vast, so relentlessly and vindictively destructive, that eyes rather than a written account are necessary for its comprehension.

The situation and the lay of the land are not unlike that of the country about Naples. There is the same sweep of bays and terraced hills, and the same grim smoking mountain in the background. The first thing which struck one was the incongruity of the coloring of the scene. In the tropics one expects the greens of vegetation and foliage, and the many tinted houses which the inhabitants seem to love. Here all that was lacking. It was like a picture in monochrome; all was gray and black and sombre. The line was distinctly drawn, and the path taken by the fiery torrent was plainly marked; on one side, life and smiling green verdure, on the other death and destruction, grim and gray. We were sent ashore in boats and warned to come to the landing-place if the tug's whistle sounded, and to come quickly, as there was no certainty as to when Pelée might be stirred into renewed activity. We landed at one of the quays, and the first impression was one of absolute desolation. Bits of wreckage, cables, charred spars, and twisted iron lay tangled together, and to the right the ruins of a distillery flamed and smouldered in the wind.

I made my way up to the Rue Victor Hugo, which runs parallel to the waterfront and then along that northward to the cathedral. The street itself was choked with stones and dust.

The outburst of the 20th had shaken down more of the walls which the first eruption had not destroyed, and the fallen buildings had blocked the street so that it was like walking in the bed of a dry torrent. All the houses were unroofed and almost all woodwork was burned. The débris was still hot and smoking in many places, and in several the odor of decomposing and burning flesh was obtrusively evident. I made my way into a building on Rue Victor Hugo, which had evidently been a bakery, as the fire-marked machinery and the ovens attested. Here was the first visible evidence of the red death that had swept down so quickly on the town. Underneath the oven, in the pit where the fire was placed was all that was left of the baker. Poor devil! he had probably crawled under the brick arch to escape the crash of falling stones, the infall of his roof, and the seething tornado of fire and ash which searched everything with such relentless thoroughness.

But it found him even there, and all that was left to our eyes was a naked, blackened body, lying on its back, drawn up in the farthest corner, the hands behind the head as he was when the fire came seething in and summoned forth his soul.

The cathedral fronts on the Rue Victor Hugo and was in the same state of collapse as everything else. The tower had fallen as far as the second story, and in its ruins rested the great bronze bell and the smaller ones of the chime. At the eastern end were the remains of the altar, and there, on the top of the ash among the fragments of the doors of the tabernacle, of candlesticks and sconces, lay a brass Christ, burned from its crucifix and scorched and colored by fire: a symbol of suffering, of death in agony.

What appeared odd was that against the north wall were two wooden confessionals twisted and racked by the general

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upheaval, but hardly touched by fire. They were of thin, flimsy wood, and it appeared strange that they should have escaped the almost universal conflagration. There were other instances of this: in one or two houses were found books untouched by flame, while next door everything was charred.

Many of the bodies had been carried away and burned, but many of course remained: some in the streets, bent, twisted, and burned out of semblance to anything human, and others in the houses.

There was over all the odor of the dead, the smell of the battle-field; and with it the scent of sulphur, such as one may notice on the Fourth of July, when many fire-crackers have been burned. In another house the family seemed to have gone to death hand in hand. In a bath-tub lying on its face was the body of a man, in a cradle the body of a child, and by its side a doll. Poor child! how swiftly its death must have come. I picked up the doll and it crumbled in my hand, leaving nothing but the eyeless china head. On the wall was a big brass French clock surmounted by cupids; the hands had stopped at ten minutes to eight. It was the same in all houses; nothing but desolation and destruction and death and ruin, all covered with the gray, heavy, sticky volcanic dust, which lay everywhere and covered the whole landscape like a lead-covered pall. The northern end of the town lies in a valley which sweeps up northeast to the feet of Mont Pelée, and here the obliteration was more marked than in the lower part of the city. Down this valley had flowed a great stream of mud following the Rivière Blanche, and that, with the fall of ash and sand, had buried the houses, so that in place of a collection of dwellings there was a level flat of the prevailing insistent dead gray color. In places ruins showed, and on the shore side you could distinguish buildings sticking in this enveloping mass like raisins in some huge, uncanny cake. This was the better portion of the town and the residence quarter and from its situation the first to feel the effect of the eruption. It was evident that the eruption must have been accompanied by a fierce tornado, for all the trees were blown from the mountain as one sees those on a wind-swept coast, and in a number of places I found pieces of corrugated iron roofing caught around stumps and pillars as a rag might be blown and lodged by a breeze. Not a living thing save our own party was in sight; there were no birds, no buzzards, nothing. It seemed as though all life was shunning this dreary, gray abode of death and the dead.

Suddenly, as we were near the plaza, we saw clouds of steam and heavy smoke rising from the mud flat at the northern end of the town and the mountain-slope just beyond. At first there were only one or two, but they cropped out and multiplied, until from fully twenty vents, great white and gray-brown columns, were rolling skyward. As I was standing, uncertainly looking at the whirling steam and smoke, the dull scream of the whistle on the Potomac came calling over the water a voice of warning. I remembered the captain's parting injunction, and I think I touched only the highest of the high places down Victor Hugo Street to the water-front and the quay. Other hurrying figures came in sight, and gradually our party collected itself from the ruined city, the tug, in the meantime, sending forth, again and again, its hoarse call. By the time we were all in our boats and shoved off, the slope of the mountain was enveloped in a dun-colored curtain, and I think we all expected a manifestation of some kind. No further activity occurred, however, and we boarded the Potomac and hoisted in her boats.

We steamed northward, past the town and by the ruined factory, and up the coast through dun-colored, sulphurous-smelling clouds that blew out to sea from the vents in the mud and ash. As we turned to come back a brisk shower came pattering down, and as it cleared we had a plain view of the author of this wholesale destruction; of Pelée, rising tall and terrible over the city he had so quickly snuffed out. The crater, or fissure, was plainly visible with steam and smoke pouring out, and the whole outline of the vast peak.

It is useless to try to describe it; it is just "Morne Pelée," but for those who saw it the impression will always remain!—a recollection of smoke and fire and dust and death. I think, as I said before, that the thing which impressed me most was the uncanny, weird, unnatural grayness of it all.

And so we turned to the south and steamed away to Fort de France, and life.

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There were about sixty in the hospital there; all burned and swathed in bandages and dressings. One of the American sailors, rescued from a steamer in the harbor by the French man-of-war Suchet, talked about it. His story has, I suppose, been told before, but here it is as I heard it; what seemed to impress him most was the suddenness of the whole occurrence.

We came into St. Pierre on the morning of the 8th. For thirty miles out we had been passing through clouds of dust and smoke which covered the sea and fell on the ship. I remember the first officer coming down from the bridge so covered with the gray ash that he looked as though he had been at work in a flour mill. We came in to take off passengers and were to have carried eighty people from St. Pierre.

It was clear and bright when we got close in to the town, different from the dust and ashes farther out, and I could see the town and mountain perfectly plainly, but it looked smoky out to sea. We anchored about opposite the light-house, and the agent of the line came out and got our papers and then went over to the Roddam, which was anchored near us. We were all watching the volcano and I think everyone was uneasy: I know I was. I was standing forward with some of the others and the third engineer was making photographs of the mountains. All at once there was an explosion—not a loud noise, but like a wind storm—and smoke came out of the top of the mountain. The people on shore ran down to the water-front and ran toward the light-house, away from the mountain; it was just black with them. Then there was a second explosion that came from the side of the mountain near the Rivière Blanche and seemed to blow out sideways.

I saw the houses in the upper part of the town catch fire, and I knew it was going to be serious. I jumped down into the engine-room to stand by with some of the firemen. Then the wind struck us. It struck the ship on the port quarter, which was toward the volcano, and heeled her over to starboard until the bridge was touching the water. The edge of the bridge was about twenty feet above the water-line. It was perfectly dark and we were burned down in the fire-room. It was hot ashes that burned me, and I do not believe there was any gas. This only lasted about three minutes, and then it began to clear up and I went up on deck. Both masts and the stack had been carried away and the ship was on fire in the deck saloon, which was aft. I went and tried to start the pump, but the machinery was out of gear and would not work. The whole city was burning then and I could not see any people. I suppose they were all killed in that time, as those on ship were. The bodies on ship were covered with ashes, and my hands and neck were covered with them where they were burned. My clothes did not catch fire. There were forty-seven in the crew of the Roraima, and so far as I know there are only ten of them alive now. The French ship Suchet took us off and carried us to Fort de France.

The number of injured was awfully out of proportion to those killed. Thirty thousand dead and probably not more than one hundred hurt! It was a veritable slaughter. I do not believe that the people came to their death by suffocation. All bodies that I saw were absolutely naked, even the hair being burned away and the flesh charred and crisped, and it seems more reasonable to suppose that death was by fire than by asphyxia. Further, from personal observation and from what I have heard, I do not believe that the damage done emanated from the crater proper. I believe that the opening from which this flood of destruction came was a vent in the side of the mountain near the Rivière Blanche, and that, while the crater undoubtedly contributed its quota of mud and sand, the primary force was from an opening lower down. I have spoken of the way in which the trees were blown and of the iron work twisted about posts and stumps. This and the fact that the houses in the upper part of the town were the first to catch fire and that the whole city *rapidly* caught fire afterward (as attested by eye-witnesses) would indicate the existence of a strongly acting, explosive, *lateral* force.

The crater is some 4,800 feet above the level of St. Pierre, and it does not seem likely that an eruptive gas or gases, light in character, would descend that distance, retain their force, and still leave a huge column of smoke to rise directly above the crest of the mountain.

Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the U. S. Geological Survey, was at Fond St. Denis, near and in plain view of Mont Pelée, on May 27th, and during that night an eruption occurred from the crater. Clouds of smoke poured forth, and in them were evidences of gaseous ignition. The cloud did not descend, however, but continued at the level of eruption. Furthermore there are two eye-witnesses: Evans, of the steamer Roraima, whose account I have quoted, and Mr. Camille Honly of Bel Oncle, Martinique, who aver that they saw an explosion from the side of the mountain at about the locality I have indicated, and that this explosion immediately preceded the destruction of the city. Thirdly, there is at present, at this spot, a fissure which gives off steam, smoke, and mud continuously.

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There seemed to be no need for more doctors in Fort de France, but medical stores and dressings were landed there, as well as food and clothing.

On May 23d we arrived in Kingstown, on the island of St. Vincent. Although the loss of life at Martinique was far and away more than it was in this island, the eruption of La Soufrière was probably of greater extent, covering as it did about thirty-five square miles.

The character of the eruption was different also. Here lava was thrown up and stones of a considerable size fell, as was attested by a number of wounds of the head and upper trunk. Lava also issued in streams and swept over the country.

Through the courtesy of Major J. Will, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, I was able to see the wounded (some thirty-five) who had been brought into the Kingstown hospital from the burned district.

The majority were suffering from burns of various degrees of severity, but there were several cases of wounds caused by falling lava. One, a little Carib Indian girl, had suffered a peculiar accident. At the time of the eruption she was walking with a large tray on her head. A good-sized piece of rock fell on the tray, and to put the matter non-technically, knocked her head out of shape. There was a small fracture of the skull, but the whole head was flattened and pressed down, the seams between the bones overriding and allowing some play. She was unconscious when brought in, but had recovered when I saw her and was almost as well as ever.

The next day I hired a mule, the only saddle animal I could find, and rode up the country toward Georgetown. The country up to four or five miles of the latter town showed little evidence of the eruption, save for a deposit of gray volcanic dust similar to that marking the eruption of Pelée. There was little to be seen in Georgetown itself, it being only a small village and not having suffered so directly as did St. Pierre. There were mud, sand, and stone in the town, and everything was dirty and disordered. Here there were about fifty wounded waiting transport to the hospital at Kingstown.

I took breakfast with Dr. Austen, District Medical Officer, and he told me of the eruption. His house is some seven miles from Georgetown, on the side away from Soufrière. He said he was riding home at the time, and that stones fell even at that distance; he showed me one weighing, I should think, about half a pound. He said the day was absolutely blotted out; that it was so dark that the fireflies came out, and that the dust which fell deadened all noise so that no footsteps could be heard; that the stillness was broken only by the noise of the volcano and the accompanying thunder. He likened the noise of the volcano to the sound which a mass of boiling syrup makes, and said that it conveyed the impression of being directly under foot in the earth.

He had seen a number of the dead and wounded, and said that while many of them were burned it was his impression that many of them died of suffocation from some gases thrown out by the burning mountain. I saw none of the dead.

I have seen it stated in the press that the entire population of both islands is in a state of terror-stricken demoralization. I saw no evidence of it in either place; and I doubt if there has been any active demonstration of panic save at the time of the eruptions. It has also been stated that the islands reek with the odor of burning flesh. In the town of St. Pierre alone could this be noticed, and not in all places there.

The citizens of St. Pierre knew of their impending peril; knew of the threatening condition of Pelée; and it seems as though at least one mind in the city must have been charged with prophetic foreboding, for in one of the papers of St. Pierre, *Les Colonies*, of the date of May 5th, the editor says:

> Que nous réserve demain? Une coulée de laves? une pluie de pierres pouces? de jets de gaz asphyxiants? quelque cataclysme de submersion? ou simplement une inondation de boue? Il y a un secret, et quand on le saurait, beaucoup d'hommes ne s'accommoderaient point de le porter.

Three days later that morrow came with all its dread answer to his questionings. The copies of his paper remain; but the hand that penned the words lies scorched and blackened beneath the ashes of desolation that poured forth on that quiet tropic morning from the great mountain. It still stands, black and threatening, smoke-clad and steam-shrouded, over the gray ruins of the annihilated city.

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CAPTAIN MACKLIN

HIS MEMOIRS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

IV

I JUMPED toward the street at the double, and the men followed me crowded in a bunch. I shouted back at them to spread out, and they fell apart. As I turned into the street I heard a shout from the plaza end of it and found a dozen soldiers running forward to meet us. When they saw the troops swing around the corner, they halted and some took cover in the doorways, and others dropped on one knee in the open street, and fired carefully. I heard soft, whispering sounds stealing by my head with incredible slowness, and I knew that at last I was under fire. I no longer felt like a boy robbing an orchard, nor a burglar. I was instead grandly excited and happy, and yet I was quite calm too. I am sure of this, for I remember I calculated the distance between us and the warehouse, and compared it with the two hundred and twenty-yard stretch in an athletic park at home. As I ran I noted also everything on either side of me: two girls standing behind the iron bars of a window with their hands pressed to their cheeks, and a negro with a broom in his hand crouching in a doorway. Some of the men stopped running and halted to fire, but I shouted to them to come on. I was sure if we continued to charge we could frighten off the men at the end of the street, and I guessed rightly, for as we kept on they scattered and ran. I could hear shouts and screams rising from many different houses, and men and women scuttled from one side of the street to the other like frightened hens.

As we passed an open shop some men inside opened a fusillade on me, and over my shoulder I just caught a glimpse of one of them as he dropped back behind the counter. I shouted to Von Ritter, who was racing with me, to look after them, and saw him and a half-dozen others swerve suddenly and sweep into the shop. Porter's men were just behind mine and the noise our boots made pounding on the cobblestones sounded like a stampede of cattle. We must have sprinted rather rapidly, for when I reached the plaza I was panting, and had to breathe quickly before I could give an order. My work was outside the warehouse, but I noted as I passed in front of it, that its door was wide open.

The plaza was an unshaded square of dusty grass. In the centre was a circular fountain, choked with dirt and dead leaves, and down the paths which led to it were solid stone benches. I told the men to take cover inside the fountain, and about a dozen of them dropped behind the rim of it, facing toward the barracks. I heard Porter give a loud "hurrah!" at finding the doors of the warehouse open, and it seemed almost instantly that the men of his troop began to fire over our heads from its roof. At the first glance it was difficult to tell from where the enemy's fire came, but I soon saw smoke floating from the cupola of the church on the corner and drifting through the barred windows of the barracks. I shouted at the men behind the benches to aim at the cupola, and directed those with me around the fountain to let loose at the barrack windows. As they rose to fire and exposed themselves above the rim of the fountain three of them were hit, and fell back swearing. The men behind the benches shouted at me to take cover, and one of the wounded men in the fountain reached up and pulled at my tunic, telling me to lie down. The men of B and C Troops were rolling casks out of the

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warehouse and building a barricade, and I saw that we were drawing all of the fire from them. We were now in a cross-fire between the church and the barracks, and were getting very much the worst of the fight. The men in the barracks were only seventy yards away. They seemed to be the ones chiefly responsible. They had piled canvas cots against the bars of the windows, and though these afforded them no protection, they prevented our seeing anything at which to shoot.

One of my men gave a grunt, and whirled over, holding his hand to his shoulder. "I've got it, Captain," he said. I heard another man shriek from behind one of the benches. Our position was becoming impossible. It was true we were drawing the fire from the men who were working on the barricade, which was what we had been sent out to do, but in three minutes I had lost five men.

I remembered a professor at the Point telling us the proportion of bullets that went home was one to every three hundred, and I wished I had him behind that fountain. Miller was lying at my feet pumping away with a Winchester. As he was reloading it he looked up at me, and shouted, "And they say these Central Americans can't shoot!" I saw white figures appearing and disappearing at the windows of almost every house on the plaza. The entire population seemed to have taken up arms against us. The bullets splashed on the combing of the fountain and tore up the grass at our feet, and whistled and whispered about our ears. It seemed utter idiocy to remain, but I could not bring myself to run back to the barricade.

In the confusion which had ensued in the barracks when Garcia opened the attack the men who ran out to meet him had left the gates of the barrack yard open, and as I stood, uncertain what to do, I saw a soldier pushing them together. He had just closed one when I caught sight of him. I fired with my revolver, and shouted to the men. "We must get inside those gates," I cried. "We can't stay here. Charge those gates!" I pointed, and they all jumped from every part of the plaza, and we raced for the barrack wall, each of us yelling as we ran. A half dozen of us reached there in time to throw ourselves against the gate that was just closing, and the next instant I fell sprawling inside the barrack yard.

We ran straight for the long room which faced the street, and as we came in at one end of it the men behind the cots fired a frightened volley at us and fled out at the other. In less than two minutes the barracks were emptied of them, and we had changed our base from that cock-pit of a fountain to a regular fortress with walls two feet thick, with rifles stacked in every corner, and, what at that moment seemed of greatest importance, with a breakfast for two hundred men bubbling and boiling in great iron pots in the kitchen. I had never felt such elation and relief as I did over that bloodless victory. It had come when things looked so bad; it had come so suddenly and easily that while some of the men cheered others only laughed, shaking each other's hands or slapping each other on the back, and some danced about like children. We tore the cots away from the windows and waved at the men behind the barricade, and they stood up and cheered us, and the men on the roof, looking very tall against the blue sky, stood up and waved their hats and cheered too. They had silenced the men in the cupola, and a sudden hush fell upon the plaza. It was easy to see that many sympathizers with the government had been shooting at us from the private houses. When they saw us take the barracks they had probably decided that the time had come to wipe off the powder-stains, and reappear as friends of the revolution. The only firing now was from where Garcia was engaged. Judging from the loudness of these volleys we had reached the outskirts of the town. I set half of my force to work piling up bags of meal behind the iron bars, and, in the event of fire, filling pails with water, and breaking what little glass still remained in the windows. Others I sent to bring in the wounded, and still others to serving out the coffee and soup we had found in the kitchen. After giving these orders I ran to the barricade to report. When I reached it the men behind it began to rap on the stones with the butts of their rifles as people pound with their billiard-cues when someone has made a difficult shot, and those on the roof leaned over and clapped their hands.

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It was most unmilitary, but I must say I was pleased by it, though I pretended I did not know what they meant.

La Guerre came to the door of the warehouse, and smiled at me.

"I'm glad you're still alive, sir," he said. "After this, when you get within seventy yards of the enemy, I hope you will be able to see him without standing up."

The men above us laughed, and I felt rather foolish, and muttered something about "setting an example."

"If you get yourself shot," he said, "you will be setting a very bad example, indeed. We can't spare anybody, captain, and certainly not you." I tried to look as modest as possible, but I could not refrain from glancing around to see if the men had heard him, and I observed with satisfaction that they had.

La Guerre asked me if I could hold the barracks, and I told him that I thought I could. He then ordered me to remain there.

"Would you like a cup of coffee, General?" I asked. The General's expression changed swiftly. It became that of a very human and a very hungry man.

"Have you got any?" he demanded, anxiously.

"If you can lend me some men," I said, "I can send you back eight gallons." At this the men behind the barricades gave a great sigh of delight, and the General smiled and patted me on the shoulder.

"That is right," he said. "The best kind of courage often comes from a full stomach. Run along now," he added, as though he were talking to a child, "run along, and don't fire until we do, and send us that coffee before we get to work again."

I called in all of my men from the side streets, and led them across to the barracks. I placed some of them on the roof and some of them on tables set against the inside of the wall in the yard. They were just able to see over the top of it.

Porter ran across the plaza with about fifty of his men, and almost immediately after they had disappeared we heard cheering, and he returned with Captain Heinze. They both ran toward General La Guerre, and Porter then came across to me, and told me that the government troops were in full flight, and escaping down the side streets into the jungle. They were panic-stricken and were scattering in every direction, each man looking after his own safety. For the next two hours I chased terrified little soldiers all over the side of the town which had been assigned me, either losing them at the edge of the jungle, or dragging them out of shops and private houses. No one was hurt. It was only necessary to fire a shot after them to see them throw up their hands. By nine o'clock I had cleaned up my side of the town, and returned to the plaza. It was now so choked with men and mules that I was five minutes in forcing my way across. Garcia's troops had marched in, and were raising a great hullabaloo, cheering and shouting, and embracing the townspeople, whom they had known during their former occupation, and many of whom were the same people who had been firing lead into us. I found La Guerre in counsel with Garcia, who was in high spirits, and feeling exceedingly pleased with himself. He entirely ignored our part in taking the town, and talked as though he had captured it single-handed. The fact that the government troops had held him back until we threatened them in the rear he did not consider as important. I resented his swagger and the way he patronized La Guerre, but the General did not seem to notice it, or was too well satisfied with the day's work to care. While I was at head-quarters our scouts came in to report that the enemy was escaping along the trail to Comyagua, and that two of their guns had stalled in the mud, not one mile out from Santa Barbara. This was great news, and to my delight I was among those who hurried out to the place where the guns were supposed to be. We found them abandoned and stuck in the mud, and captured them without firing a shot. A half hour later we paraded our prizes in a triumphal procession through the streets of Santa Barbara, and were given a grand welcome by the allies and the townspeople. I had never witnessed such enthusiasm, but it was not long before I found out the cause of it. In our absence everybody had been celebrating the vic-

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tory with aguardiente, and half of Garcia's warriors had become so hopelessly drunk that they were lying all over the plaza, and their comrades were dancing and tramping upon them.

I found that this orgy had put La Guerre in a fine rage, and I heard him send out the provost guard with orders to throw all the drunken men into the public corral for lost mules.

When he learned of this Garcia was equally indignant. The matter ended with La Guerre's locking up Garcia's soldiers with our prisoners-of-war in the yard barracks, where they sang and shouted and fought until they were exhausted and went to sleep.

There was still much drink left on requisition, but the conquering heroes had taken everything there was to eat, and for some time I wandered around seeking for food before I finally discovered Miller, Von Ritter, and Aiken in the garden of a private house enjoying a most magnificent luncheon. I begged a share on the ground that I had just overcome two helpless brass cannon, and they gave me a noisy welcome, and made a place for me. I was just as happy as I was hungry, and I was delighted to find someone with whom I could discuss the fight. For an hour we sat laughing and drinking, and each talking at the top of his voice and all at the same time. We were as elated as though we had occupied the city of London.

Of course Aiken had taken no part in the fight, and of course he made light of it, which was just the sort of thing he would do, and he especially poked fun at me and at my charge on the barracks. He called it a "grand-stand play," and said I was a "gallery fighter." He said the reason I ran out into the centre of the plaza was because I knew there was a number of women looking out of the windows, and he pretended to believe that when we entered the barracks they were empty, and that I knew they were when I ordered the charge.

"It was the coffee they were after," he declared. "As soon as Macklin smelt the coffee he drew his big gilt sword and cried, 'Up, my men, inside yon fortress a free breakfast awaits us. Follow your gallant leader!' and they never stopped following until they reached the kitchen. They're going to make Macklin a bugler," he said, "so that after this he can blow his own trumpet without anyone being allowed to interrupt him."

I was glad to find that I could take what Aiken said of me as lightly as did the others. Since the fight his power to annoy me had passed. I knew better than anyone else that at one time during the morning I had been in a very tight place, but I had stuck to it and won out. The knowledge that I had done so gave me confidence in myself—not that I have ever greatly lacked it, but it was a new kind of confidence. It made me feel older, and less inclined to boast. In this it also helped out my favorite theory that it must be easy for the man who has done something to be modest. After he has proved himself capable in the eyes of his comrades he doesn't have to go about telling them how good he is. It is a saying that heroes are always modest, but they are not really modest. They just keep quiet, because they know their deeds are better talkers than they are.

Miller and I had despatched an orderly to inform La Guerre of our whereabouts, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the man returned to tell us that we were to join the General in the plaza. On arriving there we found the column already drawn up in the order of march, and an hour later we filed out of the town down the same street by which we had entered it that morning, and were cheered by the same people who eight hours before had been firing upon us. We left five hundred of Garcia's men to garrison the place and prevent the townspeople from again changing their sympathies, and continued on toward Tegucigalpa with Garcia and the remainder of his force as our main body, and with the Legion in the van. We were a week in reaching Comyagua, which was the only place that we expected would offer any resistance until we arrived outside of the capital. During that week our march was exactly similar to the one we had made from the camp to Santa Barbara. There was the same rough trail, the jungle crowding close on either flank, the same dusty villages, the same fierce heat. At the villages of Tabla Ve and at Seguatepec our scouts surprised the rear guard of the enemy and stampeded it

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without much difficulty, and with only twenty men wounded. As usual we had no one to thank for our success in these skirmishes but ourselves, as Garcia's men never appeared until just as the fight was over, when they would come running up in great excitement. La Guerre remarked that they needed a better knowledge of the bugle calls, as they evidently mistook our "Cease firing" for "Advance."

The best part of that week's march lay in the many opportunities it gave me to become acquainted with my general. The more I was permitted to be with him the longer I wanted to be always with him, and with no one else. After listening to him you felt that a talk with the other men was a waste of time. There was nothing apparently that he did not know of men and events, and his knowledge did not come from books, but at first hand, from contact with the men, and from having taken part in the events.

After we had pitched camp for the night the others would elect me to go to his tent, and ask if we could come over and pay our respects. They always selected me for this errand, because they said it was easy to see that I was his favorite.

When we were seated about him on the rocks, or on ammunition boxes, or on the ground, I would say, "Please, General, we want to hear some stories," and he would smile and ask, "What sort of stories?" and each of us would ask for something different. Some would want to hear about the Franco-Prussian war, and others of the Fall of Plevna or Don Carlos or Garibaldi, or of the Confederate generals with whom La Guerre had fought in Egypt.

When the others had said good-night he would sometimes call me back on the pretence of giving me instructions for the morrow, and then would come the really wonderful stories—the stories that no historian has ever told. His talk was more educational than a library of histories, and it filled me with a desire to mix with great people—to be their companion as he had been, to have kings and pretenders for my intimates. When one listened it sounded easy of accomplishment. It never seemed strange to him that great rulers should have made a friend of a stray soldier of fortune, an Irish adventurer—for La Guerre's mother was Irish; his father had been Colonel La Guerre, and once Military Governor of Algiers—and given him their confidence. And yet I could see why they should do so, for just the very reason that he took their confidence as a matter of course, knowing that his loyalty would always be above suspicion. He had a great capacity for loyalty. There was no taint in it of self-interest, nor of snobbishness. He believed, for instance, in the divine right of kings; and from what he let fall we could see that he had given the most remarkable devotion not only to every cause for which he had fought, but to the individual who represented it. That in time each of these individuals had disappointed him had in no way shaken his faith in the one to whom he next offered his sword. His was a most beautiful example of modesty and of faith in one's fellow-man. It was during this week, and because of these midnight talks with him around the camp-fire, that I came to look up to him, and love him like a son.

But during that same week I was annoyed to find that many of our men believed the version which Aiken had given of my conduct at Santa Barbara. There were all sorts of stories circulating through the Legion about me. They made me out a braggart, a bully, and a conceited ass—indeed, almost everything unpleasant was said of me except that I was a coward. Aiken, of course, kindly retold these stories to me, either with the preface that he thought I ought to know what was being said of me, or that he thought the stories would amuse me. I thanked him and pretended to laugh, but I felt more like punching his head. People who say that women are gossips, and that they delight in tearing each other to pieces, ought to hear the talk of big, broad-shouldered men around camp-fires. If you believe what they say, you would think that every officer had either bungled or had funked the fight. And when a man really has performed some act which cannot be denied they call him a "swipe," and say he did it to gain promotion, or to curry favor with the General. Of course, it may be different in armies officered by gentlemen; but men are pretty much alike all the world over, and I know that those in our Legion were as given to

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gossip and slander as the inmates of any Old Woman's Home. I used to say to myself that so long as I had the approval of La Guerre and of my own men and of my conscience I could afford not to mind what the little souls said; but as a matter of fact I did mind it, and it angered me exceedingly. Just as it hurt me at the Point to see that I was not popular, it distressed me to find that the same unpopularity had followed me into the Legion. The truth is that the officers were jealous of me. They envied me my place as Adjutant, and they were angry because La Guerre assigned one so much younger than themselves to all the most important duties. They said that by showing favoritism he was weakening his influence with the men and that he made a "pet" of me. If he did I know that he also worked me five times as hard as anyone else, and that he sent me into places where no one but himself would go. The other officers had really no reason to object to me personally. I gave them very little of my company, and though I spoke pleasantly when we met I did not associate with them. Miller and Von Ritter were always abusing me for not trying to make friends; but I told them that, since the other officers spoke of me behind my back as a cad and a braggart and a condescending snob, the least I could do was to keep out of their way.

I was even more unpopular with the men, but there was a reason for that; for I was rather severe with them, and imposed as strict a discipline as that to which I had been accustomed at West Point. The greater part of them were ne'er-do-wells and adventurers picked up off the beach at Greytown, and they were a thoroughly independent lot, reckless and courageous; but I doubt if they had ever known authority or restraint, unless it was the restraint of a jail. With the men of my own troop I got on well enough, for they saw I understood how to take care of them, and that things went on more smoothly when they were carried out as I had directed, so they obeyed me without sulking. But with the men of the troops not directly under my command I frequently met with trouble; and on several occasions different men refused to obey my orders as Adjutant, and swore and even struck at me, so that I had to knock them down. I regretted this exceedingly, but I was forced to support my authority in some way. After learning the circumstances La Guerre exonerated me, and punished the men. Naturally, this did not help me with the volunteers, and for the first ten days after I had joined the Legion I was the most generally disliked man in it. This lasted until we reached Comyagua, when something happened which brought the men over to my side. Indeed, I believe I became a sort of a hero with them, and was nearly as popular as La Guerre himself. So in the end it came out all right, but it was near to being the death of me; and the meanest kind of a death, next to hanging, that a man could suffer.

When this incident occurred, which came so near to ending tragically for me, we had been trying to drive the government troops out of the cathedral of Comyagua. It was really a church and not a cathedral, but it was so much larger than any other building in Honduras that the men called it "The Cathedral." It occupied one whole side of the plaza. There were four open towers at each corner, and the front entrance was as large as a barn. Their cannon, behind a barricade of paving stones, were on the steps which led to this door.

I carried a message from La Guerre along the end of the plaza opposite the cathedral, and as I was returning, the fire grew so hot that I dropped on my face. There was a wooden watering-trough at the edge of the sidewalk, and I crawled over and lay behind it. Directly back of me was a restaurant into which a lot of Heinze's men had broken their way from the rear. They were firing up at the men in the towers of the cathedral. My position was not a pleasant one, but every time I raised my head the soldiers in the belfry would cut loose at me; and, though they failed to hit me, I did not dare to get up and run. Already the trough was leaking like a sieve. There was no officer with the men in the café, so they were taking the word from one of their own number, and were firing regularly in volleys. They fired three times after I took shelter. They were so near me that at each volley I could hear the sweep of the bullets passing about two yards above my head.

But at the fourth volley a bullet just

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grazed my cheek and drove itself into the wood of the trough. It was so near that the splinters flew in my eyes. I looked back over my shoulder and shouted, "Look out! You nearly hit me then. Fire higher."

One of the men in the café called back "We can't hear you," and I repeated, "Fire higher! You nearly hit me," and pointed with my finger to where the big 44-calibre ball had left a black hole in the green paint of the trough. When they saw this there were excited exclamations from the men, and I heard the one who was giving the orders repeating my warning. And then came the shock of another volley. Simultaneously with the shock a bullet cut through the wide brim of my sombrero and passed into the box about two inches below my chin.

It was only then that I understood that this was no accident, but that someone in the restaurant was trying to murder me. The thought was hideous and sickening. I could bear the fire of the enemy from the belfry—that was part of the day's work; the danger of it only excited me; but the idea that one of my own side was lying within twenty feet of me, deliberately aiming with intent to kill, was outrageous and revolting.

I scrambled to my feet and faced the open front of the restaurant, and as I stood up there was, on the instant, a sharp fusillade from the belfry tower. But I was now far too angry to consider that. The men were kneeling just inside the restaurant, and as I halted a few feet from them I stuck my finger through the bullet hole and held up my hat for them to see.

"Look!" I shouted at them. "You did that, you cowards. You want to murder me, do you?" I straightened myself and threw out my arms, "Well, here's your chance," I cried. "Don't shoot me in the back. Shoot me now."

The men gaped at me in utter amazement. Their lips hung apart. Their faces were drawn in lines of anger, confusion, and dislike.

"Go on!" I shouted. "Fire a volley at that belfry, and let the man who wants me have another chance at me. I'll give the word. Make ready!" I commanded.

There was a pause and a chorus of protests, and then mechanically each man jerked out the empty shell and drove the next cartridge in place. "Aim!" I shouted. They hesitated and then raised their pieces in a wavering line, and I looked into the muzzles of a dozen rifles.

"Now then—damn you," I cried. "Fire!"

They fired, and my eyes and nostrils were filled with burning smoke, but not a bullet had passed near me.

"Again!" I shouted, stamping my foot. I was so angry that I suppose I was really hardly accountable for what I did.

"I told you you were cowards," I cried. "You can only shoot men in the back. You don't like me, don't you?" I cried, taunting them. "I'm a braggart, am I? Yes. I'm a bully, am I? Well, here's your chance. Get rid of me! Once again now. Make ready," I commanded. "Aim! Fire!"

Again the smoke swept up, and again I had escaped. I remember that I laughed at them and that the sound was crazy and hysterical, and I remember that as I laughed I shook out my arms to show them I was unhurt. And as I did that someone in the café cried, "Thank God!" And another shouted, "That's enough of this damn nonsense," and a big man with a bushy red beard sprang up and pulled off his hat.

"Now then," he cried. "All together, boys. Three cheers for the little one!" and they all jumped and shouted like mad people.

They cheered me again and again, although all the time the bullets from the belfry were striking about them, ringing on the iron tables and on the sidewalk, and tearing great gashes in the awnings overhead.

And then it seemed as though the sunlight on the yellow buildings and on the yellow earth of the plaza had been suddenly shut off, and I dropped into a well of blackness and sank deeper and deeper.

When I looked up the big man was sitting on the floor holding me as comfortably as though I were a baby, and my face was resting against his red beard, and my clothes and everything about me smelt terribly of brandy.

But the most curious thing about it was

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that though they told everyone in the Legion that I had stood up and made them shoot at me, they never let anyone find out that I had been so weak as to faint.

I do not know whether it was the brandy they gave me that later led me to charge those guns, but I appreciate now that my conduct was certainly silly and mad enough to be excused only in that way. According to the doctrine of chances I should have lost nine lives, and according to the rules governing an army in the field I should have been court-martialled. Instead of which, the men caught me up on their shoulders and carried me around the plaza, and La Guerre and Garcia looked on from the steps of the Cathedral and laughed and waved to us.

For five hours we had been lying in the blazing sun on the flat house-tops, or hidden in the shops around the plaza, and the government troops were still holding us off with one hand and spanking us with the other. Their guns were so good that, when Heinze attempted to take up a position against them with his old-style Gatlings, they swept him out of the street, as a fire-hose flushes a gutter. For five hours they had kept the plaza empty, and peppered the three sides of it so warmly that no one of us should have shown his head.

But at every shot from the Cathedral our men grew more unmanageable, and the longer the enemy held us back the more arrogant and defiant they became. Ostensibly to obtain a better shot, but in reality from pure deviltry, they would make individual sallies into the plaza, and, facing the embrasure, would empty their Winchesters at one of its openings as coolly as though they were firing at a painted bull's-eye. The man who first did this, the moment his rifle was empty ran for cover and was tumultuously cheered by his hidden audience. But in order to surpass him, the next man, after he had emptied his gun, walked back very deliberately, and the third man remained to refill his magazine. And so a spirit of the most senseless rivalry sprang up, and one man after another darted out into the plaza to cap the recklessness of those who had gone before him.

It was not until five men were shot dead and lay sprawling and uncovered in the sun that the madness seemed to pass. But my charging the embrasure was always supposed to be a part of it, and to have been inspired entirely by vanity and a desire to do something more extravagantly reckless than any of the others. As a matter of fact I acted on what has always seemed to me excellent reasoning, and if I went alone, it was only because, having started, it seemed safer to go ahead than to run all the way back again. I never blamed the men for running back, and so I cannot see why they should blame me for having gone ahead.

The enemy had ceased firing shrapnel and were using solid shot. When their Gatlings also ceased, I guessed that it might be that the guns were jammed. If I were right and if one avoided the solid shot by approaching the barricade obliquely, there was no danger in charging the barricade.

I told my troop that I thought the guns were out of order, and that if we rushed the barricade we could take it. When I asked for volunteers, ten men came forward and at once, without asking permission, which I knew I could not get, we charged across the plaza.

Both sides saw us at the same instant, and the firing was so fierce that the men with me thought the Gatlings had reopened on us, and ran for cover.

That left me about fifty feet from the barricade, and as it seemed a toss-up whichever way I went I kept going forward. I caught the combing of the embrasure with my hands, stuck my toes between the stones, and scrambled to the top. The scene inside was horrible. The place looked like a slaughter-yard. Only three men were still on their legs; the rest were heaped around the guns. I threatened the three men with my revolver, but they shrieked for mercy and I did not fire. The men in the belfries, however, were showing no mercy to me, so I dropped inside the wall and crawled for shelter beneath a caisson. But I recognized on the instant that I could not remain there. It was the fear of the Gatlings only which was holding back our men, and I felt that before I was shot they must know that the guns were jammed. So I again scrambled up to the barricade, and waved my hat to them to come on. At the same moment a bullet passed through my

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shoulder, and another burned my neck, and one of the men who had begged for mercy beat me over the head with his sword. I went down like a bag of flour, but before my eyes closed I saw our fellows pouring out of the houses and sweeping toward me.

About an hour later, when Von Ritter had cleaned the hole in my shoulder and plastered my skull, I sallied out again, and at sight of me the men gave a shout, and picked me up, and, cheering, bore me around the plaza. From that day we were the best of friends, and I think in time they grew to like me.

Two days later we pitched camp outside of Tegucigalpa, the promised city, the capital of the Republic.

Our points of attack were two : a stone bridge which joins the city proper with the suburbs, and a great hill of rock called El Pecachua. This hill either guards or betrays the capital. The houses reach almost to its base and from its crest one can drop a shell through the roof of any one of them. Consequently, when we arrived, we found its approaches strongly entrenched and the hill occupied in force by the government artillery. There is a saying in Honduras, which has been justified by countless revolutions, and which dates back to the days of Morazan the Liberator, that " He who takes Pecachua sleeps in the Palace."

Garcia's plan was for two days to bombard the city, and if, in that time, Alvarez had not surrendered, to attack El Pecachua by night. As usual, the work was so divided that the more dangerous and difficult part of it fell to the Foreign Legion, for in his plan Garcia so ordered it that La Guerre should storm Pecachua, while he advanced from the plain and attacked the city at the stone bridge.

But this plan was never carried out, and after our first day in front of the Capital, General Garcia never again gave an order to General La Guerre.

After midnight on the evening of that first day Aiken came to the hut where we had made our head-quarters and demanded to see the General on a matter of life and death. With him, looking very uncertain as to the propriety of the visit, were all the officers of the Legion.

The General was somewhat surprised and somewhat amused, but he invited us to enter. When the officers had lined up against the walls he said, " As a rule, I call my own councils of war, but no doubt Mr. Aiken has some very good reason for affording me the pleasure of your company. What is it, Mr. Aiken? "

Instead of answering him, Aiken said, with as much manner as that of General Garcia himself, " I want a guard put outside this house, and I want the men placed far enough from it to prevent their hearing what I say." The General nodded at me, and I ordered the sentries to move farther from the hut. I still remember the tableau I saw when I re-entered it, the row of officers leaning against the mud walls, the candles stuck in their own grease on the table, the maps spread over it, and the General and Aiken facing each other from its either end. It looked like a drumhead court-martial.

When I had shut the door of the hut Aiken spoke. His tone was one of calm unconcern.

" I have just come from the Palace," he said, " where I have been having a talk with President Alvarez."

No one made a sound, nor no one spoke, but like one man everyone in the room clapped his hand on his revolver. It was a most enlightening revelation of our confidence in Aiken. La Guerre did not move. He was looking steadily at Aiken and his eyes were shining like two arc lamps.

" By whose authority? " he asked.

We, who knew every tone of his voice, almost felt sorry for Aiken.

" By whose authority," La Guerre repeated, " did you communicate with the enemy? "

" It was an idea of my own," Aiken answered, simply. " I was afraid if I told you you would interfere. Oh ! I'm no soldier," he said. He was replying to the look in La Guerre's face. " And I can tell you that there are other ways of doing things than 'according to Hardie.' Alvarez's officers came to me after the battle of Comyagua. They expected to beat you there, and when you chased them out of the city and started for the Capital they thought it was all up with them, and decided to make terms."

" With you ? " said La Guerre.

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Aiken laughed without the least trace of resentment, and nodded.

"Well, you give a dog a bad name," he said, "and it sticks to him. So, they came to me. I'm no grand-stand fighter; I'm not a fighter at all. I think fighting is silly. You've got all the young men you want to stop bullets for you, without me. They like it. They like to catch 'em in their teeth. I don't. But that's not saying that I'm no good. You know the old gag of the lion and the little mousie, and how the mouse came along and chewed the lion out of the net. Well, that's me. I'm no lion going 'round seeking whom I may devour.' I'm just a sewer rat. But I can tell you all," he cried, slapping the table with his hand, "that, if it hadn't been for little mousie, every one of you lions would have been shot against a stone wall. And if I can't prove it, you can take a shot at me. I've been the traitor. I've been the go-between from the first. I arranged the whole thing. The Alvarez crowd told me to tell Garcia that even if he did succeed in getting into the Palace the Isthmian Line would drive him out of it in a week. But that if he'd go away from the country, they'd pay him fifty thousand pesos and a pension. He's got the Isthmian Line's promise in writing.

"This joint attack he's planned for Wednesday night is a fake. He doesn't mean to fight. Nobody means to fight except against you. Every soldier and every gun in the city is to be sent out to Pecachua to trap you into an ambush. Natives who pretend to have deserted from Alvarez are to lead you into it. That was an idea of mine. They thought it was very clever. Garcia is to make a pretence of attacking the bridge and a pretence of being driven back. Then messengers are to bring word that the Foreign Legion has been cut to pieces at Pecachua, and he is to disband his army, and tell every man to look after himself.

"If you want proofs of this, I'll furnish them to any man here that you'll pick out. I told Alvarez that one of your officers was working against you with me, and that at the proper time I'd produce him. Now, you choose which officer that shall be. He can learn for himself that all I'm telling you is true. But that will take time!" Aiken cried, as La Guerre made a movement to interrupt him. "And if you want to get out of this fix alive, you'd better believe me, and start for the coast at once—now—to-night!"

La Guerre laughed and sprang to his feet. His eyes were shining and the color had rushed to his cheeks. He looked like a young man masquerading in a white wig. He waved his hand at Aiken with a gesture that was part benediction and part salute.

"I do believe you," he cried, "and thank you, sir." He glanced sharply at the officers around him as though he were weighing the value of each.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "often in my life I have been prejudiced, and often I have been deceived, and I think that it is time now that I acted for myself. From the first, the burden of this expedition has been carried by the Foreign Legion. I know that; you, who fought the battles, certainly know it. We invaded Honduras with a purpose. We came to obtain for the peons the debt that is due them and to give them liberty and free government. And whether our allies run away or betray us, that purpose is still the same."

He paused as though for the first time it had occurred to him that the motives of the others might not be as his own.

"Am I right?" he asked, eagerly. "Are you willing to carry out that purpose?" he demanded. "Are you ready to follow me now, to-night—not to the coast"—he shouted—"but to the Capital—to the top of Pecachua?"

Old man Webster jumped in front of us, and shot his arm into the air as though it held a standard.

"We'll follow you to hell and back again," he cried.

I would not have believed that so few men could have made so much noise. We yelled and cheered so wildly that we woke the camp. We could hear the men running down the road, and the sentries calling on them to halt. The whole Legion was awake and wondering. Webster beat us into silence by pounding the table with his fist.

"I have lived in this country for forty years," he cried, with his eyes fixed upon La Guerre, "and you are the first white man I have known who has not come into it, either flying from the law or to rob and

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despoil it. I know this country. I know all of Central America, and it is a wonderful country. There is not a fruit nor a grain nor a plant that you cannot dig out of it with your bare fingers. It has great forests, great pasture-lands, and buried treasures of gold and iron and silver. But it is cursed with the laziest of God's creatures, and the men who rule them are the most corrupt and the most vicious. They are the dogs in the manger among rulers. They will do nothing to help their own country; they will not permit others to help it. They are a menace and an insult to civilization, and it is time that they stepped down and out, and made way for their betters, or that they were kicked out. One strong man, if he is an honest man, can conquer and hold Central America. William Walker was such a man. I was with him when he ruled the best part of this country for two years. He governed all Nicaragua with two hundred white men, and never before or since have the pueblo known such peace and justice and prosperity as Walker gave them."

Webster threw himself across the table and pointed his hand at La Guerre.

"And you, General La Guerre!" he cried, "and you? Do you see your duty? You say it calls you to-night to El Pecachua. Then if it does, it calls you farther—to the Capital! There can be no stopping half-way now, no turning back. If we follow you to-night to Pecachua, we follow you to the Palace."

Webster's voice rose until it seemed to shake the palm-leaf roof. He was like a man possessed. He sprang up on the table, and from the height above us hurled his words at La Guerre.

"We are not fighting for any half-breed now," he cried; "we are fighting for you. We know you. We believe in you. We mean to make you President, and we will not stop there. Our motto shall be Walker's motto, 'Five or none,' and when we have taken this Republic we shall take the other four, and you will be President of the United States of Central America."

We had been standing open-eyed, open-mouthed, every nerve trembling, and at these words we shrieked and cheered, but Webster waved at us with an angry gesture and leaned toward La Guerre.

"You will open this land," he cried, "with roads and railways. You will feed the world with its coffee. You will cut the Nicaragua Canal. And you will found an empire—not the empire of slaves that Walker planned, but an empire of freed men, freed by you from their tyrants and from themselves. They tell me, General," he cried, "that you have fought under thirteen flags. To-night, sir, you shall fight under your own!"

We all cheered and cheered again, the oldest as well as myself, and I cheered louder than any, until I looked at La Guerre. Then I felt how terribly real it was to him. Until I looked at him it had seemed quite sane and feasible. But when I saw how deeply he was moved, and that his eyes were brimming with pride and resolve, I felt that it was a mad dream, and that we were wicked not to wake him. For I, who loved him like a son, understood what it meant to him. In his talk along the trail and by the campfire he had always dreamed of an impossible republic, an Utopia ruled by love and justice, and I now saw he believed that the dreams had at last come true. I knew that the offer these men had made to follow him, filled him with a great happiness and gratitude. And that he, who all his life had striven so earnestly and so loyally for others, would give his very soul for men who fought for him. I was not glad that they had offered to make him their leader. I could only look ahead with miserable forebodings and feel bitterly sorry that one so fine and good was again to be disillusioned and disappointed and cast down.

But there was no time that night to look ahead. The men were outside the hut, a black, growling mob crying for revenge upon Garcia. Had we not at once surrounded them they would have broken for his camp and murdered him in his hammock, and with him his ignorant, deceived followers.

But when Webster spoke to them as he had spoken to us, and told them what we planned to do, and La Guerre stepped out into the moonlight, they forgot their anger in their pride for him, and at his first word they fell into the ranks as obediently as so many fond and devoted children.

In Honduras a night attack is a discredited manœuvre. It is considered an

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affront to the Blessed Virgin, who first invented sleep. And those officers who that night guarded Pecachua, being acquainted with Garcia's plot, were not expecting us until two nights later, when we were to walk into their parlor, and be torn to pieces. Consequently, when Miller, who knew Pecachua well, having served without political prejudice in six revolutions, led us up a by-path to its top, we found the government troops sleeping sweetly. Before their only sentry had discovered that someone was kneeling on his chest, our men were in possession of their batteries.

That morning when the sun rose gloriously, as from a bath, all pink and shining and dripping with radiance, and the church bells began to clang for early mass, and the bugles at the barracks sounded the jaunty call of the reveille, two puffs of white smoke rose from the crest of El Pecachua and drifted lazily away. At the same instant a shell sang over the roofs of Tegucigalpa, howling jeeringly, and smashed into the pots and pans of the President's kitchen ; another, falling two miles farther to the right, burst through the white tent of General Garcia, and the people in the streets, as they crossed themselves in fear, knew that El Pecachua had again been taken, and that that night a new President would sleep in the Palace.

All through the hot hours of the morning the captured guns roared and echoed, until at last we saw Garcia's force crawling away in a crowd of dust toward the hills, and an hour later Alvarez, with the household troops, abandoning the Capital and hastening after him.

We were too few to follow, but we whipped them forward with our shells.

A half-hour later a timid group of merchants and foreign consuls, led by the Bishop and bearing a great white flag, rode out to the foot of the rock and surrendered the city.

I am sure no government was ever established more quickly than ours. We held our first cabinet meeting twenty minutes after we entered the capital, and ten minutes later Webster, from the balcony of the Palace, proclaimed La Guerre President and Military Dictator of Honduras. La Guerre in turn nominated Webster, on account of his knowledge of the country, Minister of the Interior, and made me Vice-President and Minister of War. No one knew what were the duties of a Vice-President, so I asked if I might not also be Provost-Marshal of the city, and I was accordingly appointed to that position and sent out into the street to keep order.

Aiken, as a reward for his late services, was made head of the detective department and Chief of Police. His first official act was to promote two bare-footed policemen who on his last visit to the Capital had put him under arrest.

The General, or the President, as we now called him, at once issued a ringing proclamation in which he promised every liberty that the people of a free republic should enjoy, and announced that in three months he would call a general election, when the people could either re-elect him, or a candidate of their own choice. He announced also that he would force the Isthmian Line to pay the people the half million of dollars it owed them, and he suggested that this money be placed to the credit of the people, and that they should pay no taxes until the sum was consumed in public improvements. Up to that time every new President had imposed new taxes; none had ever suggested remitting them altogether, and this offer made a tremendous sensation in our favor.

There were other departures from the usual procedure of victorious presidents which helped much to make us popular. One was the fact that La Guerre did not shoot anybody against the barrack wall, nor levy forced "loans" upon the foreign merchants. Indeed, the only persons who suffered on the day he came into power were two of our own men, whom I caught looting. I put them to sweeping the streets, each with a ball and chain to his ankle, as an example of the sort of order we meant to keep among ourselves.

Before mid-day Aiken sent a list, which his spies had compiled, of sympathizers with Alvarez. He guaranteed to have them all in jail before night. But La Guerre sent for them and promised them, if they remained neutral, they should not be molested. Personally, I have always been of the opinion that most of the persons on Aiken's list of suspects were most worthy merchants, to whom he owed money.

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La Guerre gave a long audience to the cashier of the Manchester and Central American Bank, Limited, which finances Honduras, and assured him that the new administration would not force the bank to accept the paper money issued by Alvarez, but would accept the paper money issued by the bank, which was based on gold. As a result, the cashier came down the staircase of the Palace three steps at a time, and later our censor read his cable to the Home Bank in England, in which he said that Honduras at last had an honest man for President. What was more to the purpose, he reopened his bank at three o'clock, and quoted Honduranian money on his blackboard at a rise of three per cent. over that of the day before. This was a great compliment to our government, and it must have impressed the other business men, for by six o'clock that night a delegation of American, German, and English shopkeepers called on the President and offered him a vote of confidence. They volunteered also to form a home-guard for the defence of the city, and to help keep him in office.

So, by dinner-time, we had won over the foreign element entirely, and the consuls had cabled their several ministers, advising them to advise their governments to recognize ours.

It was a great triumph for fair promises backed by fair dealing.

Although I was a cabinet minister and had a right to have my say I did not concern myself much with these graver problems of the Palace.

Instead, my first act was to cable to Beatrice that we were safe in the Capital and that I was second in command. I did not tell her I was Vice-President of a country of 300,000 people, because at Dobbs Ferry such a fact would seem hardly possible. After that I spent the day very happily galloping around the town with the Provost Guard at my heels, making friends with the inhabitants, and arranging for their defence. I posted a gun at the entrance to each of the three principal streets, and ordered mounted scouts to patrol the plains outside the Capital. I also remembered Heinze and the artillerymen who were protecting us on the heights of Pecachua, and sent them a moderate amount of rum, and an immoderate amount of canned goods and cigars. I also found time to design a wonderful uniform for the officers of our Legion—a dark-green blouse with silver facings and scarlet riding breeches—and on the plea of military necessity I ordered six tailors to sit up all night to finish them.

Uniforms for the men I requisitioned from the stores of the Government, and ordered the red facings changed to yellow.

The next day when we paraded in full dress the President noticed this, and remarked, "No one but Macklin could have converted a battery of artillery, without the loss of a single gun or the addition of a single horse, into a battalion of cavalry."

We had escorted the President back to the Palace, and I was returning to the barracks at the head of the Legion, with the local band playing grandly before me, and the people bowing from the sidewalks, when a girl on a gray pony turned into the plaza and rode toward us.

She was followed by a group of white men, but I saw only the girl. When I recognized even at a distance that she was a girl from the States my satisfaction was unbounded. It had needed only the presence of such an audience to give the final touch of pleasure to my triumphant progress. My new uniform had been finished only just in time.

When I first saw the girl I was startled merely because any white woman in Honduras is an unusual spectacle, but as she rode nearer I knew that, had I seen this girl at home among a thousand women, I would have looked only at her.

She wore a white riding-habit, and a high-peaked Mexican sombrero, and when her pony shied at the sound of the music she raised her head, and the sun struck on the burnished braid around the brim, and framed her face with a rim of silver. I had never seen such a face. It was so beautiful that I drew a great breath of wonder, and my throat tightened with the deep delight that rose in me.

I stared at her as she rode forward, because I could not help myself. If an earthquake had opened a crevasse at my feet I would not have lowered my eyes. I had time to guess who she was, for I knew there could be no other woman so beautiful in Honduras, except the daughter of Joseph Fiske. Had not Aiken said of

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her, "When she passes, the native women kneel by the trail and cross themselves?"

I rode toward her fearfully, conscious only of a sudden deep flood of gratitude for anything so nobly beautiful. I was as humbly thankful as the crusader who is rewarded by his first sight of the Holy City, and I was glad, too, that I came into her presence worthily, riding in advance of a regiment. I was proud of our triumphant music, of our captured flags and guns, and the men behind me, who had taken them.

I still watched her as our column drew nearer, and she pulled her pony to one side to let it pass. I felt as though I were marching in review before an empress, and I all but lifted my sword-blade in salute.

But as we passed I saw that the look on her face was that of a superior and critical adversary. It was a glance of amused disdain, softened only by a smile of contempt. As it fell upon me I blushed to the rim of my sombrero. I felt as meanly as though I had been caught in a lie. With her eyes, I saw the bare feet of our negro band, our ill-fitting uniforms with their flannel facings, the swagger of our officers, glancing pompously from their half-starved, unkempt ponies upon the native Indians, who fawned at us from the sidewalks.

I saw that to her we were so many red-shirted firemen, dragging a wooden hose-cart; a company of burnt-cork minstrels, kicking up the dust of a village street; that we were ridiculous, lawless, absurd, and it was like a blow over my heart that one so noble-looking should be so blind and so unjust. I was swept with bitter indignation. I wanted to turn in my saddle and cry to her that beneath the flannel facings at which she laughed these men wore deep, uncared-for, festering wounds; that to march thus through the streets of this tiny Capital they had waded waist-high through rivers, had starved in fever camps, and at any hour when I had called on them had run forward to throw cold hands with death.

The group of gentlemen who were riding with the girl had halted their ponies by the sidewalk, and as I drew near I noted that one of them wore the uniform of an ensign in our navy. This puzzled me for an instant, until I remembered I had heard that the cruiser Raleigh was lying at Amapala. I was just passing the group when one of them, with the evident intent that I should hear him, raised his voice.

"Well, here's the army," he said, "but where's Falstaff? I don't see La Guerre."

My face was still burning with the blush the girl had brought to it, and the moment was not the one that any man should have chosen to ridicule my general. Because the girl had laughed at us I felt indignant with her, but for the same offence I was grateful to the man, for the reason that he was a man, and could be punished. I whirled my pony around and rode it close against his.

"You must apologize for that," I said, speaking in a low voice, "or I'll thrash you with this riding-whip."

He was a young man, exceedingly well-looking, slim and tall, and with a fine air of good breeding. He looked straight in my eyes without moving. His hands remained closed upon the pommel of his saddle.

"If you raise that whip," he said, "I'll take your tin sword away from you, and spank you with it."

Never in my life had anyone hurt me so terribly. And the insult had come before my men and his friends and the people in the street. It turned me perfectly cold, and all the blood seemed to run to my eyes, so that I saw everything in a red haze. When I answered him my voice sounded hoarse and shaky.

"Get down," I said. "Get down, or I'll pull you down. I'm going to thrash you until you can't stand, or see."

He struck at me with his riding-crop, but I caught him by the collar and with an old trick of the West Point riding-hall threw him off into the street, and landed on my feet above him. At the same moment Miller and Von Ritter drove their ponies in between us, and three of the man's friends pushed in from the other side. But in spite of them we reached each other, and I struck up under his guard and beat him savagely on the face and head, until I found his chin, and he went down. There was an awful row. The whole street was in an uproar, women screamed, the ponies were rearing and kicking, the natives jabbering, and my own men swearing and struggling in a ring around us.

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"My God, Macklin!" I heard Von Ritter cry, "stop it! Behave yourself!"

He rode at our men with his sword and drove them back into ranks. I heard him shout, "Fall in there. Forward. March!"

"This is your idea of keeping order, is it?" Miller shouted at me.

"He insulted La Guerre," I shouted back, and scrambled into the saddle. But I was far from satisfied. I, Vice-President, Minister of War, Provost-Marshal of the city, had been fighting with my fists in the open street before half the population. I knew what La Guerre would say, and I wondered hotly if the girl had seen me, and I swore at myself for having justified her contempt for us. Then I swore at myself again for giving a moment's consideration to what she thought. I was recalled to the present by the apparition of my adversary riding his pony toward me, partly supported and partly restrained by two of his friends. He was trembling with anger and pain and mortification.

"You shall fight me for this," he cried.

I was about to retort that he looked as though I had been fighting him, but it is not easy to laugh at a man when he is covered with dust and blood, and this one was so sorry a spectacle that I felt ashamed for him, and said nothing.

"I am not a street fighter," he raged. "I wasn't taught to fight in a lot. But I'll fight you like a gentleman, just as though you were a gentleman. You needn't think you've heard the last of me. My friends will act for me, and, unless you're a coward, you will name your seconds."

Before I could answer, Von Ritter had removed his hat and was bowing violently from his saddle.

"I am Baron Herbert Von Ritter," he said, "late Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty, the King of Bavaria. If you are not satisfied, Captain Miller and myself will do ourselves the honor of calling on your friends."

His manner was so grand that it quite calmed me to hear him.

One of the men who was supporting my adversary, a big, sun-burned man, in a pith helmet, shook his head violently.

"Here, none of that, Miller," he said; "drop it. Can't you see the boy isn't himself? This isn't the time to take advantage of him."

"We are only trying to oblige the gentleman," said Miller. "The duel is the only means of defence we've left you people. But I tell you, if any of you insult our government again, we won't even give you that satisfaction—we'll ride you out of town."

The man in the pith helmet listened to Miller without any trace of emotion. When Miller had finished he laughed.

"We've every means of defence that an American citizen needs when he runs up against a crowd like yours," he said. He picked up his reins and turned his horse's head down the street. "You will find us at the Continental," he added. "And as for running us out of town," he shouted over his shoulder, "there's an American man-of-war at Amapala that is going to chase you people out of it as soon as we give the word."

When I saw that Miller and Von Ritter were arranging a duel, I felt no further interest in what the man said, until he threatened us with the warship. At that I turned toward the naval ensign to see how he would receive it.

He was a young man, some years older than myself, with a smooth face and fair, yellow hair and blue eyes. I found that the blue eyes were fixed upon me steadily and kindly. When he saw that I had caught him watching me he raised his hand smartly to his visor.

I do not know why, but it made the tears come to my eyes. It was so different from the salute of our own men; it was like being back again under the flag at the Point. It was the recognition of the regular that touched me, of a bona-fide, commissioned officer.

But I returned his salute just as stiffly as though I were a commissioned officer myself. And then a strange thing happened. The sailor-boy jerked his head toward the retreating form of my late adversary, and slowly stuck his tongue into his cheek, and winked. Before I could recover myself, he had caught up my hand and given it a sharp shake, and galloped after his friends.

Miller and I fell in at the rear of the column.

"Who were those men?" I asked.

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"The Isthmian Line people, of course," he answered, shortly. "The man in the helmet is Graham, the manager of the Copan Silver Mines. They've just unloaded them on Fiske. That's why they're so thick with him."

"And who was the chap who insulted La Guerre?" I asked. "The one whose face I slapped?"

"Face you slapped? Ha!" Miller snorted. "I hope you'll never slap my face. Why, don't you know who he is?" he exclaimed, with a grin. "I thought, of course, you did. I thought that's why you hit him. He's young Fiske, the old man's son. That was his sister riding ahead of them. Didn't you see that girl?"

(To be continued.)

THE ABITIBI FUR BRIGADE

By Arthur Heming

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

DIP, swirl, thud; dip, swirl, thud, sound all the paddles together. The time is faultless. Now it is that this picturesque brigade appears in wild perfection. As the canoes range side by side, their gracefully curved bows come in line, and instantly a race is on for the portage. Like contending chargers, forward they bound at every stroke. Vigorously the voyageurs ply their paddles. Stiffening their arms and curving their backs, they bend the blades. Every muscle is strained. The sharp bows cleave the lumpy water, sending it gurgling to the paddles that slash it, and whirl it aside. On they go. Now the factor's canoe is gaining. As that gaudily painted craft gradually forges ahead, its swift-running wake creeps steadily along the sides of the other canoes. Presently it is sounding "whiff, whiff, whiff," as the white bows crush it down. Then, at last, it breaks free and scurries away, leaving all the brigade to follow in its broadening trail. The pace is too exhausting; the canoes string out; but still the narrow blades slash away, for the portage is at hand. With dangerous speed the first canoe rushes abreast of the landing; and, just as one expects disaster, the bowman gives the word. Instantly the crew, with their utmost strength, back water. As the canoe comes to a standstill, the voyageurs roll their paddle-handles along the gunwales, twirling the dripping blades and enveloping the canoe in a veil of whirling spray. Then, jumping into the shallow water, they line up and quickly pass the packs ashore. The moment the cargo is transferred to the bank, the crew lift the great canoe off the water and turn it bottom up, while four of them place their heads beneath and rest the gunwales upon their *capot*-bepadded shoulders. As they carry it off, one is reminded of some immense antediluvian reptile crawling slowly over the portage trail. There is now much excitement. Other crews have arrived, and are rapidly unloading. As the landing is over-crowded, the portaging begins. Each man ties the end of his tump-line about a pack, swings it upon his back, and, bending forward, rests its broad loop against his forehead. Upon the first his companion places two more packs; then, stooping beneath the weight of 240 pounds, the packers at a jog-trot set off uphill and down; over rugged rocks and fallen timber; through fern-covered marsh and dense underbrush. Coming to an opening in the wood, on the bank of another lake, they quickly toss their burdens aside, and back again they run. Nowhere can you see more willing workers. You hear no swearing or grumbling about the exceedingly hard task before them. On the contrary, every man vies with the rest as to which shall carry the greatest load and most swiftly cross the portage. Rivalry speeds the work along. One crew races with another. Shirts and trousers reek with perspiration. The Indians puff and pant as they go by, and no wonder—the portage is three-quarters of a mile in length.

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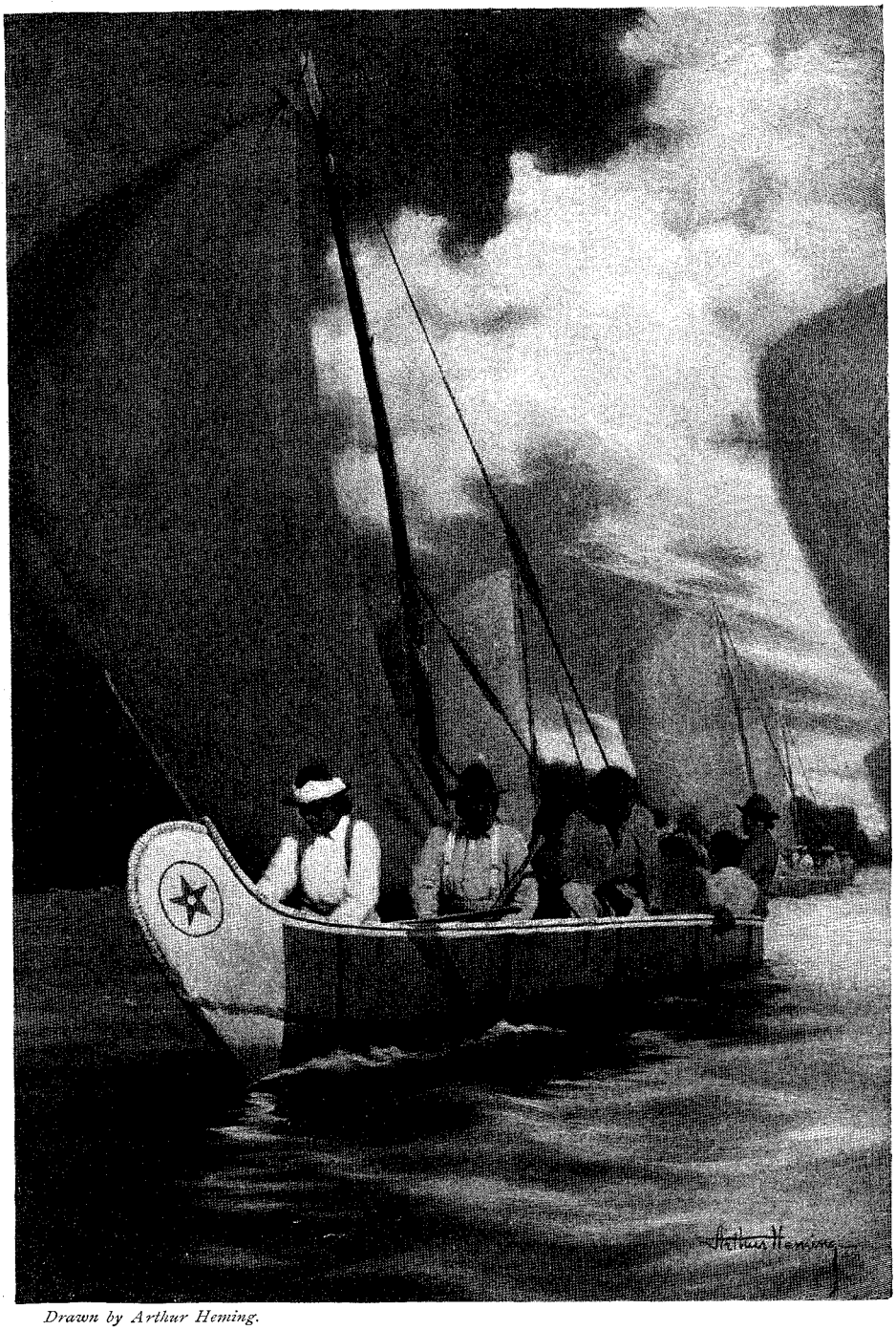

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

Rigged the tarpaulins used to cover the packs into sails.—Page 43.

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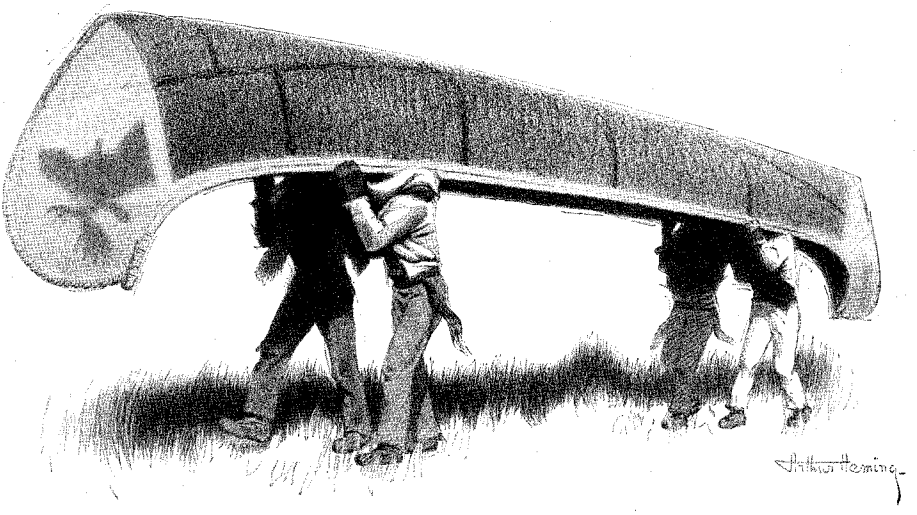
One morning in June, as dawn appeared above the eastern rim of that shallow but gigantic basin that holds the waters of Hudson Bay, on the rugged southern side of which lies a lake called, by Redmen, Abitibi, silvery birch-leaves fluttered in a gentle breeze. Rippling waters lapped the sandy beach. Moose and caribou came down to drink. Bear and otter fished in the creek. Distant shores rise out of the fading gloom. Over the lake came the cry of a loon. Between the tops of the tamaracks a golden bar appeared. Rising and spreading rapidly, it burst into a flood of glorious sunlight. High above the rising mist, floating in ghostly shapes along the shore, flaunted the tattered flag of the "Great Trader." A point edged with bowlders jutted into the lake. At the outer end, in a cluster of poplars, stood the "House of Abitibi." Behind it ranged the massive, weather-beaten store-houses, wherein the business of the post goes on. Next, a number of small log-cabins, where the half-breeds lived. Then, a village of tepees, in which the families of Indian hunters spend midsummer. Crowning a knoll in the rear stood a quaint little Roman church with a small tin spire glistening in the sun, and capped by a cross that spread its tiny arms to heaven. On the hill in the background the time-worn pines swayed their shaggy heads and softly whispered to that, the first gentle touch of civilization in the wilderness.

As the day grew older, unusual spirit enlivened the scene. Many dusky figures moved among the tents and buildings. The "factor" of the post joined the throng. A veteran voyageur touched his hat, and the two conversed together. Presently the old guide waved the swarthy men into line. From them he picked the bowmen; and, in turn, each bowman selected a man for his crew; until, for each of the seven canoes, eight men were chosen. At the tolling of a bell the men dispersed, moving off to the little chapel on the hill, where Père Dozoir offered a farewell prayer. Again the crews assembled, and the work began. Some went to the canoe-house, where tiers of great six-fathom or "north" canoes lined the walls. Shouldering these beautiful birchen craft, the Indians carried them down to the landing. Others went off, with "tump-line" in hand, to the warehouse. Ascending the massive stairs they entered the "fur-loft." Tiers of empty shelves circled the room, where the furs were stored during the winter. But upon the floor were stacked packs of valuable pelts. The old-fashioned scales, the collapsible mould, and the giant fur-press told of the work that had been done.



One is reminded of some immense antediluvian reptile crawling slowly over the portage trail.—Page 36.

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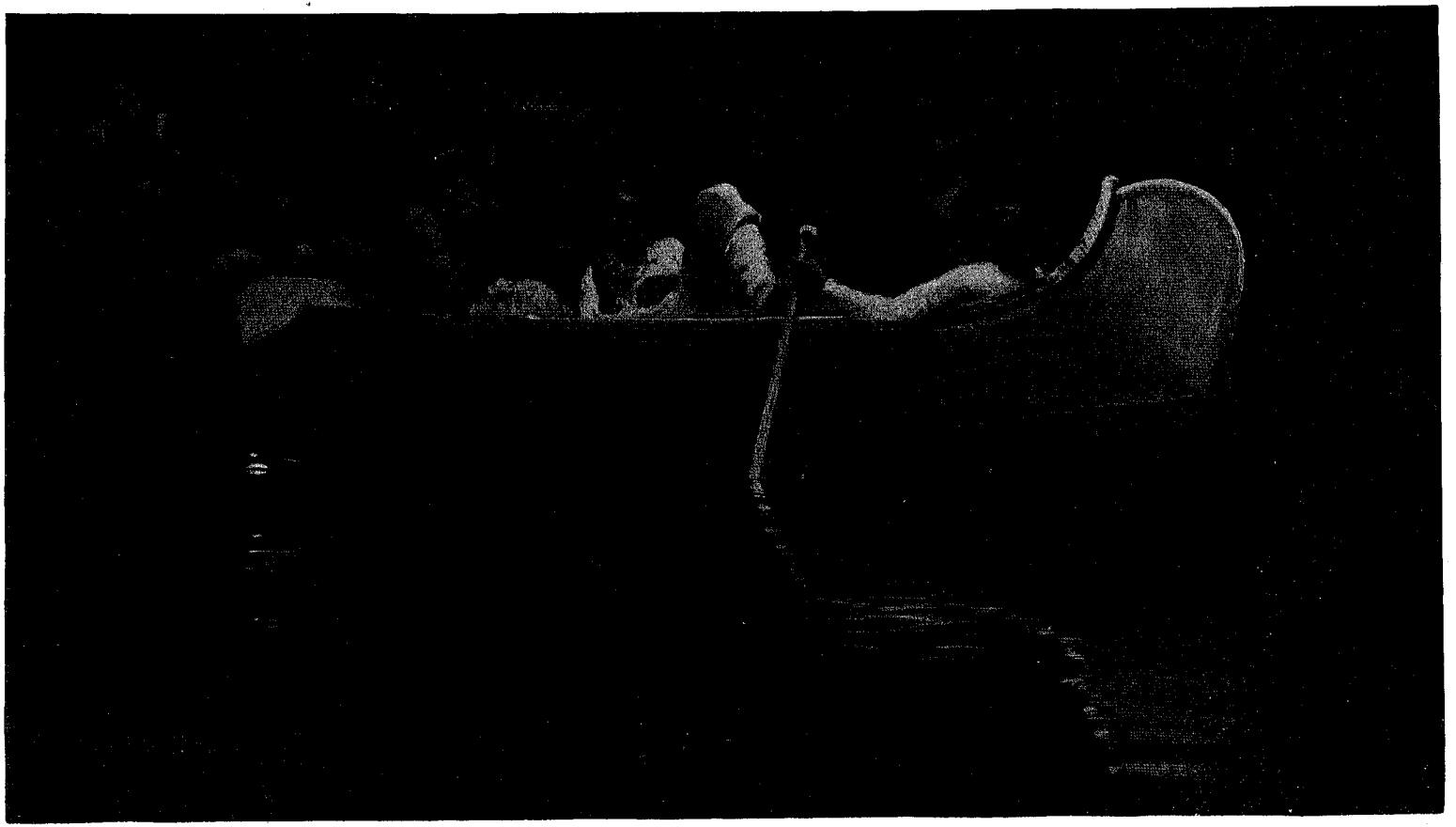

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

In voyageur parlance . . . the paddles were laid aside one "smoke."—Page 42.

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Every pack weighed eighty pounds. Its canvas wrapper hid the skins of beaver, otter, fisher, cross-fox, lynx, white-fox, marten (Canadian or Hudson Bay sable), red-fox, mink, silver-fox, ermine, skunk (Alaska sable or black marten), musquash, raccoon, wolf, or wolverine. Loading up, they rapidly carried the fur to the landing. In the storeroom the voyageurs gathered up the "tripping" kit of paddles, tents, axes, tarpaulins, sponges; and a box for each crew containing frying-pans, tea-pails, tin plates, and tea-dishes. In the trading-room the crews were supplied with provisions of flour, pork, tea, and tobacco, at the rate of three pounds a day for each man. Most of the voyageurs received "advances" from the clerk, in the way of clothing, knives, pipes, and things deemed essential for the "voyage." Birch bark, spruce roots, and "gum" were supplied for repairing the canoes.

All was now in readiness. The canoes were put upon the water, and paddled to the end of the wharf. The loading of freight began. Each canoe in turn gradually sank to within less than a foot of its gunwale, as its cargo was placed aboard. Soon every craft contained from two to three tons burden. The voyageurs indulged in much handshaking and a little quiet talking with the motley crowd. Then, paddle in hand, they boarded the canoes and took their places.

In manning a six-fathom or "north" canoe the bowman is always the most important; the steersman comes next in rank, while the others are called "midmen."

Mr. Mackenzie, the factor, sitting in the guide's or chief voyageur's canoe, gave the word; and all together the blades dipped, the water swirled, and on the gunwales the paddle-handles thudded as the canoes heaved away.

They line up and quickly pass the packs ashore.—Page 36.

The going and coming of the fur brigade was the one great event of the year to those nomadic people who stood watching the fast-vanishing flotilla. Were they not bidding farewell to fathers, brothers, sons, or lovers, chosen as the best men from their village of over 400 souls? Had they not had a hand in winning the treasure that was floating away? If only the pelts in those packs could speak, what tales they would unfold! During the early part of the previous autumn the Indians, with their families, dogs, and few belongings loaded into canoes, had set out for various points in the surrounding wilderness. Then, as the little groups gradually separated, each family independently struck off in different directions; and, at last, after many days of paddling, poling, tracking, and packing up the wildest of rivers, and with

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blanket-sails skimming over unnamed lakes, they reached their "lands" just as the spirit of winter was sweeping over that great lone country and covering the silent waters and whispering forests with her mantle of white. All winter long they had toiled with sleds, and hunted and trapped on snowshoes. Each family had trapped only on the "lands" bounded by certain streams, the right to which had been handed down from past generations. Constantly they had moved their bark wigwams as their "marten roads" played out. Sometimes there had been feasting—when moose or caribou were near—but oftener fasting. As the short days of that long season slowly passed, the Indians gradually added to their pile of skins. At last the days lengthened, the snow sank away, the lakes opened, and the rivers once more ran free. Sleds were cast aside, canoes were patched up or new ones built, and the long journey to the post begun. But then it was easier travelling in the spring, for the water was high and the current right. When they arrived, they again camped among their last summer's neighbors, and, after much deliberation with the trader, bartered their winter's winning for the crude wares of the trading-room, and then

On a Portage.

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Paddled away in the wake of the big canoes.

settled down to a short summer of idleness and gossip.

Among the throng that watched the departure of the brigade was old Robuscan, chief of the Abitibi Indians, who for more than nineteen years had carried his crippled wife upon his back. Even on his hunting trips he had carried her. As I stood watching the quaint pair, the old hunter leant well forward to stand the strain—for she must have weighed 250 pounds. His finely modelled face peered beneath the tump-line as his ponderous queen sat jauntily upon his back. As my sister bade her good-by, her good-natured face beamed with satisfaction at the honor she was paid—with the exception of the relations of the company's factors, my sister was the first white woman seen at Abitibi. Our two half-breed voyageurs being in readiness, Kate and I took our places in our small birch-bark and paddled away in the wake of the big canoes.

Turning, I looked behind. The animated picture of the little settlement wherein we figured but a moment ago had faded into distance. The wild-looking assembly was blotted from the shore. But still, above the rapidly dwindling buildings, waved the flag of the oldest chartered trading association in the world—the Hudson's Bay Company.

After a while the wind died down, and the lake became one huge mirror. There was blue sky above and blue sky below. White clouds above and white clouds below. But through the centre of that mystical transformation the shore-line ran, and at it the hills and trees joined topsy-turvy—so perfect was the reflection.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the brigade went ashore for a "snack." The canoes were snubbed to overhanging trees, and upon a rocky flat the fires burned. Hurriedly drinking the hot tea, the men seized pieces of frying pork and, placing them upon their broken "bannock," ravenously devoured both as they returned to the canoes. No time was lost.

On entering the mouth of an apparently unnamed river, which for convenience I will call the Upper Lonely River—for there is also a Lonely River on the other side of the watershed, down which we passed on the third day out—the men worked incessantly for about two hours, or, in voyageur parlance, "one pipe;" then they "spelled," and the paddles were laid aside one "smoke." As the way slackened the steersmen bunched the canoes. The soft, rich voices of the crews blended as they quietly chatted and joked and laughed together.

Of all the wild rivers I have ever seen, and I have covered nearly 4,000 miles by canoe, that is the most beautiful. No trees along its banks are defaced by the signs of man. Its dark, sluggish waters

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mirror the overhanging boughs Upon the clayey portions of its shores there are footprints of a multitude of forest dwellers. The very atmosphere seems charged with romance and mystery. It has nothing of the grand, rugged picturesqueness of the Rocky Mountain streams. It is simply a picture of primeval beauty.

When we reached Dancing Rapids, the *moonyasses* (greenhorns) of the brigade celebrated their first voyage by dancing upon the portage. About three miles above the portage we entered Lake Agotwawekami, which is enclosed by high, rocky, well-timbered shores, and whose surface is dotted with islands of various sizes. Then a stern wind came along. Nearing an island, some of the men went ashore and cut a mast and sprit-sail boom for each canoe. They lashed the masts to the thwarts with tump-lines, and rigged the tarpaulins used to cover the packs into sails. Again the paddles were shipped, save those of the steersmen ; and the crews lounged about, either smoking or drowsing. The men were weary. Last night they had danced, both hard and long, with dusky maids—as all true voyageurs do on the eve of their departure. To voyageurs stern winds are blessings. Mile after mile the wild flotilla swept along. Sunshine danced upon the rippling waves that gurgled and lapped as the bows overreached them. Rugged islands of moss-covered rock and evergreen trees rose on every side. The wind favored us for about five miles, then shifted. Reluctantly the sails were let down, and masts and booms tossed overboard. At four in the afternoon the brigade landed on a pretty island, and another hurried "tea" was taken. After this they again paddled on, and again entered the Upper Lonely. At sundown the brigade pitched camp for the night. The canoes were unloaded. The fur-packs were neatly piled and covered with tarpaulins. The canoes were lifted ashore. Tents were erected and camp-fires lit. Upon a thick carpet of balsam brush, the blankets were spread in the tents. The tired men sat in the smoke of the fires and ate their suppers, round which black flies and mosquitoes hovered. Later, a cool sunset breeze from over the water blew the little tormentors away, and then it was that those swarthy men enjoyed a well-earned rest. After supper some made bannock batter in the mouths of flour-sacks, adding water, salt, and baking powder. This they worked into balls and spread out into sizzling pans arranged

Flipping into the air the browning flap-jacks —Page 44

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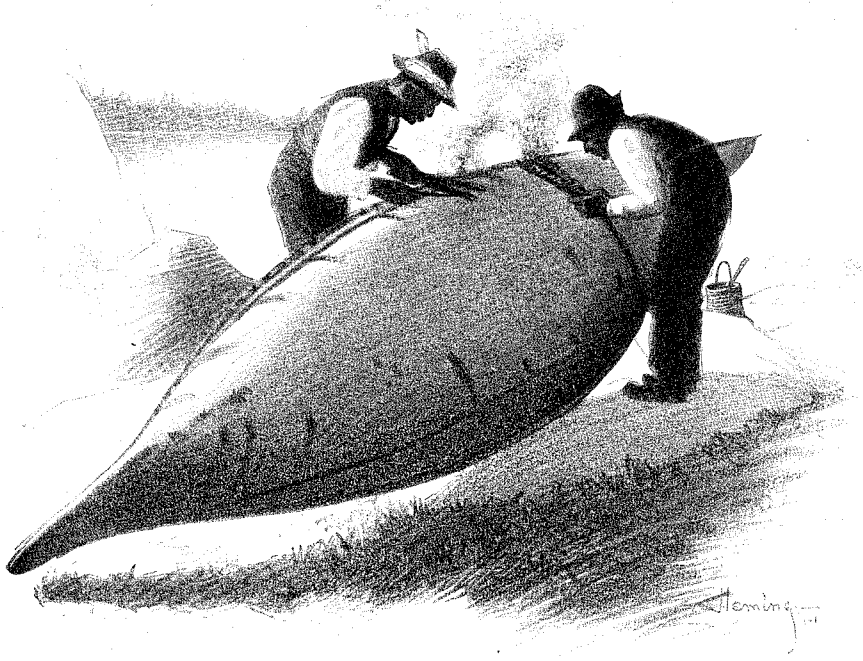
obliquely before the fire, with a bed of coals at the back of each. It was an enlivening scene. Great roaring fires sent glowing sparks high into the still night air, lighting up the trees with their intense glare, and casting weird shadows upon the surrounding tents and bushes. Picturesque, wild-looking men, laughed, talked, and gesticulated at one another. A few with *capotes* off were squatting close to the fires, and flipping into the air the browning flap-jacks that were to be eaten the following day. Others, with hoods over their heads, lolled back from the fire smoking their pipes. Some held their moccasins before the fire to dry, or arranged their blankets for turning in. Others slipped away under cover of darkness to rub pork rinds on the bottom of their canoe, for there was much rivalry as to the speed of the crews. Still more beautiful grows the scene, when the new June moon rises above the trees and tips with flickering light the running waves.

At three in the morning the camp was astir. In the half light of the early day, and while breakfast was being prepared, the men "gummed" afresh the big canoes. Whittling handles to dry pine-sticks, they split the butts half-way down, and placed that end in the fire. After a little burning, the stick opened like a fork; and, placing it over the broken seam, the voyageur blew upon the crotch, thus melting the hardened "gum;" then, spitting upon his palm, he rounded it off and smoothed it down. By the time breakfast was ready the tents were again stowed away in the canoes along with the valuable cargoes of furs.

Paddling up the mist-enshrouded river the canoes rounded a bend. There the eddying of muddy water told that a moose had just left a water-lily bed. The leaves of the forest hid his fleeing form; but, on the soft bank the water slowly trickled into his deep hoof-prints, so late was his departure. The tracks of bear and deer continuously marked the shores, for the woods were full of game. From the rushes startled ducks rose up and whirled away, and on rotten



The men "gummed" afresh the big canoes.

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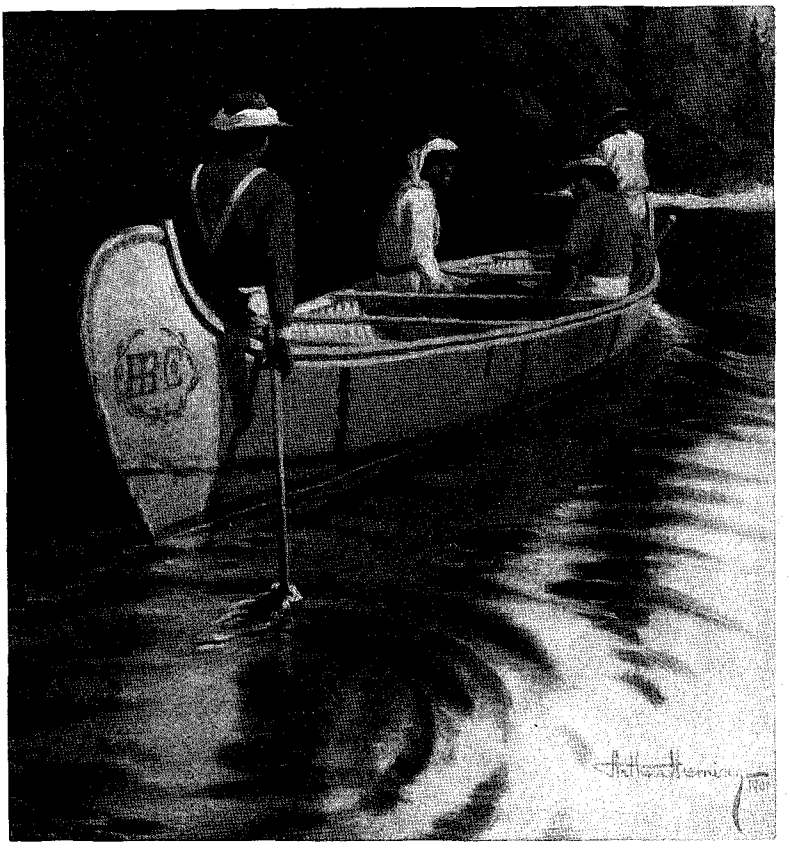

The bowman stood up and scanned the river.—Page 47.

logs partridges drummed. For its area this is the greatest of fur districts, and one of the finest game regions in America. For hundreds of miles around, the grandest of primeval forests covers the land. It is to-day as it was a hundred years ago. There is no more delightful canoe-trip to be had in Canada. The scenery is so varied. Island-dotted lakes, timber-covered mountains, winding rivers and marshy places; bold rocky gorges and mighty cataracts; dense forests of cedar, spruce, tamarack, poplar, birch, and pine—here is a region fit for Diana or Nimrod.

During the day the brigade made three portages and entered Lake Matawagogig, which is flanked by the Laurentian Mountains. It is full of islands, in beauty surpassing those of the St. Lawrence River and of the far-famed Lakes of Muskoka. Another portage, and a short paddle up Snake River—so called for its winding course through a marshy region — and then we made the three-quarters-of-a-mile portage over the height of land, and commenced our descent to Lake Temiscamingue. After traversing Long Lake, Barrier Lake, and Quinze Lake we entered, on the morning of the fourth day, that wildest of streams, the River des Quinze—which is only another name for a short section of the Upper Ottawa River. There a series of fifteen portages in fifteen miles made progress slow. It was on that stretch of the trip that the skill of the voyageur was tested most. Endless rapids and cataracts dammed the river, and down many of them the canoes were run. The Hudson's Bay Company never allow their men to shoot rapids with fur-laden canoes. The packs were portaged over land, and the canoes, manned with only four men, were run through the rapids.

At the head of one of the great rapids a bowman, seeing that I mated well with a light-weight of his crew, invited me to take

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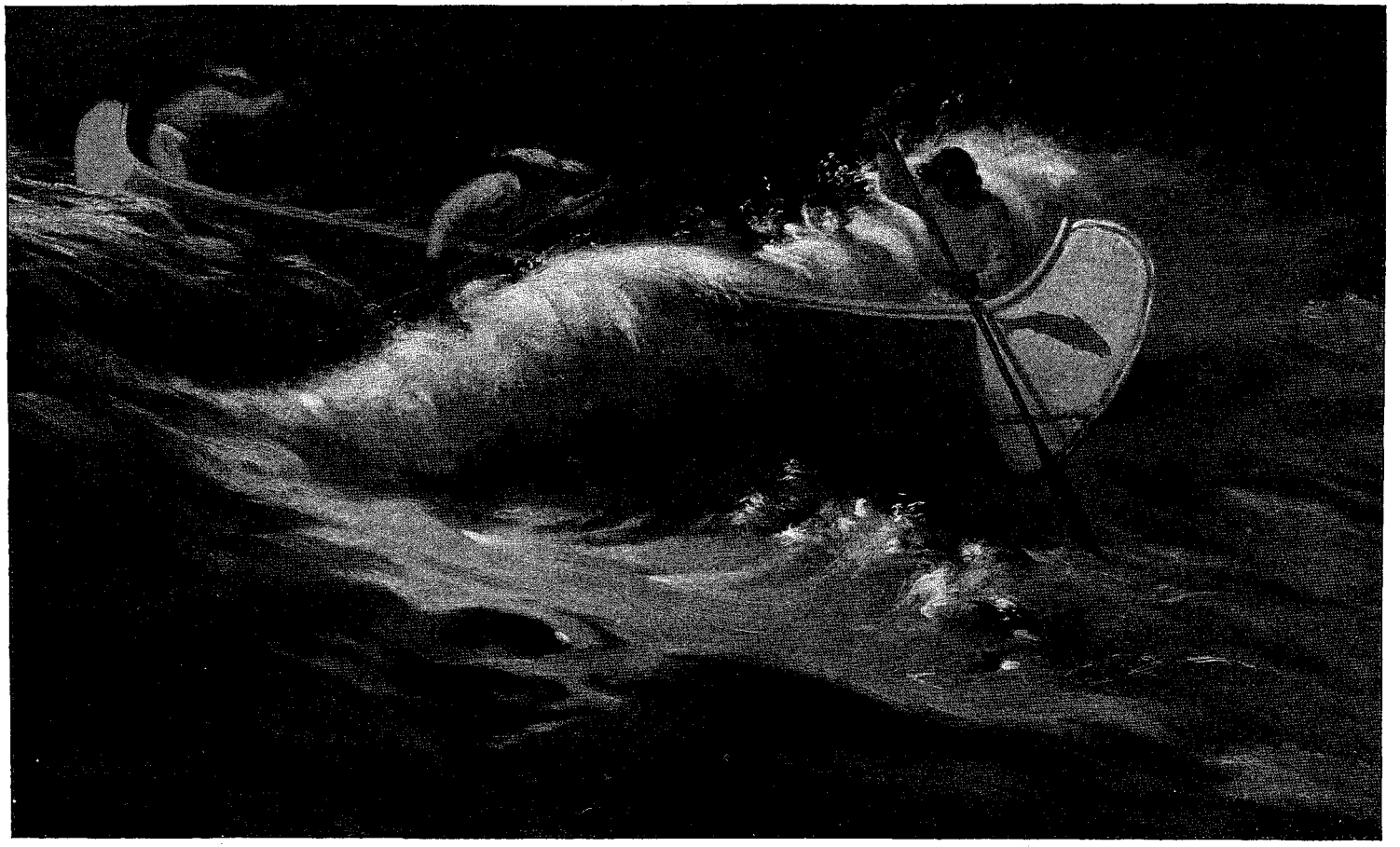

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

We plunge through the "great swell."—Page 50.

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a paddle and help them through. While the brigade are shooting rapids lightweights are at a premium. Tossing in an extra set of paddles we stepped aboard, dropped out of sight in the apparently forsaken river-bed. Then the steersman stood up, too, and Indian words passed between them. Every moment we were gaining

His ponderous queen sat jauntily upon his back.—Page 42.

and with a gentle shove the current caught us and carried us out to mid-stream. Long before we sighted white water the roar of the cataract was humming in our ears. We two midmen sat upon dunnage sacks and braced our moccasoned feet against the ribbing. Presently the bowman stood up and scanned the river. Dark, ominous water raced ahead for a hundred yards, then disappeared, leaving nothing but a great, surging mass of white that leaped high and impetus, and always heading for the highest crest of foam. Waiting for the word to paddle was even worse than waiting for the starter's gun in a sculling race. At last it came, just as we were twenty-five yards from the end of dark water. With a wild shout from the bowman, we drove our paddles home. The great canoe trembled a little at first as our work was somewhat ragged, but a moment later we settled into an even stroke and swept buoyantly among

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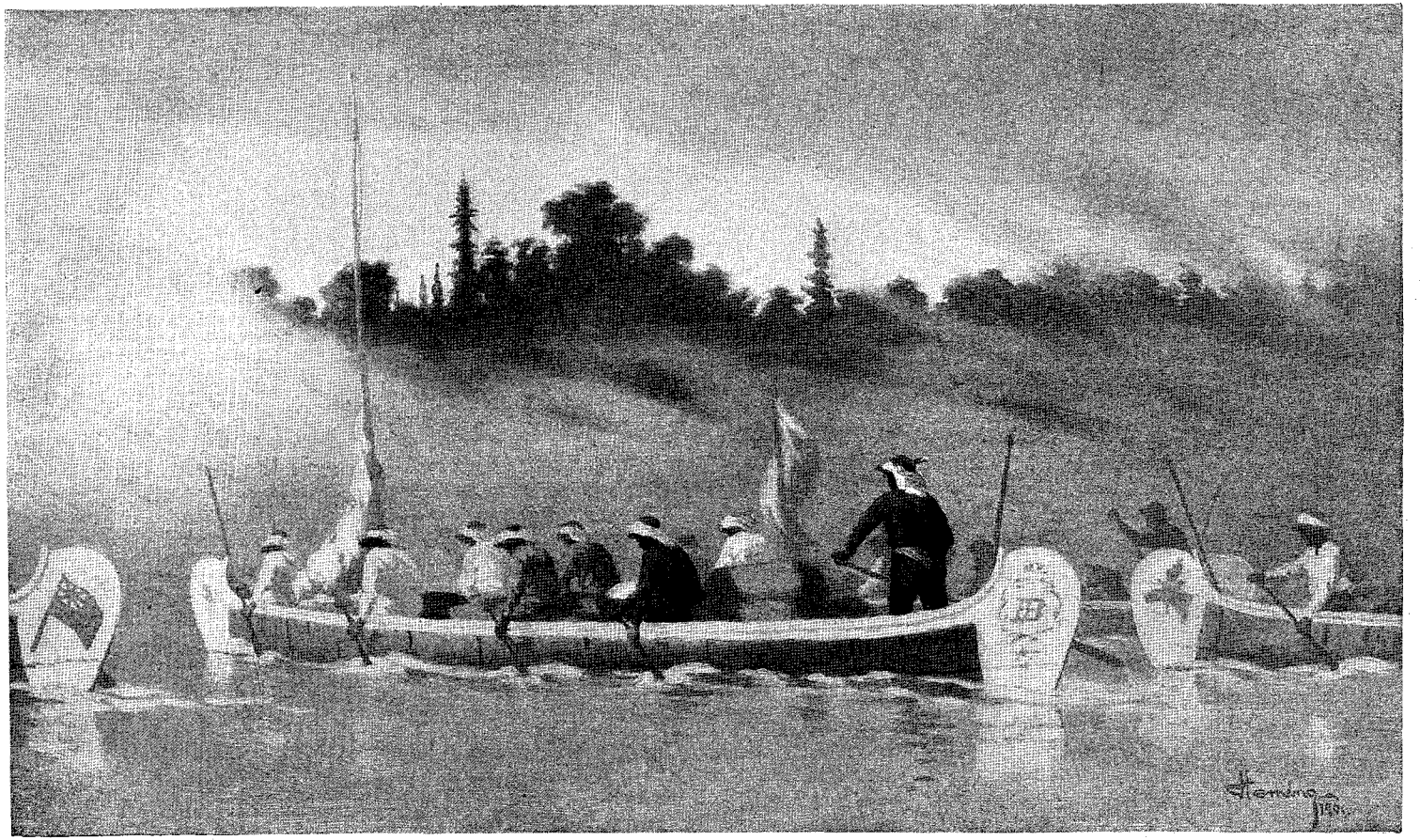

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

Paddling up the mist-enshrouded river.—Page 44.

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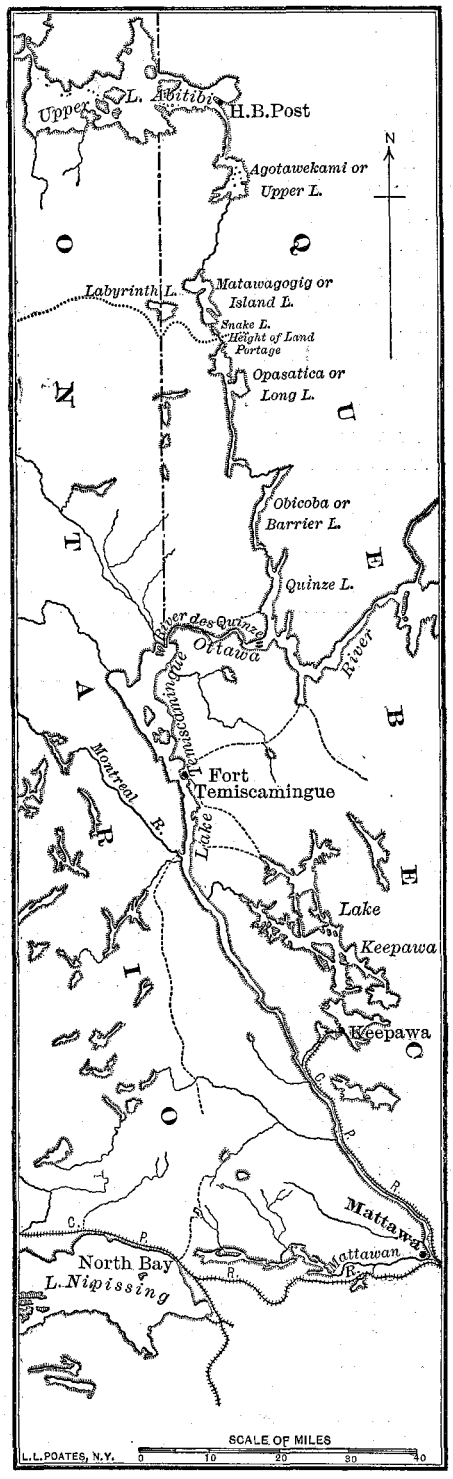
the tossing billows. Now before us ran a strange, wild river of seething white, lashing among great, gray-capped, dark-greenish bowlders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks standing close together, squeezed the mighty river into a tumult of fury. Swiftly we glide down the racing torrent and plunge through the boiling waters. Sharp rocks rear above the flying spray, while others are barely covered by the foaming flood. It is dangerous work. We midmen paddle hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. The steersmen in bow and stern ply and bend their great seven-foot paddles. The bowman with eyes alert keenly watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of seething waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a great ridge, rising four or five feet above the water-line on either shore. To swerve to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary bowlder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river hisses and roars and lashes it. Yet it never moves—it only frowns destruction upon all that dares approach it. How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot; for is not the steersman doing exactly the very opposite at this precise moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working on the opposite sides, for the bowman sees signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around; but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another, and a grating sound runs the length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in, but she is running true. The rocks now



Route of the Abitibi Fur Brigade.

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grow fewer, but still there is another pitch ahead. Again the bow dips as we rush down the incline. Spray rises in clouds that drench us to the skin, as we plunge through the "great swell" and then shoot out among a multitude of tumbling billows that threaten to engulf us. The canoe rides upon the backs of the "white horses," and we rise and fall, rise and fall, as they fight beneath us. At last we leave their wild arena, and entering calmer water paddle away to the end of the portage trail.

On the evening of the fourth day we camped upon the river-bank. Early next morning the whole brigade, togged out in their very finest, swept rapidly down the river to meet the steamer at the head of Lake Temiscamingue. Thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth of furs were put aboard, and sent on their way by steamer and rail to Montreal. Thence they were eventually shipped to England along with the "returns" of the other twenty-one districts of the Hudson's Bay Company. In London they were sold by auction.

Years ago great brigades of "six-fathom" canoes, often numbering forty or fifty, annually plied between Lachine, near Montreal, and old Fort Garry, now Winnipeg. Other brigades travelled by different routes through the great Northwest, from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie River. But now the railroads have taken their places, and of all the once-famous canoe flotillas that of Abitibi is the last brigade.

THE "TECHING" OF THE VESPER

By George S. Wasson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

IN the long bygone days when a large fleet of vessels was owned at Brandon's Cove, there were in the early spring always several weeks of such bustling activity as are, in the town's present moribund condition, hard to realize. All winter more than a score of little bluff-bowed, "pinkey" stern fishing-schooners lay frozen solidly in the great field of ice stretching from shore to shore, the dissolution of which in the spring was anxiously awaited by the greater part of the citizens.

No sooner had it at length broken up and been slowly carried to sea by the ebb tide, than preparations were made for hauling the vessels in to the numerous cob wharves along the village front, and beginning that exciting contest known as "fitting out" for another season's work.

At one of these rude little wharves, now marked only by a heap of kelp-grown stones and a few great pine logs hoary with barnacles, the schooner Vesper lay early in April, receiving her annual overhauling at the hands of the crew, while her red-faced old skipper and principal owner constantly urged them to greater exertion by declaring his belief that Fourth of July day would arrive before they sighted Cape Sable.

But Skipper Japhet Roundturn, though indifferent enough to the appearance of his weather-beaten little house in the cove, was a veritable old Betty in caring for and decorating his beloved schooner. While in deference to a time-honored custom of the village, he occasionally gave the unused front door of his lilac-hidden dwelling a coat of such green paint as might be left to spoil after the Vesper was fully fitted out in the spring, yet with this scant bit of attention to the house the skipper's wife was obliged to be content. The appearance of the pinkey engrossed the mind of her good man to the exclusion of everything else, and though mightily desirous of being among the first to fill away in the spring for the Cape Shore or Grand Banks, not one of the many colored stripes on the little vessel's sides could be overlooked, and not a spar, block, mast-hoop, or bit of iron-work but must be carefully scraped

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and slushed, or painted strictly in accordance with the prevailing notion of what was proper on this class of vessels.

In spite of many delays, occasioned chiefly by the fussy old skipper, late one afternoon the schooner was pronounced by him "fit to look at" above the waterline, and the crew were told to assemble on board again that night at high water to warp her in on a neighboring strip of beach for the purpose of cleaning and tarring the bottom, or making any repairs found necessary as she lay high and dry the next morning.

This programme, however, proved most unsatisfactory to the youngsters of the crew, who, it turned out, had set their hearts upon attending a long-talked-of "Time" to be given in the adjoining town of Herring Harbor on this precise date. After some hurried consultation among themselves, the cook, Zenas Gaskett, was selected as envoy to the skipper with full power to negotiate a treaty on any terms by which they might secure the desired day off.

Accordingly, just before leaving the vessel for their homes in the village that evening, Zenas shambled aft where the old man stood puffing and sputtering as he attempted a needed toilet over a drawbucket of salt water.

"Skip' Japhe," he began, in his most persuasive tones, "there's goin' to be a marster great Time over to the Harbor to-morrer, an' all han's on us was cal'latin' to row over in the mornin' soon's ever the tide flows enough so's't we can git acrosst the flats—that is, o' course, 'lowin' it won't be no put-out to you. Couldn't ye manage to fix it noways so's't we can beach the vess'l to-morrer night's tide, in the room o' doin' of it to-night?"

"Guess not!" said the skipper, decidedly. "We can't go losin' another day now, not for no Time! What you b'ys cal'late on, anyways? Here you've been all winter doin' nothin' without it's tendin' on Times stiddy, an' anyone'd s'pose you'd be forelayin' to ketch holt of a dollar or two now, 'fore ever snow flies ag'in! I've spoke for the use o' Uncle D'riuses' shore to-morrer, an' the Break o' Day is cal'latin' on it for the nex' tide. There's half a dezen sail right to this Cove that's most ready to clean now, an' there ain't nary other piece o' beach that's fittin' to lay a vess'l down on without resk o' hoggin' of her!

"We're a good fortni't behind hand a'ready; there's the Nabob an' Emblem got away a week yis'day, all on account o' you fellers' dod-blowed skylarkin' in room o' bucklin' down to work! It's goin' to be good an' calm to-night, an' I want every soul on ye should be aboard here by 'leven o'clock at the lates', so's't we can git her grounded there on the beach 'fore ever it's chock high water. I make out to know jes' all about them Herrin' Harbor 'Times'; been to 'em myself 'fore now, an' ef you young squirts was to once git over to this one, I don't cal'late there's ary one on ye would have 'nough bo-ink-um left to end up so much's a thole-pin for the nex' twenty-four hours!" and here Skipper Japhet smiled grimly at his own humor.

"No, sir-ee, sir!" he continued. "You be on han' here to-night ef you're cal'latin' to go 'long o' me this season, for ef there's one on ye don't show up, I'll turn to an' heave his dunnage onto the dock here so blame' quick, he'll swear 'twas allus there! I'm willin' to put up with most anything in reason, but set-fire ef I can stan' everything, no more'n a stone-drag!"

This determined stand on the skipper's part naturally had a disheartening effect on Zenas Gaskett and his companions. Further arguing was deemed worse than useless, but there still remained a card which it was thought best to play before giving up all hope of the Time.

Some little distance inland, where the post-road at length gained the top of the steepest and rockiest hill in this land of bad hills, there stood a long, very low little house, the shingled sides of which always glistened with fresh red paint. The trimmings were of spotless white, and the front door shone resplendent under its recent coat of vivid green. Surmounting a white flagstaff on a small out-building, equally well cared for, was a weather-vane in the shape of a trim little pinkey schooner with her mainsail set. Close to the back door stood a wood-pile nearly as large as the house itself, with sides so square and even as to suggest the use of a plumb-line in its construction, yet, notwithstanding such indications of a man's

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presence about the little place, it was tenanted solely by an aged dame known as Aunt Polly Kentall, relict of the Skipper Adam Kentall, who long since had been laid away among the ledges behind the meeting-house in The Cove.

But Aunt Polly's comfortable circumstances resulted from no unwonted and long-continued charity on the part of relatives or neighbors.

Almost wholly to the universal belief in her extraordinary influence with the weather-clerk did Aunt Polly owe her prosperity, and, though some there doubtless were in the village who maintained her power in other directions, her clients were chiefly among the skippers and crews of the many vessels then owned in the vicinity.

Among such it was firmly believed that she could not only furnish good weather, but also full fares of fish, if so disposed; and on this account it was deemed expedient to keep on the right side of Aunt Polly Kentall by tidying up about her little house in general, and guarding lest her wood-pile shrink unduly. Few skippers of The Cove, and least of all superstitious Japhet Roundturn, thought it prudent to leave the harbor with their vessels until a generous package of tea, snuff, or tobacco had been left at her door, while there was always a ready market for the stockings and fishermen's "nippers" she constantly knit.

Now the youngsters comprising the Vesper's crew at this time had reason to think themselves secure in Aunt Polly's good graces, while Zenas Gaskett, as the donor of the elaborate weather-vane, perhaps felt himself entitled to special favors. Soon after dusk, therefore, they scrambled up the rocky hill behind the village, and, here leaving the road, wound their way among the ledges of the sheep pastures in a cut across country to her house.

As quickly as possible Aunt Polly was made aware of the exact situation, and, with such extra inducements as the occasion seemed to require, was urged to intervene if possible.

This she at length consented to do, though protesting that such action was by no means in her legitimate line of business, and was undertaken solely as an especial accommodation to her visitors.

"Go straight-away back to the Cove, an' put the vess'l on the beach to-night, jes' eggsac'ly how the skipper tells ye to!" quoth Aunt Polly Kentall, as her black eyes snapped, and a peculiar smile overspread her wrinkled face. "I set a store by Skip' Japhe," she said, "but there won't nobody want to go un'neath o' that schooner's bottom to-morrer! Mind now! Take an' do jes' how he tells ye to-night, an' be out o' sight an' hearin' before daylight!"

Greatly relieved in mind by these comforting words, the young men returned to the village, and, when the night-tide served, turned to with a will and warped the vessel across the harbor to Uncle D'rius Fairway's tiny beach between the rocks, where she was soon grounded in the desired position. To insure her listing in as the tide ebbed, a couple of hogshead-tubs were moved to the in-shore side of the deck, and then filled with salt water, while, as a further precaution, both booms were swung broad off in-shore also, and guyed in that position, so that no one felt the least doubt that the schooner would incline in upon the beach as the tide left her, and be found accessible for work early the next morning.

After a final look at the lines holding her to the shore, the skipper cautioned his men to be on hand in good season, and started for home, while they, after many guesses at Aunt Polly's probable method of operation, also dispersed to prepare for an early start toward Herring Harbor.

Just before sunrise the next morning, Skipper Japhet might have been seen, clad in his yellow oil-skins, puffing along the road to the shore behind a huge wheelbarrow containing a tar-kettle and bag of shavings, several birch-brooms for scrubbing the vessel's bottom, and a large bundle of oakum, the making of which commodity furnished employment during the winter for all the old people of the village.

As he turned shortly, to go down a steep lane to the water, a view of the schooner was first obtained, and great was his astonishment at seeing her not heeled down on her side upon the beach, but, on the contrary, standing bolt upright on her keel! Dropping the barrow in his excitement, the skipper rushed down the short lane amid a clatter of rolling stones, only

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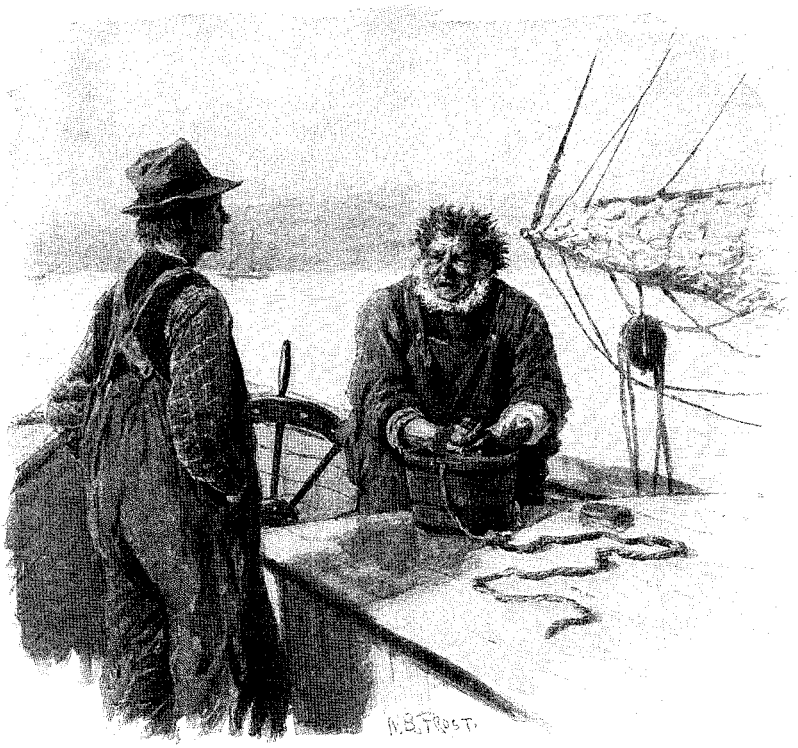

"No, sir-ee, sir!"—Page 51.

to find the phenomenon more inexplicable upon closer investigation. Like all vessels of her class, the Vesper was of that deep and sharp-bottomed model known as "long-legged," yet there she sat upon Uncle D'rius's hard, gravelly beach, balancing on her narrow keel, with no visible support on either side.

"Set-fire!" muttered Skipper Japhet to himself, as he gazed at the miracle. "This here beats all, this doos! Ef the wind should take an' breezen up a grain 'fore ever we can get some shores un'neath of her, she's a goner, sure!"

But now, poking down the line with his cane, came half-blind old Uncle Darius himself, to collect his usual fee of four and sixpence for beachage, though his errand was at once forgotten in the excitement at hearing of the schooner's condition.

"Why, Godfrey Mighty, you!" exclaimed the skipper, "them two hockshead tubs o' water'll amount to full better'n a ton's heft, an' look at them booms there, you, chock off to the riggin', the pair on 'em! There's nigh onto a couple o' tons heft on that creetur's in-shore side, an' jes' what in the name o' reason possesses her to stan' up so fashion, I can't noways fathom—without it is she's teched," he added, with a nervous glance around.

By this time others had discovered the vessel's astounding position, and before the sun was half an hour high, half the population of The Cove had flocked to the scene. Among the first to arrive were two other owners of the Vesper, who, like the skipper, were greatly concerned as to the safety of their craft.

"We'll have to turn to an' block her up someways the fust thing," declared Japhet. "Where them young devil's limbs o' boys has gone to, I can't think to save me. Nobody 'pears to know nothin' about 'em, an' all the sight for blockin' I can see is to git a hoss an' team. Prob'ly we can borry a set o' blockin' over to the yard, there."

"Oh, wall," said Noah Trunnel, one of the other owners. "Fur's that goes, I can hitch up an' fetch down blockin' enough blame' quick, but the way I look

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"There won't nobody want to go un'neath o' that schooner's bottom to-morrer!"—Page 52.

at it I dunno's there's ary call to do no blockin' of her up. It kind o' 'pears to me as ef we'd ought to be consid'ble keerful how we go takin' holt o' this here bus'niss. 'Tween you an' me an' the win'lass-bitts, I b'lieve the creetur's teched; that's jes' what ails her, an' I cal'late the safest thing we can do is to jes' merely stan' by an' keep hands off'n her till the tide flows ag'in."

"Be jiggered ef I don't b'lieve but what you've got the rights on't, swan to man ef I don't, now!" returned Skipper Japhet, earnestly. "I've run away with some sich idee myself ever sence I fust sot eyes on her, but same time it doos 'pear ter'ble resky to take an' leave her be a-layin' same's she is, you! Ef't should take a notion to breezen up so much's a cat's paw o' wind, what's to hender her floppin' one way or 'tother, an' startin' her whole bilge, like's not! Guess then there'd be hell to pay, an' no pitch hot!"

"Wall, I know," said Noah. "It doos seem like kind o' chancin' of it, but still I'm thinkin' you best leave alone of her, for all that. There's been folks here to this Cove that's up to jes' sich works as this here, now you know that jes' well's I do! Ef it's laid out for that hooker to take an' stan' up there same's she's doin' of now till the tide flows round her ag'in, why she's goin' to stan' there, no matter ef't should turn to an' blow an' ole hell-ripper of a breeze o' wind; but ef its the cal'lation to have her tumble over, why soon's ever she gits good an' ready, she's bound to flop, an' you nor nobody else can't shove blockin' 'nough un'neath her bilge to stop her, neither! All is, somebody'll make out to git hisself squashed out flatter'n a pancake foolin' round un'neath of her, an' that's every mite it'll amount to!"

"Yas, there's a master sight o' truth in all that air, Noah," admitted Skipper Japhet, "but still I sh'd like plaguey well to find out how the rest part o' the owners is minded. There's them two ole Miss Pikes up the Crik ro'd there; they own an eig'th betwixt 'em, ye know, an' ef the vess'l gits hurt, I cal'late the two on 'em

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would be on my back 'fore noon-time, tooth an' nail!"

"Them two be jiggered!" cried Noah. "You can't never make out to suit them two ole ma'sh-hens, noways! Gracious Evers, we ain't goin' to turn to an' go runnin' way out back here to hell an' gone, huntin' up ev'ry ole woman that owns a timber-head into that air vess'l, an' askin' of her what she 'lows we best do when we git jammed anywheres! Here's a controllin' interest an' twice over stannin' right here how, an' all o' the mind that she's teched, so le's keep han's offn her! Fur's I'm concerned, I wouldn't go anigh her the way she is not for the biggest trip o' fish ever she fetched home from the Bay, an' where I dassent un'take to set foot myself, set-fire ef I'll ask nobody else to go!"

Upon finding Noah Trunnel's view of the matter backed by the expert opinion of his neighbors, Skipper Japhet decided to do nothing in the way of interfering with the "teching," but to wait for the coming of another tide with what patience he could command. Meantime the non-appearance of the crew furnished an in-

The skipper rushed down the short lane.—Page 52.

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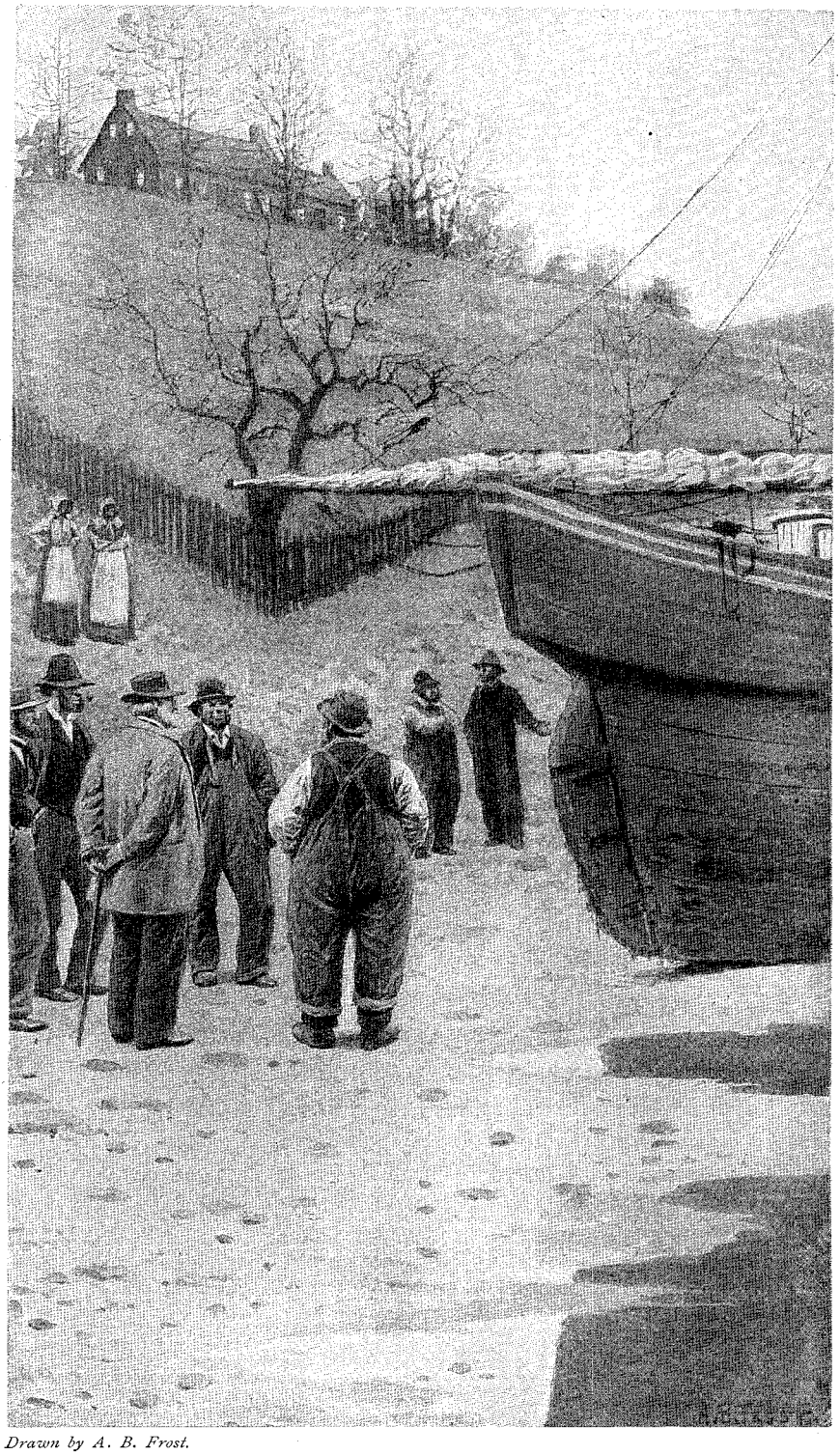

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"I b'lieve the creetur's teched."—Page 54.

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spiring theme for discourse on his part, and he repeatedly declared his intention of discharging every man-jack of them.

Soon after one o'clock the vessel again floated, but by this time the theory that she was under a spell had taken so firm a hold on all that no further attempt at heeling her in was made. "Hands off!" was still the watchword, though the question of whether the "teching" would hold good over still another tide, agitated the owners, and aroused the utmost curiosity in all spectators. Would the gaudily painted little schooner incline upon the beach in a natural manner as the tide again ebbed away, or would she continue to defy the law of gravitation for yet another twelve hours?

Close to the water's edge Skipper Japhet paced anxiously to and fro, carefully watching each incoming ripple, and frequently glancing at his huge bull's-eye.

"It's chock high water at jes' one o'clock," said he at length.

"'Pears to me the tide's pinched off a grain by the shore, ain't she, Noah? 'Course she ain't fell off none by the vess'l yit, 'cause we didn't haul her clean away in as fur's she'd come; for fear o' gittin' of her tide-nipped."

"Dunno but what she *has* commenced to dreen off jest a hair, you," replied Noah, looking closely up and down the beach.

"The tide's pinchin'!" at this moment cried a boy near by. "I took an' sot a mark right here, an' she's commenced to pinch, sure. Now, we'll see blame' quick ef Aunt Polly's got a holt on the ole Vesper yit!"

"What's that air!" demanded the skipper, excitedly. "I ain't called ary one by name, you tormented young imp o' Satan, you! What in blazes d'ye mean tryin' to heave sich works onto Aunt Polly?"

"Oh, wal," answered the boy, somewhat abashed, "I dunno nothin' 'bout it o' course, only last' night I seen Zene Gaskett an' all the res' part o' your crowd a-kiferin' acrosst lots up to her place there, like mad!"

"There, you! Jest what I've hung to all 'long!" cried Noah, triumphantly. "I see to once soon's ever I fust come down, there was someone had went to work an' hove a spell over that schooner in complete shape, an' I knowed myself ole Aunt Polly up there is all the one to this Cove at this day o' the world can turn to an' do jes' sich works!"

"Wal, look a' here, you," put in the cautious skipper, "I wouldn't go to work an' blart it round out loud so fashion! It won't do no good to be talkin' of it round, 'tain't likely, though I guess she's the very one done it, fast 'nough! An' there's them mis'ble bullies o' mine has ev'ry one on 'em gone to the Time over to the Harbor, there!

"Oh, I commence to git the loom o' the land in good shape now!" he continued, bitterly. "Wal, we might jes' soon take an' go home as to stop round here. That vess'l is planted all solid for the rest part o' this tide, but blow my shirt ef ever I'd thought it o' Aunt Polly, the way I've allus an' forever kep' her in hard-wood all sawed an' split! Set-fire ef that don't beat tar-water all out an' out!"

The next morning found the Vesper nicely heeled in on the pebbly beach in readiness for work, but in such wholesome awe was Aunt Polly Kentall held at the time that Skipper Japhet felt constrained to smother his indignation and overlook the escapade of his crew entirely.

But to the present day, as the great field of ice breaks up in the almost deserted harbor, and streams slowly to sea with the ebb tide in an endless procession of glistening cakes, many of The Cove's older inhabitants never fail to recall the busy times of former springs, and to refresh their memories in regard to the "Teching" of the Vesper.

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IN BURMA WITH THE VICEROY

By Mrs. Everard Cotes

I SAT in the dog-cart, under the wide wooden porch, waiting for the Commissioner of Mandalay. A little way off another person waited for him, twisting slim brown fingers. He was altogether small and slight, and anxiety sat obliquely in his eyes, eclipsing for the moment the gayety of his pink silk *putso* and short, crisp white jacket. Behind him crouched a little follower, only one, and very little. The leaf-shadows danced on the drive while we waited, three paroquets flew into the tamarind by the gate, and Poh Hlaw came out. Poh Hlaw is the Commissioner's "boy." Down he went on his knees before the pink stranger and bowed low, his heels well tucked under him, his hands on his thighs. Then, reverently, he withdrew. A moment later the Commissioner, all broadcloth and gold lace, sword and cocked hat, jumped into the cart and took the reins. He nodded pleasantly to the silk-clad one as we went past, and said something in soft, quick, round syllables that meant he had not time to stop and talk.

"One of Theebaw's nephews," he told me. "Probably come to worry me about his pension. Wrong day to come."

It was the day of the arrival of the Viceroy of India in the province latest added to his dominions, and the Commissioner was going to meet him. It may have been, for practical purposes, the wrong day to come, but I thought the view an unimaginative one.

Mandalay has its own sky, soft and gray and incurving like a tent, with white cloud-lines that seem meant for scrolls if one could read. It is the Very Sacred City, the city of contemplation, the city of all the monks. A thousand pagoda bells give tongue to the wind there when the sun goes down; a crumbling thousand more give up to time the testimony of outworn things. It lies in a curved arm of blue hills, and something broods over it with solicitude. This you suspect from the air of the place and the way the shrill talk of the parrots and the complaint of the goats and the laughter of the people come to you wherever you are sitting. Afterward you go out, as I did that morning with the Commissioner, and see under the very zenith where the low gray sky is caught up, the square of the dark-red crenellated walls of the old royal city, three miles each way, and outside the walls the parallel clear moat thinking back at the sky; and then you are sure that over and above the Government of India some spirit is in possession here, some spirit that bends in affection over finished and forgotten things. Seven-roofed kiosks stand at intervals over the gates in the wall—they are called *pyáthat*, but they strike the eye like peaceful conclusions—and low white stone bridges raised in the middle span the moat. The buttresses of the gates are painted deep gray and white, and the bank that slants steeply from the wall to the water has here and there a low, twisted, spreading tree on it, purely for decoration. You may stop at a corner and look two ways along the reflecting water with bridge after bridge receding across, and pyáthat after pyáthat diminishing above, and each red and gray and white vista, so picked out and finished under the quiet light, slipping adorably into the near blue of the hills . . . Mandalay seemed aware with bunting that day, flags and arches of welcome everywhere and crowds flocking—aware and almost awake; but you looked again and saw that she only turned in her sleep and smiled, as at a dream.

The crowd thickened and brightened as we drew near the railway station, rippling and streaming past the guard of honor, as if the trim little men of the Burma military police were so many posts stationed there to tell the people not to laugh too much. They were the only Burmese I saw who seemed themselves

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to have acquired gravity; no doubt it was obtained by drilling. The decorations ran into a kind of crisis at the station; inarticulate with joy they finished up in Brussels hearth-rugs with spaniels on them, and red cloth spread everywhere, and a pandal draped in big Union Jacks and shaking out little ones. I took my seat under the pandal; the Commissioner mounted to the platform, where he became at once immensely significant.

A chair in the East establishes status; in a manner it is a throne. Sitting on a chair waiting for a Viceroy, while an Oriental crowd of no degree surges and chatters outside, one is raised to the highest pitch of complacency possible, I imagine, upon this fatuous earth. I surveyed my fellow-worthies — the Deputy Commissioner, the general Officer Commanding, the District Superintendent of Police, and their wives, and the young lady staying with them, the whole of official Mandalay rustling and excited, highest and nearest as was proper, to the point where its titular head should make his august appearance. All in black and white; we were still mourning our Queen in this remote possession which she never saw. Sparse among these, on elbowing chairs, but how oddly isolated in the point of view! the new Burman, the subordinate official, the city magistrate, the barrister-at-law, light-brown intelligences quaint in queues, seeming to struggle actually as they sat, with the assimilation of the imposed method and the imported idea. And the Anglo-Burman — we have not acquired the country too recently for that — with his indescribable look, a kind of sophistication of the sun, establishing him forever in his mother's right, he and his respectable connections are also assigned places under the pandal, though perhaps their seats are not quite so good. Just opposite, in a front rank, sit the Belgian Fathers of the French mission to the lepers, and the Archbishop of Burma, the postulated one, a *tache* of black with a hint of purple, which lies like the shadow of a verity across the picture, imparting force and relief. It is indeed required, otherwise the Princesses in their corner, which they make a parterre, would turn the whole demonstration into a fantasy by a Japanese confectioner. Rows and rows of princesses, Theebaws and Mindôns, with here and there a queen, sedater but not sedate. Old you may be in the face like an ivory *netsuke*; your smile may break into wrinkles and make the perpetual joke that you have no teeth left; all the same, if you are a Burmese princess, you are privileged to laugh more than anybody, which really makes it worth while. Very dainty, very much the lady, were the princesses in a row, and in the black hair of every one of them sat a flower, a spray of white lilac or a rose, out of a box, and the more coquettish for that. Powdered they were to assure detection; nay, to claim it; and round their slender throats hung strings and strings of diamonds, white sapphires, and topazes. Then the short white jacket, the gay silk square slipping off the shoulders, the tight twisted petticoat of rose or yellow broché, and the ingenuous bare instep over a velvet sandal. And in each little begemmed right hand a large pink cheroot, unlighted, cherished till the ceremonial moment should be past. Pretty pensioned princesses, waiting to acclaim a King in a frock coat, arriving by "special" and likely to be punctual.

My Commissioner was not alone upon the platform. It is printed somewhere who shall have this honor. "His Excellency will be met by" certain officers and officials wherever he makes a public arrival. They were all there, erect, square-shouldered in their tunics, a little flushed and embarrassed with the parade which every Englishman loves as a natural man and hates as a civilized one. Simple among them, standing as it were for one idea, was a Fragment. He wore the dress of that forgotten fantasy, the court of Theebaw, all white, with the fillet of ceremony; and he must have been asked purely out of compliment, as he was there purely out of deference. No sense of humor ever disturbed his homage to the King, and decrepitude was the only thing that would interfere with it now. He was the old Kinwun Mingyi, Minister to Theebaw and to his father Mindôn, a man whose word stood ever against war with the English. No doubt it is felt that it would be difficult to honor him too much for his perspicacity now that he has the dubious satisfaction of seeing all

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his predictions fulfilled. So they make him Additional Member of the Provincial Legislative Council at Rangoon, and record his vote upon feeder railway bills. He and the princesses might exchange a glance.

> "Let others hail the Rising Sun.
> I honor him whose course is run,"

his heart might murmur, if he were acquainted with Garrick, which cannot, of course, be taken for granted. But when the whistle made us jump to attention and the Rising Sun came up on the other side with all his Secretaries and Aide-de-Camps, the Kinwun Mingyi tottered forward with the rest and in his turn—shook hands.

The Deputy Commissioner read the address of welcome, and then composure fell upon us all, that admirable British composure, translating itself into something like silence even in the crowd outside, while Lord Curzon said nothing in general in reply to that nothing in particular. He said it in his admirable crisp way; he looked, standing before us impressive with his star and ribbon, like the genius of another fortune; the Burmans gazed at him with naïve admiration, grave with the momentary shadow of a desire to understand. Except the Princesses; they laughed more than ever, but becomingly, behind their hands or in a corner of their shawls. Then, in ten minutes, it was over; His Excellency and the platform people had passed down the red baize to the carriages in waiting, and with a roll of wheels and a clatter of hoofs had disappeared along the broad, fluttering, police-posted road to Mandalay. We followed to see the departure, treading the red baize carelessly; it was now only red baize with mud on it. The crowd, gay in the sun, happy and articulate, broke this way and that. I looked back at the princesses. They were smoking.

The way is always open into Theebaw's palace now, the bridges are always down. There is great freedom of traffic under the pyáthat where the gates and the guards used to be. Theebaw himself perhaps was the last person they closed upon, that day sixteen years ago when he and Supyalat drove through holding each other's hands, and saw for the first time, on the way to banishment, how beautiful their walled city was, even from the outside. The palace remains, and many of the princess's houses with their curving roofs and carved edging like a blown flame above the eaves; but all the butterfly Court and Council are gone. The place is very wide and clean kept now; it is dedicated, except for the Kinwun Mingyi, to a fantastic memory and British troops. The old Minister, who alone is allowed his former residence, looks from his window upon an abomination of sanitation. Even the princesses live outside, as when a room is swept after a revel the flowers may be forgotten on the walls.

The durbar was to be held in the palace. The state significance of a Viceroy's visit gathers into the durbar, which may have the character of a formal parley or of an investiture. It was sixteen years too late for parley at Mandalay, but Upper Burma might hope to learn her duty with certain magnificent circumstance, and there were honors to be bestowed. Mandalay was full of expectant recipients, Shan and Kachin kinglings with their followers, walking about in the wadded fur coat which betokens wealth and station, and the flat straw hat of fungoid circumference which possibly induces the fur-wearing chief to think he is cool. Other indescribable garments they had, and daos and plaited bags of stained grasses, and the weirdest look of jungle-strife about their wizened faces; and they lived in camps, in folds, with careful young Political shepherds who saw that their little great men of the China frontier were not fleeced here in the cunning city.

Red cloth on the palace steps—did Theebaw ever think of red cloth?—and tall palms bordering it. The palace steps are wide and so are the doors of the palace, under its seven royal roofs. Within a litter of sunlight dropped through the western wall, lying between the pillars, broken among the people. The palace is visibly, naïvely held up by pillars, in colonnades that grow taller as they lift the higher roofs, tallest under the central one. They are of splendid solid teak, lacquered red and covered with gold-leaf, so that there must always

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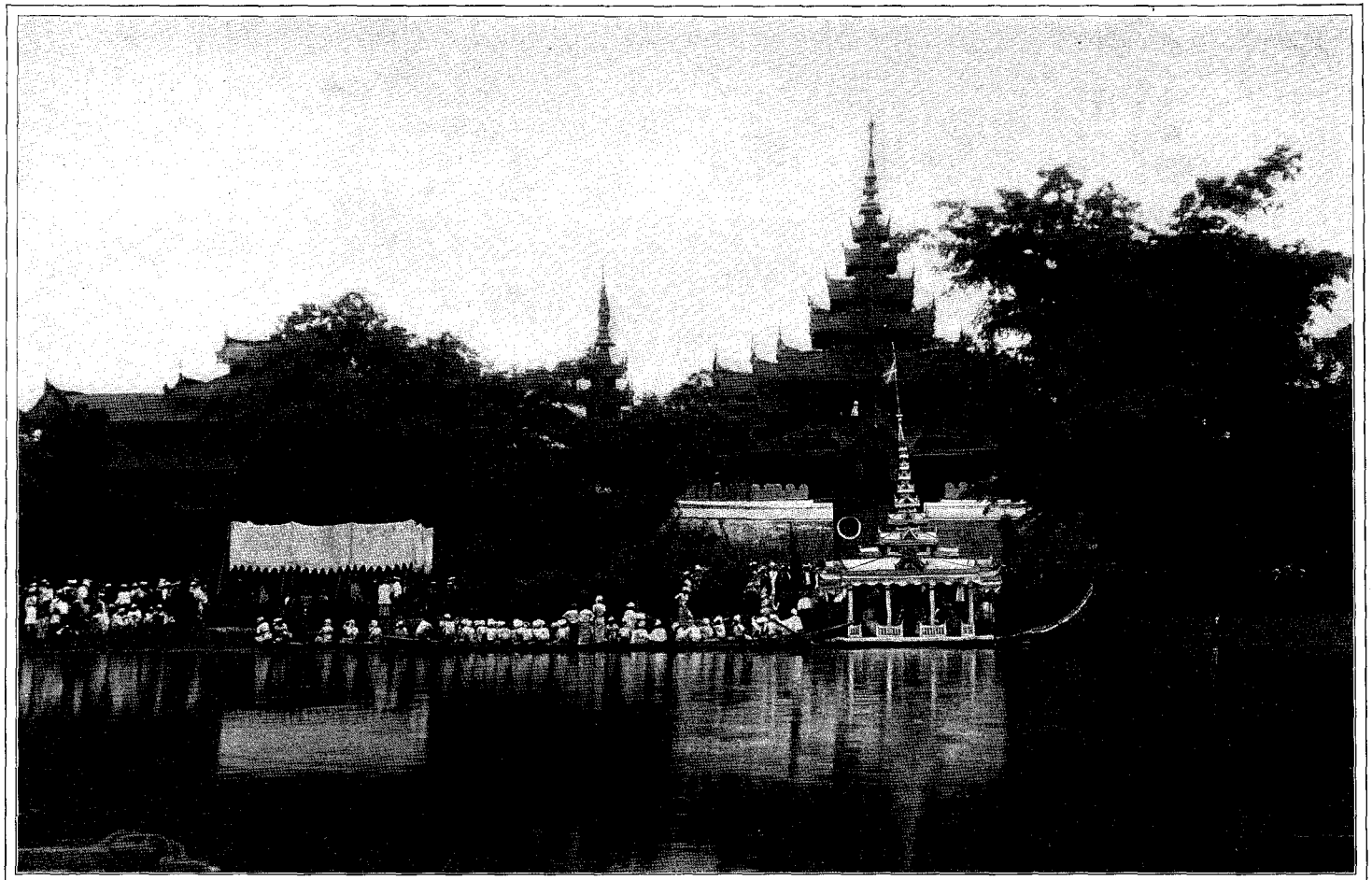

Garden Party at Lieutenant-Governor's, Showing Barge for Visitors.

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The Kinwun Mingyi in Robes of State.

have been a hint of the sun among them even when it rained and the Court had to play in the house. A decorated dais at the end of the widest colonnade, and chairs. In ranks right and left the durbarees, silent, squatting, waiting, the people to whom the function had an intimate importance, in whose life it played a real part. Then the officials and the other Europeans as before, the smiling spectators, the conscious helpers at the pantomime.

Outside the mynas squabbled, the hibiscus bushes flaunted in the sun. We aliens turned our eyes to the open doors; the hill chiefs knew better and looked straight in front of them always. A staff officer galloped across the stillness out there; then a gun shook the air. The gun was electric: "He is coming!" it boomed, but it was only, after all, the General Commanding the District, who came clattering up under his salute, and walked to the dais followed by his staff, in full uniform, the General impressive, the staff very serious. A lapse and the sunlight shook again to announce the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, who also went to his appointed place followed by his Secretary and his Aide-de-Camp. The pause, the silence grew more pregnant—the gun when it spoke again was a thing to bring your heart to your mouth. Thirty-one times it roared to say that the Viceroy was on his way, and at the last hoarse note His Excellency was in his seat.

Dancing Girl in Old Court Dress.

First came the presentations, with due form and sequence, by the Foreign Secretary. The Viceroy, remaining seated, made inclinations rather than bows; the Burmans and the hill kings did such reverence as came most simply to them; if they ruled very near China they "shek-hoed," and a real, six-fold shek-ho such as was denied the Emperor William by Prince Chun is a profound matter, especially when it is executed by an elderly Heng with a face like a pickled walnut, in a sky-blue robe of state embroidered with gold dragons. Then the honors, the decoration of the Silver-Handled Sword, the Order of the Gold Chain. Sturdy military policemen, subordinate officials, the Belgian missionary to the lepers, laying up treasure in heaven and receiving its poor token in the Kaiser-i-Hind medal here—these came within the range of the imagination; one looked on with complaisance as they stood for an instant one after the other in the blaze of Imperial approbation. But those little

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untamed savages, those solemn wrinkled barbarians in rows, instinctive head-hunters, wary even as they sit and watch, out of what have they built up achievements conventional enough for this majestic recognition? It is all printed in the durbar programme, in great phrases which they cannot read, how one has been active and energetic in the suppression of dacoity, and another has given "loyal co-operation" in dealing with opium smuggling, and another has made an "intelligent effort" to introduce an improved system for the administration of justice. One sees that they understand the rewards, if their conception of the virtues is elementary, and this makes the pleasure in their sidelong glances a little pathetic, suggestive somehow of sugar and the cage.

Hill Chiefs.

When all the gold chains and the silver-handled swords had been conferred, His Excellency the Viceroy rose and spoke. His speech was practical and vigorous; it had the intention of kindly encouragement and the manner of the ruling race. It dwelt upon Upper Burma's development, explained the material, hinted at the moral. It was indeed an inspiring lecture, and it brought sharply up, not wholly by contrast, the utterances of the central figure of another durbar, rather more than half a century ago, in the palace of the Sun Descended Monarch, the Lord of All Umbrella-Bearing Chiefs, King Mindôn of happy memory. It is written in the chronicle of Phayre's "Mission to the Court of Ava" how "an ineffectual attempt" was made to induce the British envoy to take off his shoes at the gate of the palace, also to "shek-ho" toward the palace. The envoy of 1695 made no bones about it, so did Baker in 1755, but his record apologizes; in 1855 Major Phayre and his suite walked erect. There was a military display to impress the visiting British, and "many of the soldiers carried flowers or green leaves in the muzzles of their pieces," the delightful soldiers of King Mindôn. And there on the golden throne behind the dais sat King Mindôn and chewed the betel in supremacy, while Major Phayre and his suite assumed a "frog-like attitude," surrounded by the Court frogs on the floor.

Prince Jamshyd Bukht.
"The Last of the Kings of Delhi."

"There is no spectacle more absorbing than that of Oriental peoples passing by a steady progress from backwardness to civilization."

The Viceroy's words echoed among the pillars, and the level force of them

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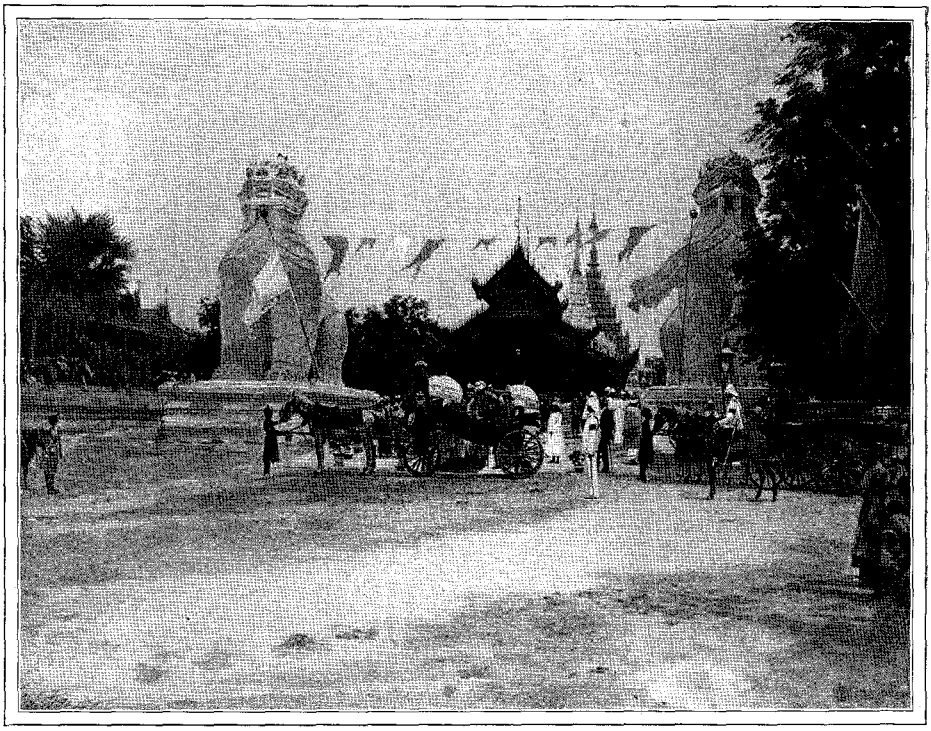

Arrival of the Viceroy at the Arakan Pagoda.

may well have knocked bits out of the pitiful glass mosaic. But on that other occasion there was a minister to listen and repeat; he was the Nekhan Dau, the "Royal Ears;" and another to listen and reply, he was Than-dau-gan, the "Receiver of the Royal Voice." Royal Ears introduced the worthy early Victorian persons who hoped for a treaty —which they did not get. He said they had "now happily arrived at the golden feet," and this no doubt was the moment when King Mindôn asked whether they had had any pickled tea. Then the Royal Voice addressed them, and the conversation is put down.

K.: "Do you know Burmese writing or literature?"

ENVOY: "I do somewhat, your Majesty."

K.: "I have heard of you now for three years. Have you read the Mingula-Thoot?"

ENVOY: "I have, your Majesty."

K.: "How many precepts does it contain?"

ENVOY: "Thirty-eight."

K.: "Do you remember them?"

Alas, not one. The Envoy has to say he is sorry, and one sees the pitying smile of the Sun that went down in Theebaw. He grows ironical; the opportunity must have been hard to resist.

"I believe," he says, "your English kings have existed for two hundred years or more, have they not?"

"Quite that," says Major Phayre in effect, but Mindôn is not to be diverted from his point, the age of *his* dynasty. He inquires whether the Envoy has read the Maha-Radza-Weng, the chronicles of the Burmese kings, and to the regretful negative he replies:

"I will present you with a complete copy, also a copy of the five hundred and fifty Zats and the Mahan Zats, and when you come again I shall expect to find that you have studied it. Read it carefully and let it enter into your heart; the advantage will then be twofold. . . ."

"Gentlemen of Upper Burma," the dispassionate voice claims our ears again, "the stages of your evolution have been relatively rapid. . . ."

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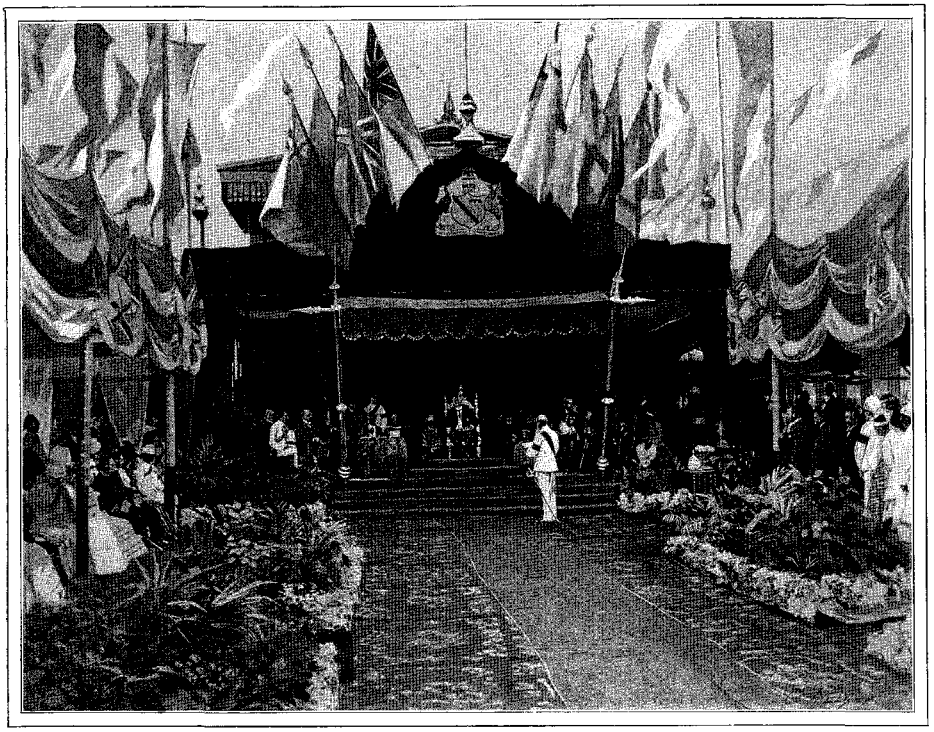

The Durbar at Mandalay.

So they have; there is no talk of Biloos's bones nowadays. It was grave enough in Mindôn's time, and the offer of the Biloos, the whimsical evil spirits of the kingdom, makes a recorded part of the mission's negotiations. Mindôn knew the British to be foolishly fond of research into matters intended to be hidden, and one guesses at the genial way he waived responsibility when he said: "There are Biloos's bones in the Yan district. You can have as many as you choose, or a whole Biloo even." After which the visitors were dismissed to a light refection of fried locusts and boiled lily-stalks, which they seemed to have appreciated. It is all very like a fairy-tale to have happened only fifty odd years ago and to be set down in archives; it has the gentleness and the glamour which still holds in the air of Mandalay. But especially does it hang like a picture between the red gold pillars when one sees the empty throne, and hears from the conqueror's dais the sterner homily of the new instructor.

In Burma you live with Gautama Buddha. In India he is a name, a memory enshrined at Buddha Gya, an influence lost and corrupted in the great Vedic tide. Here he is present and active; his finger is on every lip, his glance in every eye; the low sky is full of him. The people have taken his very impression; he fell here upon a simplicity and a sincerity that have maintained him almost as he was. Every male Burman is at one time or another his disciple, and thousands of these remain to be his priests, the priests who give that peaceful amber note to city crowds, and make lonely saffron splashes against the vivid landscape as the train goes past a monastery in the evening. His image naturally abounds, sheltered in shrines, the image of the Teacher; and one of the most revered of these sits in the Arakan pagoda at Mandalay. As an item in a Viceroy's programme the Arakan pagoda makes no great figure, but its dimensions are great in the hearts of the people, and its fame spread very far.

We knew before we arrived that the brass image in the Arakan pagoda, twelve feet in height, was brought by a conquer-

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ing Burmese army over the hills from Akyab, in the year 1784. That was explained in the tour-book, which is compiled by the Military Secretary out of the bleached bones of Oriental empires. The Military Secretary did not hint in the tour-book that it was the piety of the King that drew the image to Burma; that is the kind of statement this author always leaves to the local historian; but so it is said in the inscription. We also learn that it was made in Gautama's lifetime, toward the end; that he looked upon it with favor, and said: "Brother, I leave you to bear my features when I am gone." Once only the figure spoke, and then the Teacher laid silence upon it until Areemadehya should come to reveal the new law. Areemadehya is not yet come—he is passing his present existence in the form of a hare—but the Payah Gyee continues to obey.

King Mindôn. From a sketch by a member of Major Phayre's Mission.

This is the only portrait extant, except the sketch in the Mission Record.

Plaster *chinthé* sit at the entrance, those terrible guarding *chinthé*, bravest of all the fabled beasts of Burma. Dazzling white they sit, with great forepaws planted and devoted eyeballs painted yellow. Quite delightful they are to consider, with the gay blue sky hanging over them; it makes one light-hearted to look at them. The approach behind the *chinthé* is a long colonnade, and it was full that morning of the sound of striking gongs, dull and throbbing or quick and clear, but soft and articulate in the loudest notes. Nearly all the women in the stalls between the pillars sold gongs, round or three-cornered, of brass or copper or bronze, and the purchasing public had an ear, it seemed. Amber rosaries as well they sold, and flowers and candles for offering, and marvellous painted wooden toys, jointed and hanging by strings to a bar. Upon these the immortal child in some of us fell at once, and I rejoice to think that while I possess my green sea-serpent with purple scales that darts through the air as if it were his native element, life can never be wholly dull again. In honor of His Excellency the stallholders had papered the pillars about as high as their own heads, with pages from old numbers of English illustrated weeklies. These things cannot be left out of a truthful record, but they may be skipped. We skipped them, all but the Viceroy, who regarded them more in sorrow than in anger, and pointed them out to the responsible official. The only conspicuously unenviable person to be met in the course of a Viceroy's tour is the responsible official.

The crowd followed sparsely, entertained but not extravagantly curious; it was there upon its own business. The way led round the shrine; the Payah Gyee looked out upon the other side; it took us under a vaulted roof covered with the unimaginable torments of the Buddhist. The saints in Paradise were also there with all the freedom of contrast; placid and rigid they sat under delectable trees, while devout persons crawled toward them at fixed intervals, offering dishes of fruit. These things were but an allegory, explained Maung Báthaw who walked beside me, and had only such relation to the facts as could be expressed by primary colors and primitive imagination—had Christianity nothing to correspond? What could I reply to Maung Báthaw?

At the end of the passage we came full upon the adoring crowd, stepped from the booths into church. The worshippers were thick upon the tiled pavement; they sat on their feet, bending forward from their knees when the litany asked for fervor, and in the joined hands of everyone of them his offering burned or withered. Creature-candles, red and yellow for birth-

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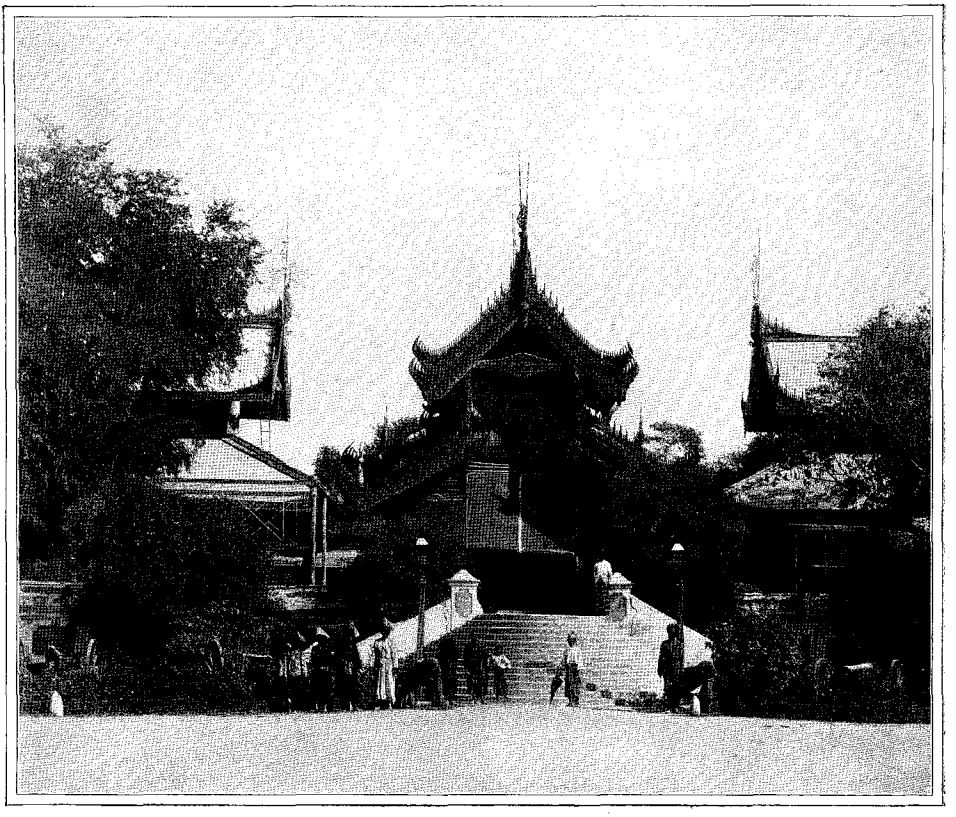

The Palace.

days, a tiger for Monday, for Thursday a rat, and birthday flags of paper bearing Pali inscriptions, the pink lotus and the blue, and the creamy, heavy-scented champak —with such things did they commend themselves; and one old woman lifted up a glass of water. She was very old; did she mean that she had come to clear sight and an untempted palate for life? There were many wrinkled ones, men and women; there were coolies and children and Shan princesses and jungle folk, and they all swayed and spoke together. There is no supplication in Buddhism, said Maung Báthaw, only worship and reminder; yet I fancy some of them prayed. "When a woman fears for her child she will do it," said Maung Báthaw.

We picked our way among them and faced the image; it reared itself in a dark recess. About the head and face workmen on ladders were pasting the votive gold-leaf; the heavy features shone dully with that benignance which is so pathetic a human attribute to those whom we would have kind. The attitude was the commonest, representing the Master as he attained the Buddhaship, with the left-hand palm upward in the lap, the right hanging over the knee. There it sat immobile, contemplating without seeing the fleeting incarnations that held out the pink lotus, not cruel and not clement, lighted always with the virtues of a precious memory, and gifted for itself with an enviable permanence. I went in among the shadows and looked up at the inscrutable brazen mask. As I looked I heard the murmur swelling behind me, continuous, beseeching; and it seemed to me that I listened to an immemorial sound. . . .

They built Mandalay three miles from the river, so that the loud and foolish voices of the Bombay-Burma Trading Company's steamers should not annoy the King. That is what its founders were privileged to think of—not the facilities for trade or the advantages of water-power,

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Paghán.

The Viceroy, Lady Curzon, and staff in the foreground.

but the peace of the King. The inheriting Saxon, who usually goes by river from Mandalay to Rangoon, has therefore to drive three miles to embark. It is a long suburb to the river, very green and lazy and Burmese, where even the pariahs are too well fed to bark, and the people still smile at the stranger, the absurd hurrying stranger, who never seems to realize that he is living only one of his million little lives. Thence we set off one afternoon, when all the functions and festivals were over, down the long quiet stretches of the Irrawaddy. We were the *Irrawaddy* and the *Bhamo* of the Royal Indian Marine, then the "telegraph boat," last and least the Commissioner's launch. The broad-beamed *Irrawaddy* had lashed to her protection on one side the Viceroy's flat, on the other the Lieutenant-Governor's; her own accommodation was given up to the clerical staff. The *Bhamo* carried the guard and guests; the telegraph boat provided the Viceroy with operators; the Commissioner's launch brought the Head of the Division. We moved at spaced intervals; we presented an appearance, I may say with confidence, in no slight sense majestic. The *Irrawaddy* went first, with her nose, if she had had one, in the air, but the fleet of the R. I. M. boasts no such feature. Her smoke blowing to port, and her ineffable "side" gave her irresistibly the look of a pompous old gentleman with his hat at an angle, squiring a fat lady on either arm. Then came the *Bhamo* and after us the other two, thumping along in punctual attendance, swinging round the curves never an inch out of regulation distance. We were a fleet; we carried bristly brass guns, and the flag flew like an adventurous bird on ahead. The state of it was indescribable, if it did tail up in the Commissioner's launch, and the theatre splendid; a kind of royal progress it seemed, upon a road swept and abandoned. The odd thing was the peace of it—we heard nothing but our own stern paddle-wheel; and there was a contrasting, pleasant triviality, as when the captain boasted of his plum-cake at afternoon tea. It was lamented that we had not done the upper river, the defiles; but, so far as I could learn, the upper river presented just that "magnificent scenery" which has its

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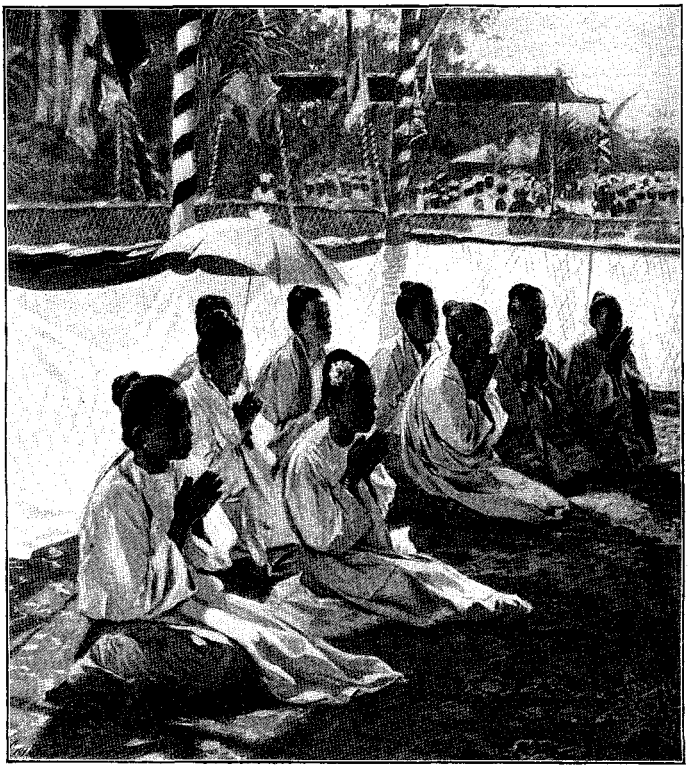
match in any wooded gorge, while there upon the banks that slipped past us lay Burma in her own expression, free from parallel, gentle, fantastic, appealing. Curiously solitary the country stretched away, vividly yet softly green; only at constant intervals the white pagoda swelled upon a cliff, or its golden top showed among the trees; and where the pagoda was, there banks sank to an outline, the silence seemed to quiver around us. Beyond, an indefinite distance over the lapping water, twinkled the lights of the Viceroy's floating camp. Then out of the heart of the mystery began to fall a quiet rain, which struck upon the river. . . .

Morning brought a new revelation, delicate everywhere. A white fog hung upon



Burmese Ladies at Moulmein.

always were the guarding *chinthé*, tall, upreared upon the edge, with their forefeet planted as if against the tide. This way or that they looked, according to the bend of the river, but always up, always with flaming eyeballs at the sun; and they did not seem to see us at all. The sun went down behind them and left clear wandering lakes of fire; and from this wide grave river, slipping into the twilight, rose a hint of new experience, peculiar and infinitely possessing. A few uncertain moments while the sky faded, and night fell suddenly to the rattling of our anchor. Vagueness drew in upon us; we lay motionless upon the idea of a river. The the banks, breaking and parting, lifting and lying; and there was no inch of them that a Japanese artist might not have made a picture of in the clear rose dawn. An exquisite precision and clarity we saw, broad lights and turquoise shadows, a wooded strip fretted against a mother-of-pearl sky with a band of silver under it, or long yellow stretches of sand slipping into a pale river where the blue had almost died, and always, behind, the tender lines of the folding hills. The color was Egyptian in another atmosphere; and then there was the different temple, and always the tent-like sky.

We were to stop at Pagán, and in the

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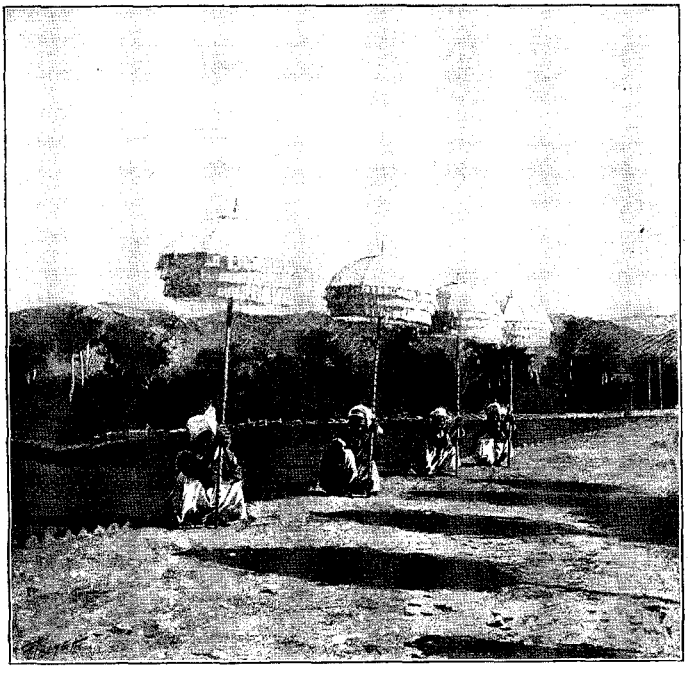
afternoon we began to come to it. There are miles of Pagán deserted along the river, long, tranquil miles of grave pagodas, standing nearly all in the dark red and purple tones of crumbling masonry, with here and there a vivid white one, like the flash of an old torch still burning. There is nothing like Pagán in the world for the number of its surviving fanes—we saw only the fringe of them along the river; and nothing like it in any other respect, of course, at all. An inscription puts the pagodas down at one less than ten thousand; the exact one less betrays, perhaps, the imaginative computation of the Orient, but I do not think there is any other. Even from the river we could see a good deal of rubbish. It lies to the disgrace of the Burmese King who pulled down six thousand pagodas to strengthen his fortifications against the Emperor of China, and then ran away, leaving Pagán to the inheritance of the earth and, later, of the Deputy Commissioner. That happened in A.D. 1284, and since then, until the arrival of the Deputy Commissioner, no one has lived in Pagán but the pagoda-slaves and the Lord Buddha, whose image is not to be counted there, even by his disciples.

There was a sound, as at last we approached, of clashing and chanting; and out upon the river shot two long skiffs, black against the silver water. There must have been twenty-four men in each of them, as well as he who balanced himself in the middle and struck continuous cymbals to the measure of the boat-song. They steadied and headed for the *Irrawaddy*, and then something slight and graceful and flashing slipped away from the bank and began to follow uncertainly after. It was a Burmese ceremonial barge for His Excellency, and they were towing it; but it looked like a beautiful tropical swan coming of its own accord. By the time we had sidled up to the landing the Viceroy of all the Indias and the lady who adds her charm to his state had stepped aboard the fairy craft. Its prow was of tinsel and of paper, gold and rose; its lines were long and exquisite, and as it lay against the sunset all the dying light seemed to burn upon it. It hovered in turning, and then glided across the fantastically empty background of the broad pale river, the very poetry of pomp; one shut one's eyes and longed to dream it again.



Waiting for the Viceroy.

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Oil-Wells Managed by Americans.

Viceroy leaving one of the wells.

The bank was thick with gathered Burmans; it looked like a tulip-bed. The country welcomed the Viceroy in her own way; this is always permitted. The song of the boatmen ceased, and the hymn of the Burmese maidens began. They sat under a paper pavilion—there was a fairy outcrop of paper pavilions, glittering, rainbow-tinted—and they wore the traditional Court dress which made them look like little spangled mermaids with double tails. They were artlessly powdered and ingenuously jewelled, daughters of well-to-do people who had been carefully taught this accomplishment, and they swayed as they sang, with ecstatic movements, head on one side, palms thrown up and outward:

Respectfully we bow down before Your Excellencies!
At Your Excellencies' feet we bow down.
Gladly we dance before Your Excellencies!
Your excellencies arrive from London,
Which is printed in gold upon the map!
Your Excellencies' glory is like the rising sun.
Gracefully we dance and gladly.
No one can dance as we.
Your Excellencies have eight kinds of armies.
Let other nations take care!

They sang in their own impulsive tongue, with great directness and an uncompromising desire to be heard. It was impossible not to wonder how the words fell upon the ear of one Excellency, the one born to the ideals of a Republic; but there was nothing, of course, to show. Perhaps it was even a severer test when they invited her to mount, by red lacquered wooden steps, into a state chair upon poles, lavishly adorned and carried upon the shoulders of her willing subjects. It was Theebaw's chair, they said. Nor had anything been forgotten of Theebaw's state; the royal white umbrella with the long bamboo handle was duly hoisted over Lady Curzon, its bearer trotting along-

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Biloos in Effigy.

side. The umbrella was modern, with muslin frills, but the tradition was unimpaired. Another, even larger, sheltered the Viceroy upon his sturdy Burmese pony; and there were one or two left over, but I did not see any demand for them.

So we went in procession up from the river into Pagán, up from the river by the main road just as those old arriving companies of priests used to go, who travelled for two hundred years from Siam and Ceylon and Pegu, even from China and Nepal, to the hospitality of the greatest Buddhist city in the world. Their footsteps have long been lost, but a ghostly presence of themselves seemed to hang about this ruin of their religion, and to travel with us, in the gray of the late afternoon, and point with affection to the fanes that survived. We contemplated many of them, from the great and perfect "Ananda" with its four colossal statues of the Teachers of this world-cycle, to the nameless shrine that moulders on like a defaced head-stone, in testimony to merit won by virtues long expired. We were happily without the sun; the story of the place lay before us in its own atmosphere, pagoda rising beyond pagoda like vague untroubled thoughts too far withdrawn even to know that the same throb of the same incarnation holds the world in bondage still. The day crept away and left us ill-lighted in the myriad of them; and we wandered silently, each in his special solitude, back to the river, penetrated by an old benignance, strangely free in the presence of a surviving calm.

So down the river to Prome, and from Prome by train to Rangoon. At Rangoon a great blaze of welcome unexpectedly urban, decorations upon tall city buildings, massed bands playing and hurrying carriages; we had returned from Arcady. The crowd in the pandal that listened to Lord Curzon's reply to the address of welcome was oddly cosmopolitan. In one of the side rows a languid figure wearing an air of perfunctory interest and a gold lace crown sat wedged between a Chinese grocer and a Parsee money-lender. There was a depression in the upturned eyes that rested upon His Excellency the Viceroy which seemed a sentiment of appealing sincerity. I had no Commissioner at Rangoon, but I asked a philosopher of the occasion who it was. "That?" he said. "Oh, that's Prince Jamshyd Bukht—born in captivity and childless—the last of the Kings of Delhi."

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THE ARMY OF THE CALLAHAN

By John Fox, Jr.

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

THE dreaded message had come. The lank messenger, who had brought it from over Black Mountain, dropped into a chair by the stove and sank his teeth into a great hunk of yellow cheese. "Flitter Bill" Richmond waddled from behind his counter, and out on the little platform in front of his cross-roads store. Out there was a group of earth-stained countrymen, lounging against the rickety fence or swinging on it, their heels clear of the ground, all whittling, chewing, and talking the matter over. All looked up at Bill, and he looked down at them, running his eye keenly from one to another until he came to one powerful young fellow loosely bent over a wagon-tongue. Even on him, Bill's eyes stayed but a moment, and then were lifted higher in anxious thought.

The message had come at last, and the man who brought it had heard it fall from Black Tom's own lips. The "wild Jay-Hawkers of Kaintuck" were coming over into Virginia to gut Flitter Bill's store, for they were mountain unionists and Bill was a valley rebel and lawful prey. It was past belief. So long had he prospered, and so well, that Bill had come to feel that he sat safe in the hollow of God's hand. But he now must have protection—and at once—from the hand of man.

Roaring Fork sang lustily through the rhododendrons. To the north yawned "the Gap" through the Cumberland Mountains. "Callahan's Nose," a huge gray rock, showed plain in the clear air, high above the young foliage, and under it, and on up the rocky chasm, flashed Flitter Bill's keen mind, reaching out for help.

Now, from Virginia to Alabama the Southern mountaineer was a Yankee, because the national spirit of 1776, getting fresh impetus in 1812 and new life from the Mexican War had never died out in the hills. Most likely it would never have died out, anyway; for, the world over, any seed of character, individual or national, that is once dropped between lofty summits brings forth its kind, with deathless tenacity, year after year. Only, in the Kentucky mountains, there were more slaveholders than elsewhere in the mountains of the South. These, naturally, fought for their slaves, and the division thus made the war personal and terrible between the slaveholders who dared to stay at home, and the Union "Home Guards" who organized to drive them away. In Bill's little Virginia valley, of course, most of the sturdy farmers had shouldered Confederate muskets and gone to the war. Those who had stayed at home were, like Bill, Confederate in sympathy, but they lived in safety down the valley, while Bill traded and fattened just opposite the Gap, through which a wild road ran over into the wild Kentucky hills. Therein Bill's danger lay; for, just at this time, the Harlan Home Guard under Black Tom, having cleared those hills, were making ready, like the Pict and Scot of olden days, to descend on the Virginia valley and smite the lowland rebels at the mouth of the Gap. Of the "stay-at-homes," and the deserters roundabout, there were many, very many, who would "stand in" with any man who would keep their bellies full, but they were well-nigh worthless even with a leader, and, without a leader, of no good at all. Flitter Bill must find a leader for them, and anywhere than in his own fat self, for a leader of men Bill was not born to be, nor could he see a leader among the men before him. And so, standing there one early morning in the spring of 1865, with uplifted gaze, it was no surprise to him—the coincidence, indeed, became at once one of the articles of perfect faith in his own star—that he should see, afar off, a black slouch hat and a jogging gray horse rise above a little knoll that was in line with the mouth of the Gap. At once he

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crossed his hands over his chubby stomach with a pious sigh, and at once a plan of action began to whirl in his little round head. Before man and beast were in full view the work was done, the hands were unclasped, and Flitter Bill, with a chuckle, had slowly risen, and was waddling back to his desk in the store.

It was a pompous old buck who was bearing down on the old gray horse, and under the slouch hat with its flapping brim — one Mayhall Wells, by name. There were but few strands of gray in his thick blue-black hair, though his years were rounding half a century, and he sat the old nag with erect dignity and perfect ease. His bearded mouth showed vanity immeasurable, and suggested a strength of will that his eyes — the real seat of power — denied, for, while shrewd and keen, they were unsteady. In reality, he was a great coward, though strong as an ox, and whipping with ease every man who could force him into a fight. So that, in the whole man, a sensitive observer would have felt a peculiar pathos, as though nature had given him a desire to be, and no power to become, and had then sent him on his zigzag way, never to dream wherein his trouble lay.

"Mornin', gentle*men*!"

"Mornin', Mayhall!"

All nodded and spoke except Hence Sturgill on the wagon-tongue, who stopped whittling, and merely looked at the big man with narrowing eyes.

Tallow Dick, a yellow slave, appeared at the corner of the store, and the old buck beckoned him to come and hitch his horse. Flitter Bill had reappeared on the stoop with a piece of white paper in his hand. The lank messenger sagged in the doorway behind him, ready to start for home.

"Mornin', *Captain* Wells," said Bill, with great respect. Every man heard the title, stopped his tongue and his knife-blade, and raised his eyes; a few smiled—Hence Sturgill grinned. Mayhall stared, and Bill's left eye closed and opened with lightning quickness in a most portentous wink. Mayhall straightened his shoulders —seeing the game, as did the crowd at once: Flitter Bill was impressing that messenger in case he had some dangerous card up his sleeve.

"*Captain* Wells," Bill repeated significantly, "I'm sorry to say yo' new uniform has not arrived yet. I am expecting it to-morrow." Mayhall toed the line with soldierly promptness.

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that, suh—sorry to hear it, suh," he said, with slow, measured speech. "My men are comin' in fast, and you can hardly realize er—er what it means to an old soldier er—er not to have—er—" And Mayhall's answering wink was portentous.

"My friend here is from over in Kaintucky, and the Harlan Home Gyard over there, he says, is a-making some threats."

Mayhall laughed.

"So I have heerd—so I have heerd." He turned to the messenger. "We shall be ready fer 'em, suh, ready fer 'em with a thousand men—one thousand men, suh, right hyeh in the Gap—right hyeh in the Gap. Let 'em come on—let 'em come on!" Mayhall began to rub his hands together as though the conflict were close at hand, and the mountaineer slapped one thigh heartily. "Good for you! Give 'em hell!" He was about to slap Mayhall on the shoulder and call him "pardner," when Flitter Bill coughed, and Mayhall lifted his chin.

"Captain Wells?" said Bill.

"Captain Wells," repeated Mayhall with a stiff salutation, and the messenger from over Black Mountain fell back with an apologetic laugh. A few minutes later both Mayhall and Flitter Bill saw him shaking his head, as he started homeward toward the Gap. Bill laughed silently, but Mayhall had grown grave. The fun was over and he beckoned Bill inside the store.

"Misto Richmond," he said, with hesitancy and an entire change of tone and manner, "I am afeerd I ain't goin' to be able to pay you that little amount I owe you, but if you can give me a little mo' time——"

"Captain Wells," interrupted Bill slowly, and again Mayhall stared hard at him, "as betwixt friends, as have been pussonal friends fer nigh onto twenty year, I hope you won't mention that little matter to me ag'in—until I mentions it to you."

"But, Misto Richmond, Hence Sturgill out thar says as how he heerd you say that if I didn't pay——"

"*Captain* Wells," interrupted Bill again

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and again Mayhall stared hard—it was strange that Bill could have formed the habit of calling him "Captain" in so short a time—"yestiddy is not to-day, is it? And to-day is not to-morrow? I axe you—have I said one word about that little matter *to-day?* Well, borrow not from yestiddy nor to-morrow, to make trouble fer to-day. There is other things fer to-day, Captain Wells."

Mayhall turned here.

"Misto Richmond," he said, with great earnestness, "you may not know it, but three times since thet long-legged jayhawker's been gone you hev plainly—and if my years do not deceive me, an' they never hev—you hev plainly called me '*Captain* Wells.' I knowed yo' little trick whilst he was hyeh, fer I knowed whut the feller had come to tell ye; but since he's been gone, three times, Misto Richmond——"

"Yes," drawled Bill, with an unction that was strangely sweet to Mayhall's wondering ears, "an' I do it ag'in, *Captain* Wells."

"An' may I axe you," said Mayhall, ruffling a little, "may I axe you—why you——"

"Certainly," said Bill, and he handed over the paper that he held in his hand.

Mayhall took the paper and looked it up and down helplessly—Flitter Bill slyly watching him.

Mayhall handed it back. "If you please, Misto Richmond—I left my specs at home." Without a smile, Bill began. It was an order from the commandant at Cumberland Gap, sixty miles farther down Powell's Valley, authorizing Mayhall Wells to form a company to guard the Gap and to protect the property of Confederate citizens in the valley; and a commission of captaincy in the said company for the said Mayhall Wells. Mayhall's mouth widened to the full stretch of his lean jaws, and, when Bill was through reading, he silently reached for the paper and looked it up and down and over and over, muttering:

"Well—well—well!" And then he pointed silently to the name that was at the bottom of the paper.

Bill spelled out the name:

"*Jefferson Davis*," and Mayhall's big fingers trembled as he pulled them away, as though to avoid further desecration of that sacred name. Then he rose, and a magical transformation began that can be likened—I speak with reverence—to the turning of water into wine. Captain Mayhall Wells raised his head, set his chin well in, and kept it there. He straightened his shoulders, and kept them straight. He paced the floor with a tread that was martial, and once he stopped before the door with his right hand thrust under his breast-pocket, and with wrinkling brow studied the hills. It was a new man—with the water in his blood changed to wine—who turned suddenly on Flitter Bill Richmond:

"I can collect a vehy large force in a vehy few days." Flitter Bill knew that—that he could get together every loafer between the county-seat of Wise and the county-seat of Lee—but he only said encouragingly:

"Good!"

"An' we air to pertect the property—*I* am to pertect the property of the Confederate citizens of the valley—that means *you*, Misto Richmond, and *this store*."

Bill nodded.

Mayhall coughed slightly. "There is one thing in the way, I opine. Whar—I axe you—air we to git somethin' to eat fer my command?" Bill had anticipated this.

"I'll take keer o' that."

Captain Wells rubbed his hands.

"Of co'se, of co'se—you are a soldier and a patriot—you can afford to feed 'em as a slight return fer the pertection I shall give you and yourn."

"Certainly," agreed Bill dryly, and with a prophetic stir of uneasiness.

"Vehy—vehy well. I shall begin *now*, Misto Richmond." And, to Flitter Bill's wonder, the Captain stalked out to the stoop, announced his purpose with the voice of an auctioneer, and called for volunteers then and there. There was dead silence for a moment. Then there was a smile here, a chuckle there, an incredulous laugh, and Hence Sturgill, "bully of the Pocket," rose from the wagon-tongue, closed his knife, came slowly forward, and cackled his scorn straight up into the teeth of Captain Mayhall Wells. The Captain looked down and began to shed his coat.

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"I take it, Hence Sturgill, that you air laughin' at me?"

"I am a-laughin' at *you*, Mayhall Wells," he said, contemptuously, but he was surprised at the look on the good-natured giant's face.

"*Captain* Mayhall Wells, ef you please."

"Plain ole Mayhall Wells," said Hence, and Captain Wells descended with no little majesty and "biffed" him.

The delighted crowd rose to its feet and gathered around. Tallow Dick came running from the barn. It was biff—biff, and biff again, but not nip and tuck for long. Captain Mayhall closed in. Hence Sturgill struck the earth like a Homeric pine, and the Captain's mighty arms played above him and fell, resounding. In three minutes Hence, to the amazement of the crowd, roared:

"'Nough!"

But Mayhall breathed hard and said quietly:

"*Captain* Wells." Hence shouted:

"Plain ole—" But the Captain's huge fist was poised in the air over his face.

"Capt'n Wells," he growled, and the Captain rose and calmly put on his coat, while the crowd looked respectful, and Hence Sturgill staggered to one side, as though beaten in spirit, strength, and wits as well. The Captain beckoned Flitter Bill inside the store. His manner had a distinct savor of patronage.

"Misto Richmond," he said, "I make you—I appoint you, by the authority of Jefferson Davis and the Confederate States of Ameriky, as Commissary-Gineral of the Army of the Callahan."

"As *what?*" Bill's eyes blinked at the astounding dignity of his commission.

"Gineral Richmond, I shall not repeat them words." And he didn't, but rose and made his way toward his old gray mare. Tallow Dick held his bridle.

"Dick," he said, jocosely, "goin' to run away ag'in?" The negro almost paled, and then, with a look at a black-snake whip that hung on the barn door, grinned.

"No, suh—no, suh—'deed I ain't, suh—no mo'."

Mounted, the Captain dropped a three-cent silver piece in the negro's startled hand. Then he vouchsafed the wondering Flitter Bill and the gaping crowd a military salute and started for the yawning mouth of the Gap—riding with shoulders squared and chin well in—riding as should ride the commander of the Army of the Callahan.

Flitter Bill dropped his blinking eyes to the paper in his hand that bore the commission of Jefferson Davis and the Confederate States of America to Mayhall Wells of Callahan, and went back into his store. He looked at it a long time and then he laughed, but without much mirth.

II

GRASS had little chance to grow for three weeks thereafter under the cowhide boots of Captain Mayhall Wells. When the twentieth morning came over the hills, the mists parted over the Stars and Bars floating from the top of a tall poplar up through the Gap and flaunting brave defiance to Black Tom, his Harlan Home Guard, and all other jayhawking Unionists of the Kentucky hills. It parted over the Army of the Callahan asleep on its arms in the mouth of the chasm, over Flitter Bill sitting, sullen and dejected, on the stoop of his store; and over Tallow Dick stealing corn-bread from the kitchen to make ready for flight that night through the Gap, the mountains, and to the yellow river that was the Mecca of the runaway slave.

At the mouth of the Gap a ragged private stood before a ragged tent, raised a long dinner-horn to his lips, and a mighty blast rang through the hills, reveille! And out poured the Army of the Callahan from shack, rock-cave, and coverts of sticks and leaves, with squirrel rifles, Revolutionary muskets, shot-guns, clasp knives, and horse-pistols for the duties of the day under Lieutenant Skaggs, tactician, and Lieutenant Boggs, quondam terror of Roaring Fork.

That blast rang down the valley into Flitter Bill's ears and startled him into action. It brought Tallow Dick's head out of the barn door and made him grin.

"Dick!" Flitter Bill's call was sharp and angry.

"Yes, suh!"

"Go tell ole Mayhall Wells that I ain't goin' to send him nary another pound o' bacon an' nary another tin cup o' meal—no, by ——, I ain't."

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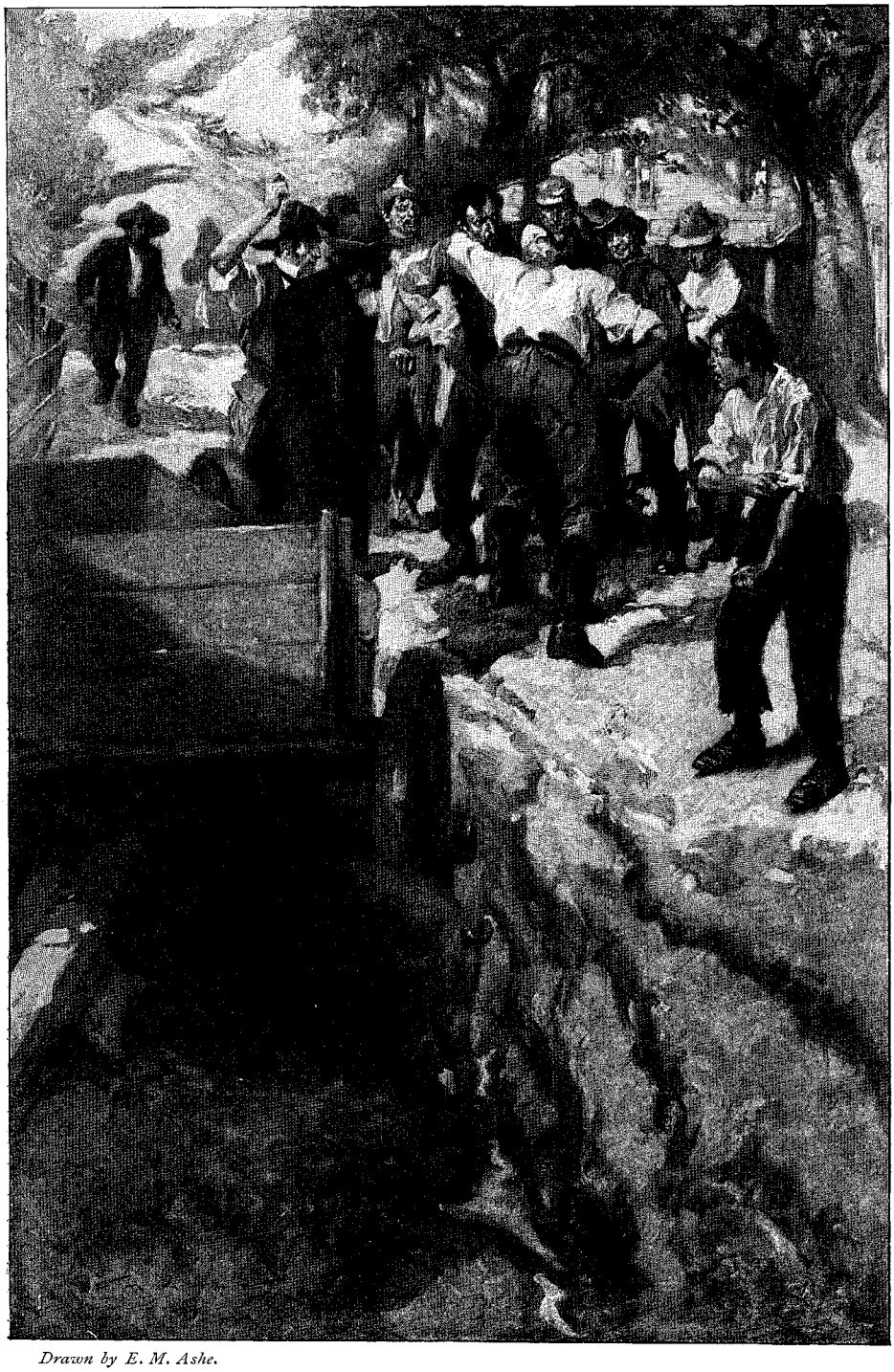

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

Captain Wells descended with no little majesty and "biffed" him.—Page 76.

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Half an hour later the negro stood before the ragged tent of the commander of the Army of the Callahan.

"Marse Bill say he ain't gwine to sen' you no mo' rations—no mo'."

"*What!*"

Tallow Dick repeated his message and the Captain scowled—mutiny!

"Fetch my hoss!" he thundered.

Very naturally and very swiftly had the trouble come, for straightway after the Captain's fight with Hence Sturgill there had been a mighty rally to the standard of Mayhall Wells. From Pigeon's Creek the loafers came—from Roaring Fork, Cracker's Neck, from the Pocket down the valley, and from Turkey Cove. Recruits came so fast, and to such proportions grew the Army of the Callahan, that Flitter Bill shrewdly suggested at once that Captain Wells divide it into three companies and put one up Pigeon's Creek under Lieutenant Jim Skaggs and one on Callahan under Lieutenant Tom Boggs, while the Captain, with a third, should guard the mouth of the Gap. Bill's idea was to share with those districts the honor of his commissary-generalship; but Captain Wells crushed the plan like a dried puff-ball.

"Yes," he said, with fine sarcasm. "What will them Kanetuckians do *then?* Don't you know, Gineral Richmond? Why, I'll tell you what they'll do. They'll jest swoop down on Lieutenant Boggs and gobble him up. Then they'll swoop down on Lieutenant Skaggs on Pigeon and gobble him up. Then they'll swoop down on me and gobble me up. No they won't gobble *me* up, but they'll come damn nigh it. An' what kind of a report will I make to Jeff Davis, Gineral Richmond? *Captured in detail*, suh? No, suh. I'll jest keep Lieutenant Boggs and Lieutenant Skaggs close by me, and we'll pitch our camp right here in the Gap whar we can pertect the property of Confederate citizens and be close to our base o' supplies, suh. That's what *I'll* do!"

"Gineral" Richmond groaned, and when in the next breath the mighty Captain casually inquired if *that uniform of his* had come yet, Flitter Bill's fat body nearly rolled off his chair.

"You will please have it here next Monday," said the Captain, with great firmness. "It is necessary to the proper discipline of my troops." And it was there the following Monday—a regimental coat, gray jeans trousers, and a forage cap that Bill purchased from a passing Morgan raider. Daily, orders would come from Captain Wells to General Flitter Bill Richmond to send up more rations, and Bill groaned afresh when a man from Callahan told how the Captain's family was sprucing up on meal and flour and bacon from the Captain's camp. Humiliation followed. It had never occurred to Captain Wells that being a captain made it incongruous for him to have a "general" under him, until Lieutenant Skaggs, who had picked up a manual of tactics somewhere, cautiously communicated his discovery. Captain Wells saw the point at once. There was but one thing to do—to reduce General Richmond to the ranks—and it was done. Technically, thereafter, the general was Purveyor for the Army of the Callahan, but to the Captain himself he was—gallingly to the Purveyor—simple Flitter Bill.

The strange thing was that, contrary to his usual shrewdness, it should have taken Flitter Bill so long to see that the difference between having his store robbed by the Kentucky jayhawkers and looted by Captain Wells was the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, but, when he did see, he forged a plan of relief at once. When the Captain sent down Lieutenant Boggs for a supply of rations, Bill sent the saltiest, rankest bacon he could find, with a message that he wanted to see the great man. As before, when Captain Wells rode down to the store, Bill handed out a piece of paper, and, as before, the Captain had left his "specs" at home. The paper was an order that, whereas the distinguished services of Captain Wells to the Confederacy were appreciated by Jefferson Davis, the said Captain Wells was, and is, hereby empowered to duly, and in accordance with the tactics of war, impress what live-stock he shall see fit and determine fit for the good of his command. The news was joy to the Army of the Callahan. Before it had gone the rounds of the camp Lieutenant Boggs had spied a fat heifer browsing on the edge of the woods and ordered her surrounded and driven down. Without another word, when she was close enough, he raised his gun and would have

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"Shoot her down, Bill Boggs, shoot her down!"

shot her dead in her tracks had he not been arrested by a yell of command and horror from his superior.

"Air you a-goin' to have me cashiered and shot, Lieutenant Boggs, fer violatin' the ticktacks of war?" roared the Captain, indignantly. "Don't you know that I've got to *impress* that heifer accordin' to the rules an' regulations? Git roun' that heifer." The men surrounded her. "Take her by the horns. Now! In the name of Jefferson Davis and the Confederate States of Ameriky, I hereby and hereon do duly impress this heifer for the purposes and use of the Army of the Callahan, so help me God! Shoot her down, Bill Boggs, shoot her down!"

Now, naturally, the soldiers preferred fresh meat, and they got it—impressing cattle, sheep, and hogs, geese, chickens,

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and ducks, vegetables—nothing escaped the capacious maw of the Army of the Callahan. It was a beautiful idea, and the success of it pleased Flitter Bill mightily, but the relief did not last long. An indignant murmur rose up and down valley and creek bottom against the outrages, and one angry old farmer took a pot-shot at Captain Wells with a squirrel rifle, clipping the visor of his forage cap; and from that day the Captain began to call with immutable regularity again on Flitter Bill for bacon and meal. That morning the last straw fell in a demand for a wagon-load of rations to be delivered before noon, and, worn to the edge of his patience, Bill had sent a reckless refusal. And now he was waiting on the stoop of his store, looking at the mouth of the Gap and waiting for it to give out into the valley Captain Wells and his old gray mare. And at last, late in the afternoon, there was the Captain coming—coming at a swift gallop—and Bill steeled himself for the onslaught like a knight in a joust against a charging antagonist. The Captain saluted stiffly—pulling up sharply and making no move to dismount.

"Purveyor," he said, "Black Tom has just sent word that he's a-comin' over hyeh this week—have you heerd that, Purveyor?" Bill was silent.

"Black Tom says *you* air responsible for the Army of the Callahan. Have you heerd that, Purveyor?" Still was there silence.

"He says he's a-goin' to hang me to that poplar whar floats them Stars and Bars"—Captain Mayhall Wells chuckled—"an' he says he's a-goin' to hang *you* thar fust, though; have you heard *that*, Purveyor?"

The Captain dropped the titular address now, and threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle.

"Flitter Bill Richmond," he said, with great nonchalance, "I axe you—do you prefer that I should disband the Army of the Callahan, or do you not?"

"No."

The Captain was silent a full minute, and his face grew stern. "Flitter Bill Richmond, I had no idee o' disbandin' the Army of the Callahan, but do you know what I did aim to do?" Again Bill was silent.

"Well, suh, I'll tell you whut I aim to do. If you don't send them rations I'll have you cashiered for mutiny, an' if Black Tom don't hang you to that air poplar, I'll hang you thar myself, suh; yes, by ——, I will. Dick!" he called sharply to the slave. "Hitch up that air wagon, fill hit full o' bacon and meal, and drive it up thar to my tent. An' be mighty damn quick about it, or I'll hang you, too."

The negro gave a swift glance to his master, and Flitter Bill feebly waved acquiescence.

"Purveyor, I wish you good-day."

Bill gazed after the great Captain in dazed wonder (Was this the man who had come cringing to him only a few short weeks ago?) and groaned aloud.

But for lucky or unlucky coincidence, how could the prophet ever have gained name and fame on earth?

Captain Wells rode back to camp chuckling—chuckling with satisfaction and pride; but the chuckle passed when he caught sight of his tent. In front of it were his lieutenants and some half a dozen privates, all plainly in great agitation, and in the midst of them stood the lank messenger who had brought the first message from Black Tom, delivering another from the same source. Black Tom *was* coming, coming sure, and unless that flag, that "Rebel Rag," were hauled down under twenty-four hours Black Tom would come over and pull it down, and to that same poplar hang "Captain Mayhall an' his whole dam army." Black Tom might do it anyhow—just for fun.

While the privates listened the Captain strutted and swore; then he rested his hand on his hip and smiled with silent sarcasm, and then swore again—while the respectful lieutenants and the awed soldiery of the Callahan looked on. Finally he spoke.

"Ah—when did Black Tom say that?" he inquired casually.

"Yestiddy mornin'. He said he was goin' to start over hyeh early this mornin'." The Captain whirled.

"What? Then why didn't you git over hyeh *this* mornin'?"

"Couldn't git across the river last night."

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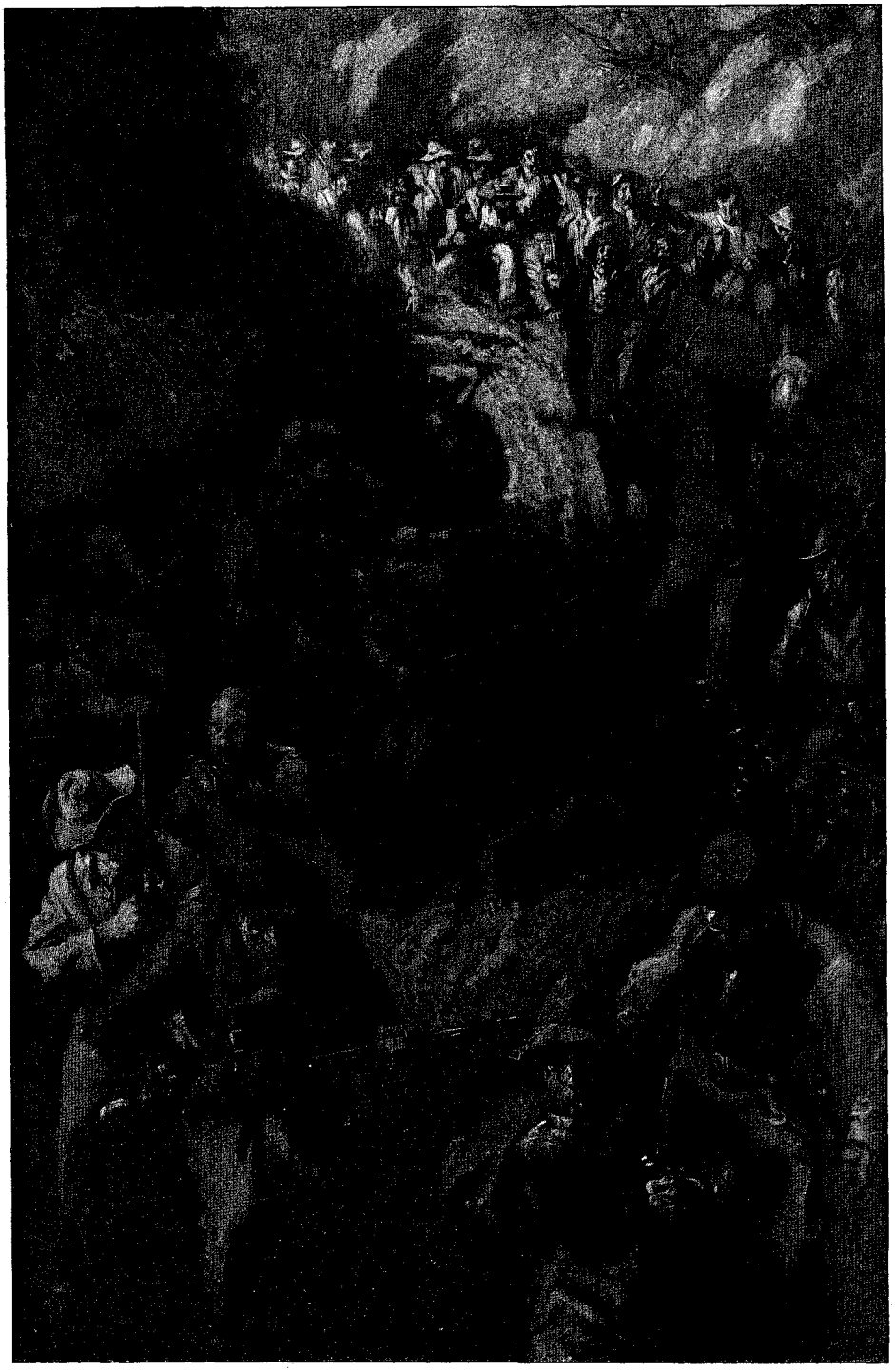

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

Then was there bedlam as the Army fled.—Page 83.

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"Then he's a-comin' to-day?"

"I reckon Black Tom'll be hyeh in about two hours—mebbe he ain't fer away now." The Captain was startled.

"Lieutenant Skaggs," he called, sharply, "git yo' men out thar an' draw 'em up in two rows!"

The face of the student of military tactics looked horrified. The Captain in his excitement had relaxed into language that was distinctly agricultural, and, catching the look on his subordinate's face, and at the same time the reason for it, he roared, indignantly:

"Air you afeer'd, sir? Git yo' men out, I said, an' march 'em up thar in front of the Gap. Lieutenant Boggs, take ten men an' march at double quick through the Gap, an' defend that poplar with yo' life's blood. If you air overwhelmed by superior numbers, fall back, suh, step by step until you air re-enforced by Lieutenant Skaggs. If you two air not able to hold the enemy in check, you may count on me an' the Army of the Callahan to grind *him*—" (How the Captain, now thoroughly aroused to all the fine terms of war, did roll that technical "him" under his tongue!)—"to grind him to pieces ag'in' them towerin' rocks, and plunge him in the bilin' waters of Roarin' Fawk. Forward, suh—double quick." Lieutenant Skaggs touched his cap. Lieutenant Boggs looked embarrassed and strode nearer.

"Captain, whar am I goin' to git ten men to face them Kanetuckians?"

"Whar air they goin' to git a off'cer to lead 'em, you'd better say," said the Captain, severely, fearing that some of the soldiers had heard the question. "If you air afeer'd, suh"—and then he saw that no one had heard, and he winked—winked with most unmilitary familiarity.

"Air you a good climber, Lieutenant Boggs?" Lieutenant Boggs looked mystified, but he said he was.

"Lieutenant Boggs, I now give you the opportunity to show yo' profound knowledge of the ticktacks of war. You may now be guilty of disobedience of ordahs, and I will not have you court-martialled for the same. In other words, if, after a survey of the situation, you think best—why," the Captain's voice dropped to a hoarse whisper, "pull that flag down, Lieutenant Boggs, pull her down."

III

It was an hour by sun now. Lieutenant Boggs and his devoted band of ten were making their way slowly and watchfully up the mighty chasm—the lieutenant with his hand on his sword and his head bare, and bowed in thought. The Kentuckians were on their way—at that moment they might be riding full speed toward the mouth of Pigeon where floated the flag. They might gobble him and his command up when they emerged from the Gap. Suppose they caught him up that tree. His command might escape, but *he* would be up there, saving them the trouble of stringing him up. All they would have to do would be to send up after him a man with a rope, and let him drop. That was enough. Lieutenant Boggs called a halt and explained the real purpose of the expedition.

"We will wait here till dark," he said, "so them Kanetuckians can't ketch us, whilst we are climbing that tree."

And so they waited opposite Bee Rock, which was making ready to blossom with purple rhododendron. And the reserve back in the Gap, under Lieutenant Skaggs, waited. Waited, too, the Army of the Callahan at the mouth of the Gap, and waited restlessly Captain Wells at the door of his tent, and Flitter Bill on the stoop of his store—waited everybody but Tallow Dick, who in the general confusion was slipping through the rhododendrons along the bank of Roaring Fork, until he could climb the mountain-side and slip through the Gap high over the Army's head.

What could have happened?

When dusk was falling, Captain Wells dispatched a messenger to Lieutenant Skaggs and his reserve, and got an answer; Lieutenant Skaggs feared that Boggs had been captured without the firing of a single shot—but the flag was floating still. An hour later, Lieutenant Skaggs sent another message—he could not see the flag. Captain Wells answered, stoutly:

"Hold yo' own."

And so, as darkness fell, the Army of the Callahan waited in the strain of mortal expectancy as one man; and Flitter Bill

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waited, with his horse standing saddled in the barn, ready for swift flight. And, as darkness fell, Tallow Dick was cautiously picking his way along side the steep wall of the Gap toward freedom, and picking it with stealthy caution, foot by foot; for up there, to this day, big loose rocks mount half way to the jagged points of the black cliffs, and a careless step would have detached one and sent an avalanche of rumbling stones down to betray him. A single shot rang suddenly out far up through the Gap, and the startled negro sprang forward, slipped, and with a low, frightened oath lay still. Another shot followed, and another. Then a hoarse murmur rose, loudened into thunder, and ended in a frightful —boom! One yell rang from the Army's throat:

With a startled yell they gathered him in.

"The Kentuckians! The Kentuckians! The wild, long-haired, terrible Kentuckians!"

Captain Wells sprang into the air.

"My God, they've got a cannon!"

Then there was a martial chorus—the crack of rifle, the hoarse cough of horse-pistol, the roar of old muskets.

"Bing! Bang! Boom! Bing—bing! Bang—bang! Boom—boom! Bing—bang—boom!"

Lieutenant Skaggs and his reserve heard the beat of running feet down the Gap.

"They've gobbled Boggs," he said, and the reserve rushed after him as he fled. The Army heard the beat of their coming feet.

"They've gobbled Skaggs," the Army said.

Then was there bedlam as the Army fled—a crashing through bushes—a splashing into the river, the rumble of mule-wagons, yells of terror, swift flying shapes through the pale moonlight. Flitter Bill heard the din as he stood by his barn door.

"They've gobbled the Army," said Flitter Bill, and he, too, fled like a shadow down the valley.

Nature never explodes such wild and senseless energy as when she lets loose a mob in a panic. With the Army, it was each man for himself and devil take the hindmost; and the flight of the Army was like a flight from the very devil himself. Lieutenant Boggs, whose feet were the swiftest in the hills, outstripped his devoted band. Lieutenant Skaggs, being fat and slow, fell far behind his reserve, and dropped exhausted on a rock for a moment to get his breath. As he rose, panting, to resume flight, a figure bounded out of the darkness behind him, and he gathered it in silently and went with it to the ground, where both fought silently in the dust until they rolled into the moonlight and each looked the other in the face.

"That you, Jim Skaggs?"

"That you, Tom Boggs?"

Then the two lieutenants rose swiftly, but a third shape bounded into the road—a gigantic figure—Black Tom! With a startled yell they gathered him in—one by the waist, the other about the neck, and, for a moment, the terrible Kentuckian—it could be none other—swung the two clear of the ground, but the doughty lieutenants hung to him, Boggs trying to get his knife and Skaggs his pistol, and all went down in a heap.

"I surrender—I surrender!" It was the giant who spoke, and at the sound of his voice both men ceased the struggle, and, strange to say, no one of the three laughed.

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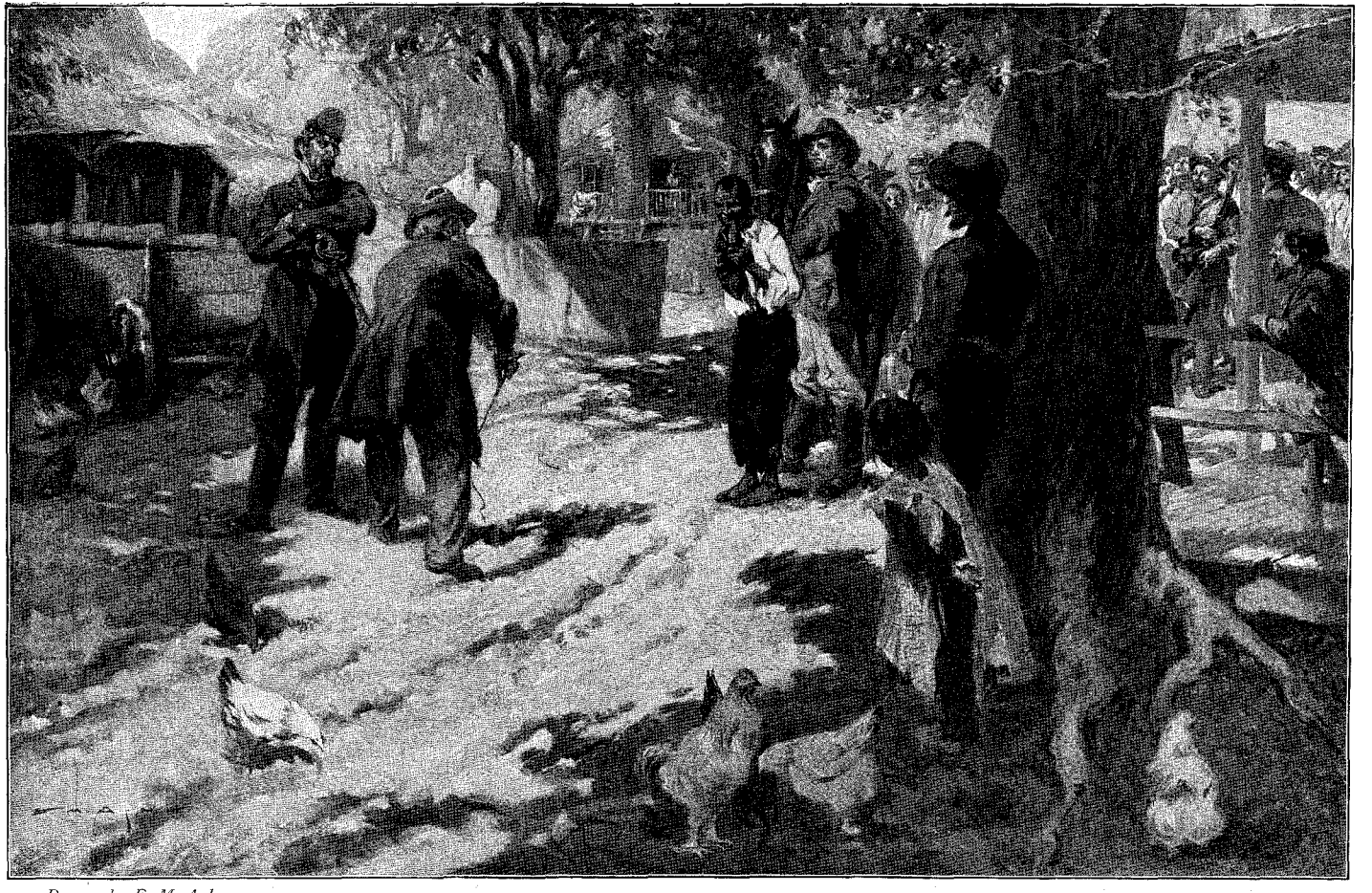

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"Speak up, nigger!"—Page 85.

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"Lieutenant Boggs," said Captain Wells, thickly, "take yo' thumb out o' my mouth. Lieutenant Skaggs, leggo my leg an' stop bitin' me."

"Sh—sh—sh—" said all three.

The faint swish of bushes as Lieutenant Boggs's ten men scuttled into the brush behind them—the distant beat of the Army's feet getting fainter ahead of them, and then silence—dead, dead silence.

"Sh—sh—sh!"

. . . . . .

With the red streaks of dawn Captain Mayhall Wells was pacing up and down in front of Flitter Bill's store, a gaping crowd about him, and the shattered remnants of the Army drawn up along Roaring Fork in the rear. An hour later Flitter Bill rode calmly in.

"I stayed all night down the valley," said Flitter Bill. "Uncle Jim Richmond was sick. I hear you had some trouble last night, Captain Wells." The Captain expanded his chest.

"Trouble!" he repeated, sarcastically. And then he told how a charging horde of dare-devils had driven him from camp with overwhelming numbers and one piece of artillery; how he had rallied the Army and fought them back, foot by foot, and put them to fearful rout; how the Army had fallen back again, just when the Kentuckians were running like sheep, and how he himself had stayed in the rear, with Lieutenant Boggs and Lieutenant Skaggs, "to cover their retreat, suh," and how the Purveyor, if he would just go up through the Gap, would doubtless find the cannon that the enemy had left behind in their flight. It was just while he was thus telling the tale for the twentieth time that two figures appeared over the brow of the hill and drew near—Hence Sturgill on horseback and Tallow Dick on foot.

"I ketched this nigger in my corn-fiel' this mornin'," said Hence, simply, and Flitter Bill glared, and without a word went for the blacksnake ox-whip that hung by the barn door.

For the twenty-first time Captain Wells started his tale again, and with every pause that he made for breath Hence cackled scorn.

"An', Hence Sturgill, ef you will jus' go up in the Gap you'll find a cannon, captured, suh, by me an' the Army of the Callahan, an'——"

"Cannon—!" Hence broke in. "Speak up, nigger!" And Tallow Dick spoke up—grinning:

"I done it!"

"What!" shouted Flitter Bill.

"I kicked a rock loose climbin' over Callahan's Nose."

Bill dropped his whip with a chuckle of pure ecstasy. Mayhall paled and stared. The crowd roared, the Army of the Callahan grinned, and Hence climbed back on his horse.

"Mayhall Wells," he said, "plain ole Mayhall Wells, I'll see you on Couht Day. I ain't got time now."

And he rode away.

IV

THAT day Captain Mayhall Wells and the Army of the Callahan were in disrepute. Next day the awful news of Lee's surrender came. Captain Wells refused to believe it, and still made heroic effort to keep his shattered command together. Looking for recruits on Court Day, he was twitted about the rout of the Army, by Hence Sturgill, whose long-coveted chance to redeem himself had come. Again, as several times before, the Captain declined to fight—his health was essential to the general well-being—but Hence laughed in his face, and the Captain had to face the music, though the heart of him was gone.

He fought well, for he was fighting for his all, and he knew it. He could have whipped with ease, and he did whip, but the spirit of the thoroughbred was not in Captain Mayhall Wells. He had Sturgill down, but Hence sank his teeth into Mayhall's thigh while Mayhall's hands grasped his opponent's throat. The Captain had only to squeeze, as every rough-and-tumble fighter knew, and endure his pain until Hence would have to give in. But Mayhall was not built to endure. He roared like a bull as soon as the teeth met in his flesh, his fingers relaxed, and to the disgusted surprise of everybody he began to roar with great distinctness and agony:

"'Nough! 'Nough!"

The end was come, and nobody knew

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it better than Mayhall Wells. He rode home that night with hands folded on the pommel of his saddle and his beard crushed by his chin against his breast. For the last time, next morning he rode down to Flitter Bill's store. On the way he met Parson Kilburn and for the last time Mayhall Wells straightened his shoulders and for one moment more resumed his part: perhaps the parson had not heard of his fall.

"Good-mornin', Parsing," he said, pleasantly. "Ah—where have you been?" The parson was returning from Cumberland Gap, whither he had gone to take the oath of allegiance.

"By the way, I have something here for you which Flitter Bill asked me to give you. He said it was from the Commandant at Cumberland Gap."

"Fer me?" asked the Captain—hope springing anew in his heart. The parson handed him a letter. Mayhall looked at it upside down.

"If you please, Parsing," he said, handing it back, "I hev left my specs at home."

The parson read that, whereas Captain Wells had been guilty of grave misdemeanors while in command of the Army of the Callahan, he should be arrested and court-martialled for the same, or be given the privilege of leaving the county in twenty-four hours. Mayhall's face paled a little and he stroked his beard.

"Ah—does anybody but you know about this ordah, Parsing?"

"Nobody."

"Well, if you will do me the great favor, Parsing, of not mentioning it to nary a living soul—as fer me and my ole gray hoss and my household furniture — we'll be in Kanetuck afore day-break to-morrow mornin'!" And he was.

But he rode on just then and presented himself for the last time at the store of Flitter Bill. Bill was sitting on the stoop in his favorite posture. And in a moment there stood before him plain Mayhall Wells — holding out the order Bill had given the parson that day.

"Misto Richmond," he said, "I have come to tell you good-by."

Now just above the selfish layers of fat under Flitter Bill's chubby hands was a very kind heart. When he saw Mayhall's old manner and heard the old respectful way of address, and felt the dazed helplessness of the big beaten man, the heart thumped.

"I am sorry about that little amount I owe you; I think I'll be able shortly—" But Bill cut him short. Mayhall Wells, beaten, disgraced, driven from home on charge of petty crimes, of which he was undoubtedly guilty, but for which Bill knew he himself was responsible—Mayhall on his way into exile and still persuading himself and, at that moment, almost persuading him that he meant to pay that little debt of long ago—was too much for Flitter Bill, and he proceeded to lie—lying with deliberation and pleasure.

"Captain Wells," he said — and the emphasis on the title was balm to Mayhall's soul—"you have protected me in time of war, an' you air welcome to yo' uniform an' you air welcome to that little debt. Yes," he went on, reaching down into his pocket and pulling out a roll of bills, "I tender you in payment for that same protection the regular pay of a officer in the Confederate service"—and he handed out the army pay for three months in Confederate greenbacks — "an' $5 in money of the United States, of which I an', doubtless, you, suh, air true and loyal citizens. Captain Wells, I bid you good-by an' I wish ye well — I wish ye well."

From the stoop of his store Bill watched the Captain ride away, drooping at the shoulders, and with his hands folded on the pommel of his saddle—his dim blue eyes misty, the jaunty forage cap a mockery of his iron-gray hair, and the flaps of his coat fanning either side like mournful wings.

And Flitter Bill muttered to himself:

"Atter he's gone long enough fer these things to blow over, I'm goin' to bring him back and give him another chance—yes, damme if I don't git him back."

And Bill dropped his remorseful eye to the order in his hand. Like the handwriting of the order that lifted Mayhall like magic into power, the handwriting of this order, that dropped him like a stone —was Flitter Bill's own.

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HAWORTH, YALE, '98, EMIGRANT

By Marguerite Tracy

ILLUSTRATION BY W. L. JACOBS

JIMMY WHITFIELD, Yale, '98, quarter-back of the 'Varsity team, knelt in a howling wilderness, his head under a big, red-painted reaper, axle-grease up to his elbows. Great packing-cases leaned drunkenly over the unpacked machines, and beyond the space allotted to the Plainfield Cultivator Company an assortment of launches and row-boats nosed against electric apparatus of some special make. Men came and went through the disorder, treading out the plaster-dust that fell from the scaffolding where masons were still busy with the building.

Jimmy had thought it would be a good thing to come over to the exposition and see a little of the world. His room-mate at college happened to hear that the Plainfield Company wanted to take over a man who could speak French, and Jimmy's luck had done the rest. Any dandelion knew more than Jimmy about the Plainfield cultivators, but who could have foreseen that the manager would break his leg in trying to set up the heavier machines at Vincennes? And that was the reason Jimmy was up to his elbows in axle-grease. It was easier to bluff the Plainfield Company into the notion of sending him than it was to put a Plainfield cultivator of parts on its feet in the gloomy spaces behind the gigantic Salle des Fêtes.

Then Haworth came. Haworth was the college room-mate who had got him the job. He pounded Jimmy to show that he was glad to see him, and Jimmy pounded him to show that the sentiment was reciprocated. "Where did you drop from, and how did you get here?" cried Jimmy when the greetings were over.

Haworth, adored and only son of a multi-millionnaire, looked ruefully at his chum. "It's a tale to make you weep," he declared. "The governor had picked up a baby railroad and was petting it and making love to everybody so that everybody would be good to it, and along comes J. P. Morgan and knocks the stuffing out of it, and I, knowing nothing of all this, I steps in and says I want to go to Paris for to see my dear friend Jimmy." He paused a moment, for Jimmy's knowledge of Haworth, Senior, to complete the picture.

"That made him hot," said Jimmy.

"No, no. Morgan had made him hot. I was what happened to fall into the frying-pan, that's all. He reminded me that I had been an expensive child to raise, and he just went on holding the ribbon that kept tick-ticking the death-rattle of his baby, and he said, without looking up, that he wouldn't send me to Paris if it was to save my everlasting soul. He had made *his* way and—well, about that time he was called to the telephone to talk to someone in the Stock Exchange—calling him down to the funeral, I guess—and I just slipped out of the office and came here."

"But how the deuce did you get here?"

"Worked my passage on a tramp to Cherbourg. The blooming hooker was afire three times, and I was everything from chief cook (cook died coming over) to able seaman and assistant engineer. I was navigator when the navigator was drunk, and captain when the captain wasn't sober. We were three weeks on that tragic journey, and not a day but the old girl did something to keep the family interested. To-day it would be the steering-gear, to-morrow there would be something the matter with the engines, and next day we'd be obliged to get up the hatches and restow some cargo that had shifted. To keep our spirits up the cook set himself afire with naphtha that he was doing the Lord knows what with, and died in twenty-four hours in spite of everything I could do for him. I was ship's doctor, you know."

"Oh, were you?" said Jimmy. "Well?"

"Well, we got in, and I hung around Cherbourg until such time as the train

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for Paris was ready to start, and then I came third-class, and lost myself in the heart of this pagan city where they talk French all the time. Fancy the heathendom of a town where you can walk all day and not hear an English word spoken. Some obliging citizen, understanding that I wanted to get to the machinery exhibit, sent me out to Vincennes, from which I returned no wiser than I went. I had dinner in a wine-shop where the dessert was stewed prunes. Jimmy, the cook on the ship used to give us stewed prunes every day of our lives. The very sight of stewed prunes upsets my digestion."

"Where did you sleep?"

"I'm coming to that. About this time I reasoned out that there must be an English or American quarter somewhere if I could find it, and I made up my mind to find it and sleep in it, too, by Jove. Mind you I wasn't dressed like this. I'd had my suit-case stolen at Cherbourg, and I had to talk before you could tell that I was a gentleman. And as I couldn't talk in French nobody gave me much more attention than my appearance indicated. So I went into a wine-shop and pointed to the directory they advertise in the window, and I revelled in the directory and a glass of beer. I don't know whether the beer tasted better because of the directory, or the directory tasted better on account of the beer. At any rate I hit on the address of the American Ambassador, and copied it, and went out and hailed a carriage——"

"But I thought you were strapped."

"I was, pretty near, and I did not know the rates. But I was trusting in the Ambassador, and my governor's visiting-card. I always keep a few of them in my pocket-book in case of emergency."

"Oh," said Jimmy.

"The Ambassador was giving a dinner, but a first-rate fellow came out to the hall to see me. He had my card and my father's in his hand, and without noticing the shape I was in he said, 'You're a Yale man, aren't you?'

"'Yes,' I said, ''98, Medical School.'

"'I'm Barrett, Law, '99. I've heard a great deal about you, from Jimmy Whitfield.'

"Then he took me in the reception-room, and I told him the whole yarn, and he paid my driver and took me over to his hotel, and this morning we breakfasted together."

"You'll do," said Jimmy, looking on him as a child might on a particularly cherished toy.

"And now," concluded Haworth, taking stock of the Plainfield exhibit in a glance, "let's go out and put Paris on the bum."

"I'd like to," said Jimmy, a little wistfully, "but McClean, that's our manager, has his leg broken, and I'm in charge of this place and Vincennes. I've had all sorts, myself. What do you plan to do?"

"Well, I don't know. Barrett will try and get me a job. He knows the man who has the American Guards in charge, and he thinks I may get a berth in the Pavilion when it is open."

"Do you mean the guards about the Exposition?" asked Jimmy, with a shade of wonder in his voice. "Why, man alive, why don't you try for a job where your medical training will help you? You haven't the first requisition for a guard, which is talking French as well as English, and the salary wouldn't keep you in postage-stamps."

"What sort of a medical job do you know of, already cut out for me? Physician to the Embassy? Attending surgeon of l'Hôtel Dieu? Raspail's successor? The Pasteur laboratory sweep? Where do you want these packing-cases stowed, Jim? This is a job of my size, and I don't think Barrett's ready for me yet."

For the rest of the morning the Plainfield Company were the better for the services of an exceedingly efficient American medical student with a turn for mechanics. Jimmy went about, whistling an air that had been in high favor when he left home. "I guess I'll have to Telegraph my Baby." He felt pretty sure that he would be able to get Haworth a job, and he thanked his stars that had sent Haworth to him, just when he needed him. He smiled as he looked after him a moment, for Haworth was carrying off an empty case as big as himself as cheerfully and unassumingly as if he had done nothing else all his life. Then Jim went back to his own work, reflecting that as there was only one Haworth in all the length and breadth of the universe, he, Jimmy, had been favored of

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fortune in falling across his path. Mug Haworth was not beautiful, but he was good. He had blue eyes and freckles, and girls loved him because of his ingenuous and colossal cheek. During the five years that he and Jimmy had roomed together there had not been a day that Mug had not gotten into hot water, but between him and Jimmy there had dwelt peace and love and a perfect understanding. It was good to have him in Paris, good to see again the ugly face with the blue eyes and the freckles, and the mouth that twitched up at the corners.

"I can talk French a little," said Haworth modestly, a couple of weeks later. "That is, I know a few words."

He was leaning against the newly completed railing around one of the machinery spaces. The person he was talking to was a girl. A pretty girl. He had only stopped to ask her if the manager of that particular space was coming back that day, but after she had given him the information he wanted he lingered.

Haworth was rather imposing, for he wore the dark-blue uniform with the black braiding and white gloves that made the American Guards at the Exposition look like navy ensigns. He also wore white braid epaulets with a white galloon looped about one arm, and a dark blue cap with the shields and eagle over the visor. The girl smiled kindly.

"What do you know in French?" she asked. "Most of the American exhibitors have learned to swear volubly, but neither of the Commissioners here in the machinery section could say his prayers in French."

"I can say one prayer in French," said Haworth, with a grave sweetness in his blue eyes. "Shall I repeat it for you?"

"Why, yes," she said, "you can teach it to me."

Haworth leaned against the railing and repeated, naïvely, "*Je vous aime, je vous adore. Que voulez vous encore?*—Is my accent pure?"

"Very," she said, dryly. "And you call that a prayer?"

"Why, yes," he said, "it's one kind of a prayer." He lifted his cap with easy courtesy and strolled off among the aisles between the crowded machines. He stepped carefully across a muddy place where the flooring was unlaid, and the course of his short winding journey brought him to the Plainfield space.

"Say, Jimmy," he said, thoughtfully, "that little girl in the Cosmopolitan Electric Company's space is rather attractive, don't you think so?"

"Haven't seen her," said Jimmy. "I sold seven hundred dollars' worth of machinery to-day. What do you think of that? And the Exposition not even started. There's not another fellow in the American section who has so much as seen a customer. This was a rich planter from the low country. He came on under the impression that the Exposition was open and in full swing, and I got hold of him, and dined him and personally conducted him, and there you are."

"Bully," said Haworth. "What are you going to do now?"

"Look for some more like him."

"Don't you think it's an occasion to celebrate?"

"Why, yes," said Jimmy. "What will we do?"

Haworth leaned against the railing of the space, but this time he was on the inside. "Why, I'll tell you," he suggested. "That little girl seems lonely. Suppose we ask her out to dinner."

"No, *sir*," said Jimmy, with emphasis. "If you're going to ring any girls in, I won't go."

"All right," said Haworth, easily.

Haworth's visits among the spaces where he had pleasant acquaintances were brief, for his duty was to patrol a certain section, and answer questions covering the entire field of human enterprise. He was supposed to know how to direct strangers where to find everything, from the threads and tissues to the wines and petroleum and educational exhibits. He gave information with a light heart and an easy mind, and if he did not know he never let anyone guess it, but sent them as far away as possible so that they would find it inconvenient to return and set him right.

When the manager of the section in general had his pretty little curtained office completed at the end of the hall, Haworth made it his head-quarters. No one but Jimmy and the Commissioner knew whose son he was, and Haworth strolled about, often patronized and frequently

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snubbed, and enjoyed it all like a young prince travelling incognito. He gleefully reported to Jimmy and the assistant manager when people offered him tips, and he calmly invited his friends to drink beer with him on the strength of them. And day by day he grew more interested in the girl.

"I think you can't conceal college breeding, any more than horsemanship," she said one day, in answer to something he had said. "Did you ever see a man pretend not to know how to mount, when he knew?"

"No," he said, "but I've seen a fellow who had taken bike lessons on the quiet ride off like a professional."

"That's just the contrary," she said, "but it answers just as well."

"Why?" he asked, with a good deal of interest. "Has someone been concealing college training from you?"

"Ho, no," she said.

He sat down in one of the chairs that had recently been placed in the space. This was during the early part of the Exposition, when rules were less strict about the guards. Later on they were not permitted to loaf about the sections, but somehow rules never were very rigidly enforced in the machinery section, where Haworth held sway.

"Did I invite you to come in?" she asked.

"No," he admitted, "I don't believe you did." He crossed his feet as he spoke. "These are rather nice chairs," he observed.

The girl was sitting at her plain table-desk. She had been writing letters when Haworth entered, and she was still playing with her pen.

"We've had a raise," he said, after a moment. "Ten dollars."

"I'm glad," she said. "I hear your friend Mr. Whitfield has sold some of his machines. He works very hard, doesn't he?"

"Jimmy was always like that," Haworth said. "When we roomed together at ——"

"Yes?"

"When we roomed together," Haworth repeated, looking at her reproachfully, "Jim used to work into all hours of the night."

"It is easy to see that Mr. Whitfield is a college man."

"What's that got to do with it?" he asked, in surprise.

"Why, that's why he was working into all hours of the night, isn't it?"

"Why, yes," he admitted, "I believe it was. But I told you all along that he was a college man. I don't know whether girls feel the way men do, but a fellow who has ambition and wants to become somebody always tries to associate with a fellow like Whitfield. It gives him the right sort of start—an influence like that. It elevates him, it gives him things to think about besides the drudgery of making his bread and butter, if he is clerking, for instance."

Haworth made it a point never to speak to her more than a couple of minutes each day, and he was sometimes almost rude in the way he broke off a conversation and lifted his cap, and left.

That day he reported to Jimmy that he had given her to understand that he was a clerk at home, and that he chummed with Jimmy to elevate himself socially.

"You're an idiot, Mug," said Jimmy. "You're not deceiving that girl, and she just thinks you're more of a fool than you really are. That is, if it's possible. Leave her alone, man. You'll get yourself into trouble if you don't look out."

"No such luck," said Haworth, gloomily.

The Exposition wore on. One day he stopped at the girl's space and found that she had not come. The next day it was the same, except that he learned that she had sent word that she was ill. He hunted up Jimmy and found that he had gone out to Vincennes. After half an hour's labor he got him on the telephone.

"Say," he shouted over the din of the steam-drill in a neighboring space, "that little girl is ill, Jimmy. What do you think I ought to do about it?"

The answer came quick and definite. "Let her alone."

"But suppose she hasn't anyone to take care of her? Hadn't I better go and see?"

"Go—chase—yourself."

"All right, good-by."

Now Jimmy meant that Haworth should leave the girl in peace and attend to pa-

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trolling the section, as he was paid to do, but Haworth put his own interpretation on the message, and as soon as his duties were over he went—to look after the girl.

That night about ten o'clock he routed out Jim. He was too overburdened to leave Jim alone, and he dragged him off to a café where they could talk without disturbing Jim's manager, who was not so well that he did not need all the rest he could get.

"I went to see her," Haworth said, before they were fairly seated.

"I knew you would," said Jim.

"It was mighty lucky I did. The poor little thing was in such a state with the fear of being sick alone that she'd have gone crazy before morning. I got Lewis, the Embassy physician, to look after her, and he's sent for a nurse."

"You've got nerve, anyway."

"Haven't I?" said Haworth, placidly.

But Jimmy had not said what he thought. He looked down the broad French avenue, with its fringe of trees, its clanging tramways, and its myriad electric lights, and he felt the poignant loneliness of it.

"I felt this way," said Haworth. "If my sister were stranded here, sick and all that. Lord knows I'm no great shakes, but I never dreamed she'd send for me to come up. I only offered to get her a doctor, you know."

Jimmy looked off into the night. "I envy you, Mug," he said.

"What a lot of tragedy there is around loose!" said Haworth, after a pause. "What a lot of strange coincidences!"

"You run up against them," said Jimmy. "I don't."

"That girl told me who she was," Haworth went on, in a low voice. "She was so nervous that I thought it would ease her mind, and I let her talk what she would, even if it kept me a few minutes longer from getting the doctor. There's a lot in humoring patients when they're nervous like that. I got her perfectly quiet. Why, when I went in she was shaking like a leaf, and pretty nearly hysterical."

"I know. McClean was a little like that when he was hurt."

"But the strangest thing," said Haworth, "is her being who she is, and my running across her here. I don't suppose you've forgotten the autumn of the Wall Street panic? Well, dad was in it pretty deep, and everybody had the devil to pay. I remember it especially, because it was the time dad couldn't bear the sight of me. Poor old governor! He's seen some rough weather, but, Jim, I'll be hanged if I'd like to have some of his recollections. Well, this girl's father, James A. Rutherford, was in pretty deep too, and it came to a place where dad had to choose between sticking to his friend and saving himself, so he got out and Rutherford did the losing. There was a lot of bitter feeling about it, in one way and another, even in Wall Street. Rutherford went insane, and he's up in a sanitarium somewhere in New York State, and his daughter has been supporting herself and her mother, I suppose. Anyway, she's here for the Consolidated Electric Company, and I've been fooling with her, over the railing."

"Did she tell you all this?" asked Jim.

"Oh, Lord, no. She only told me who she was, and that she'd been so lonely here in Paris that she was afraid she'd go crazy, like her father. I knew the rest, as soon as she told me her father's name. Great heavens, Jimmy, I went to one of that girl's birthday-parties when I was a kid. They had a palace of a house on Madison Avenue."

"And she doesn't know who you are?"

"Of course she doesn't. I'll wager she would rather have died like a rat in a garret than accept a service from one of my father's family. I guess that sort of thing don't fade out of people's minds very soon."

"No," said Jim, slowly, "I don't suppose it does. What a strange thing."

"Isn't it?" said Haworth. "Lewis says she's got as ugly a case of typhoid as he's ever seen. She didn't hit it far wrong. She guessed it, but of course we kept her spirits up. At least I did. She didn't know anything when Lewis got there. She was consumed with the idea that the French physician she'd had was trying to take her to the insane asylum."

Jimmy shivered a little. "Well," he said at last, "you've got a queer situation to face. What are you going to do?"

"There's nothing to do," said Haworth. "Lewis is going to try to pull her through,

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with a couple of trained nurses. She'll have everything she needs."

"I always knew she was a lady—I mean, you know, one of our kind of people," said Jimmy, soberly. "That was why it made me mad to have you fool with her."

"Pshaw," said Haworth, "I knew it too. She kept me in my place, all right, even though she knew perfectly well that I was something besides what I pretended to be."

Haworth was in his shabby little room, on the top floor of a house on the Boulevard de Grenelle. He had taken the room because it was near Jimmy, and near that part of the Exposition where they both worked. Also, he had taken it because the price of it corresponded with his weekly salary. Jimmy had prophesied that Haworth would give up, and go home, or get a better paying job, but nothing of the kind happened. Haworth patrolled the machinery section by day, and by night he went to ask after the sick girl whom he had taken under his wing. As these calls never got beyond a whispered word with her night nurse at the door, they left him considerable time, which he put in at a night clinic in the poor quarters of the city. His friend, Dr. Lewis, helped him to get the work he wanted.

"I'm seeing life," he said casually to Jimmy, as he loafed about in the American section by day, with a little French exercise book. He was always full of fun, and never confidential, and, with the exception of that one talk with Jim in the café when he first learned about the girl, they had not had a single serious talk. Jim did not even know whether Haworth was in communication with his family.

Haworth was dressing for a dinner, a purely social affair, given by a Yale man. As he stood in front of the large faded mirror that decorated his mantel-piece, and held the lamp high to light himself, he decided that Barrett's evening suit fitted him rather well. "I'll have Barrett's tailor let it out a little at the waist," he said, thoughtfully, "and lengthen the sleeves a trifle, but from what I can see of the coat-tails they're immense."

While he was turning himself from side to side, Jimmy entered. He, too, was in evening dress, ready to go to the dinner with Haworth and Barrett, but there was a strange look on his face, and as he came in and Haworth gave him a friendly hello over his shoulder, Jimmy cleared his throat.

"I've got some bad news for you," he said.

Haworth swung round quickly, the lamp still held high above his head. "Not Miss Rutherford?"

"No," said Jim, hesitatingly, "worse than that, I'm afraid. There may be a mistake, but the *Times* has just gotten a cable that your father—that your father's killed. Someone threw dynamite," he added, in a helpless way. "I met White, and he told me. Happened this afternoon, about four o'clock, in his office on Wall Street. Perhaps he's only badly hurt." Jimmy kept adding things in a sort of broken, disjointed way, as if he were afraid something might happen to Haworth if he told him everything at once. Haworth still stood looking at him, with the light lifted. There was an awed look on Haworth's face.

At last he remembered the lamp, and put it on the mantel-piece. "I'll cable home," he said. Then he looked at Jimmy again, with that strange look in his face. "Think of it, Jim," he said, under his breath, "they don't know where I am. They're in trouble, and they don't know where I am."

As he went down with Jim into the street to find a cable office, he repeated that once. It seemed to be the thing that he could not get away from—they were in trouble and they did not know where to reach him. Jim said nothing. They were obliged to cross half the city to get to a cable office, and when Haworth had sent his message there was nothing to do but wait for an answer. They sent their excuses to the chairman of the dinner, and sat in a café or walked and waited.

"I wonder," he said once, "who it was that threw the thing?"

"Some anarchist, I suppose," Jim answered, "or a lunatic."

"Suppose—her father?"

"Impossible," said Jimmy, but somehow neither of them could say anything more about it. They walked back and forth under the trees that lined the wide side-walk, past the brilliant cafés of the

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fashionable quarter, passing people going to the theatres. Everything was brilliant, gay, Parisian.

"It takes a good six days," Haworth said, breaking the long silence. He was simply thinking aloud.

"You can catch the Teutonic, if you go to London to-morrow morning," said Jim.

"I'll have to get hold of some money to-night. Wouldn't it be strange if no one we know happened to have much on him?"

"We'll be able to get it. McClean had six or seven hundred francs in his pocket to-day. That will be easy enough," said Jim.

They walked on and on. "I suppose it will be three hours before we get the answer," said Haworth.

"I don't believe that," said Jim.

Haworth was silent awhile. Then he said, slowly: "When I think of what it upsets, if it's true—when I think how far it reaches—it is terrifying, Jim. It's not just us; it's Wall Street; it's thousands of people. Isn't it strange? And it's just one man. And he started out a poor man."

"But a man like that has things in shape so that his own individual part is not greatly felt," said Jim, vaguely remembering something that he had heard.

"I don't think it was that way with father," said Haworth. "But I don't know. A child knows more than I do about the governor's affairs. I never came in contact with him, except to ask him for money." There was a bitter note in his voice.

"You couldn't help that," said Jim. "It came out of the way you lived."

"I was always being sent away to school, or to the tailor's, or away on vacations—military school, Amherst, Cornell, Williams, Yale. Always fired. If there was ever the devil of a fellow to raise, it was I. And I had everything."

"You were always dead square, Mug. You can't reproach yourself on that score."

"I'm glad," Haworth said, slowly, "that this came when I've been behaving decently. It don't seem so like a sort of ghastly moral, you know I've been working awfully hard Lewis has given me the chance, and I've made the most of it. I'm glad no one can say I came over to Paris to go to the devil, but I suppose that's what dad thought I'd done."

"He probably knows, now," said Jim.

They walked up and down, going always farther as they realized that they could not expect to hear for an hour more, and there was no further speech between them. Deep in both of their hearts was a strange unworded awe of its being the man who had brought ruin as often as he had brought success to those whom his great power held in the hollow of his hand, that was gone to his account. They crossed the Place de la Concorde, and went up the silent avenue of the Champs Elysées. Only an occasional carriage passed them, taking someone to a party or someone else home. Along either side the electric lights stretched in a vanishing line, clear to where l'Étoile lifted its gray doorway against the sky.

"When I go up the Champs Elysées at night," said Haworth, "I always have a feeling that there is something ghostly on beyond that archway. I suppose it's because beyond that it's called l'Avenue de la Grande Armée. Doesn't it give you a weird feeling?"

"Do you think the spirit of Napoleon hovers over l'Étoile at night, and that l'Avenue de la Grande Armée is filled with troops?"

"Yes," said Haworth. "I'll take you up there some night and let you listen to the thundering of horses' hoofs."

They both laughed a little. They were under a terrible tension of suspense —constrained in each other's company, and unwilling to be alone.

"A man like the governor is something like Napoleon," said Haworth.

"Very much," said Jim.

"It's fated that he must bring trouble, just as it is fated that he must bring great success and prosperity, and wield an influence most men never dream of. Think of the colossal thoughts a man like that must have, when he lies awake at night! And what simple, human ones!" He broke off and laughed again. "I remember one night I came home pretty late, and I was hungry, and I sneaked into the dining-room to see if the servants had left anything for me on the side-board, and I

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ran right into him. He had turned on the electric light, and he was prowling around to find something to eat for himself. I was deadly afraid I was in for it when he turned and saw me, but he only grinned and said, 'I've left you a drumstick and some pie.' As I remembered his face afterward, I realized that he had a sort of quizzically shame-faced look, as if he was sort of apologizing to me for stealing my grub. He knew it had been left for me."

"How those things come back to a fellow!" said Jim.

"If there were more of 'em," said Haworth, wistfully, "a fellow would get by that sort of hostile feeling that there is between him and his father."

Jimmy was silent. Between him and his father there had been no hostile feelings worthy of the name.

"It's a little thing," said Haworth, "but do you know I'm glad I happened to be able to do something for Nina Rutherford?"

It was the first time he had mentioned her since Jimmy had told him of the cable message, except the one word when the possibility of it's having been her father came to both their minds at once and was dropped as too ghastly to be spoken of. "If I go to London to-morrow, I wish you would go round there for me and sort of keep an eye on her."

"I will," said Jim. "How about the company she was working for?"

"Why, they were very kind. I don't think they had any idea she was seriously ill. After they found out, they were all right—kept up her salary and all that. But she might have died, after she sent them word that she was not well enough to come down to the office, before they would have looked her up."

Dim and vast above them, l'Étoile lifted its open archway against the night sky. The stars were overhead.

"They say that when Victor Hugo died, it was all draped in black," said Haworth, looking up at the vast dim pile of stone. "They 'aid the catafalque under the arch, there, and the army guarded it through the night."

"How terrible Paris must be," said Jimmy, "when it puts itself in mourning! It is so stately! It's so beautiful!"

They turned back down the Champs Elysées.

"I guess there'll be word for us," said Haworth.

"I guess so," said Jim.

The message had just come, the clerk said. Jimmy saw Haworth grow pale as he took it and opened it, tearing it clumsily in his nervousness. His face changed and he handed it to Jimmy without a word. It read:

"*Not seriously hurt.—Haworth.*"

Jimmy looked across at Haworth. A sob almost came into his throat. It was half from the relief at having the suspense ended and half a bitter stab of pain for his chum. It was a relief beyond words, and yet it seemed to Jimmy that it was the cruellest message he had ever read. It was so short and curt. It did not answer Haworth's long telegram, asking whether he should come home at once, nor the heartache and distress that had showed so plainly in his message to his mother.

As Jimmy looked across at Haworth, feeling the tears near his eyes, Haworth gave his shoulders a sharp shrug that was almost a shiver. Neither of them made any further reference to the message.

Next day Haworth was at his work as usual, in the Exposition, dressed in his uniform, answering questions with his old cheerfulness. No one but Jim saw any change in him, and perhaps Jim only fancied it. He hesitated about hanging round Haworth, for fear he might be in the way, but he worried about him. It seemed to him that Haworth forced his gayety, that he was bitter and morose.

The summer wore through, and the girl came back to her work for the electric company. Haworth only spent a minute beside her railing each day. He was so afraid of seeming to presume on the little he had been able to do for her. She called him doctor, now, with a laughing emphasis that had something like tenderness in it. She said that he had saved her life.

"I have a plan," said Haworth, leaning against the railing. "I'm going to give a dinner-party, and I'm thinking what to invite."

"You mean *whom* to invite."

"Why, no," he said, "but have it as you will. Those nice distinctions of grammar are a matter of college training. I was

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questioning whether to invite a chicken or rabbit. I'd like to be sure of having the dinner before I invite the diners, you know. Some people have it the other way about."

"I see," she said. "Then invite a rabbit. It's cheaper."

He looked at her reproachfully. "But I scorn economy," he said, "in a case like this. However, if you like rabbit I know where rabbits are served to perfection with a black dressing like shoe polish." And he smacked his lips reminiscently.

"That must be——"

"It is," he interrupted, solemnly. "Then I shall call for you at your house at six-thirty. You see I have to change my clothes."

"Did I say I was going?"

"Why, surely," he said. "I'll send word to the rabbit to be prepared." He went off as he spoke.

"Jim," he said, "we're going out to dinner to-night, at Suresnes. Want to come?"

"No, old man. I'll go some other time. It sticks in my mind that she'll be wanting to thank you."

"That's just what I want you along for, to protect me. Jim, I feel that I shall need a chaperone to-night. Indeed I do." Haworth's face was very earnest and his blue eyes had their most dangerous sweetness.

"Oh, go chase yourself," said Jimmy, as he had said once before on a momentous occasion, over the telephone.

What he meant this time, however, was that it did his heart good, and seemed to take a load off his shoulders, to see the old impudence in the corners of Haworth's mouth again.

The best way to Suresnes is by boat, up the Seine, if the weather is pleasant. Above the Pont d'Austerlitz that the stone soldiers guard, above the Pont de Grenelle where the bronze liberty holds her torch, lighting the low flat roofs of the city of Paris, in the Old World, as her sister statue lights the travellers who seek the New, in the busy harbor of far-away New York. Suresnes is above all these. The city falls behind and the river winds between green banks dotted with restaurants that have wonderful names across their trellised fronts. *La Pêche Miraculeuse* is one of them.

"Do you know what that means?" Haworth said, as he pointed it out to her. "It means that it would be a miracle if the people who come fishing there caught anything."

Some of the restaurants are in veritable bowers of vines and trees. On a little island there is a house where a placard tells you that dogs are taken to board; and dogs are for sale; both dogs of luxury and dogs of utility.

"Lucky dogs," said Haworth, wistfully. "Doesn't it sound scrumptious, to be a dog of luxury? Think how they must look down on the dogs of utility who board there. I wonder if they have a second table."

"I've only one complaint against these river-boats," he went on, as they neared one of the landings. "Every time they come to a landing they ring a dinner-bell, and yet they never have anything to eat when you get there."

"They will, for us, at Suresnes."

"That's so," he said. "I hope the rabbit received my message."

But when they had climbed the long, dusty hill that leads to the *Chaumière du Père Lapin*, no one was expecting them but the sunset. It had lingered beyond its usual hour to tinge the world with hope.

Haworth had his head in at the grapevine door of *Père Lapin's*. He drew it out again to tell the girl to say for him that they had come all the way from Paris for a rabbit, and could not return hungry; that it was too far; that they would be back in an hour without fail.

Then they went up the hill again, to the edge of the Mont Valérien, to sit on the parapet, and keep their engagement with the sunset. "I hope," he said, gravely, "that you won't be hungry, after my bringing you up to see such a sunset as this."

The girl smiled a little wearily. The walk had been almost too much for her strength. "I wonder where that road goes," she said, looking clear to the horizon, along a straight, white ribbon of road so far below them and stretching so far away that it seemed to cross the world.

"To Rome, of course." But he tossed a pebble into space with an impatient gesture, as if he were tired of empty speeches.

"I wish you were well and strong," he

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said. "I should like to give you a lot of trouble."

"How nice of you!"

"Isn't it? I'm proverbially nice to the people I like."

He let a handful of pebbles drop out of his hand. "If you had not come with me this evening I should have committed suicide," he said, simply.

"I'm glad I came."

"You think I'm joking," he said, with a queer note in his voice. "I never was more in earnest in my life. I've had more than I could bear, lately."

She put her hand out to him. She did not say anything. He was lying propped on one elbow, but after he had held her hand a moment he put his head down on his arm and sobbed. She laid her hand softly on his hair, but still she did not speak. The tears stood in her own eyes, from hearing him sob. After a little he sat up.

"I'm a brute," he said. "I brought you out here to cheer you up."

"You've done that so many times," she said. "It was my turn. If I knew how to help you——"

"You do," he said. "You don't fuss and ask questions. One would think that having a man cry around you was an every-day occurrence."

"I know all about suffering," she said.

"Jim's a regular trump," Haworth went on, "but he's an old maid, and, poor fellow, he usually says the wrong thing."

"That's just your feeling."

"I suppose so. I'd criticise a saint. I'm all raw, inside, like an open wound, and he's the antiseptic dressing."

"How white and still the road looks," she said, "now that the light has gone. If one's own way were always as clear as that, how easy it would all be."

"Nina?" he began. He used the name a little hesitantly, as it were experimentally, and then he explained, "I used to, you know."

"To what?" she asked.

"Call you Nina."

"When?"

"When I came to your birthday-party, on Madison Avenue."

He almost held his breath as he said it.

"Did you?" she said. "There were so many at my birthday-parties in those days."

He looked off a little grimly into the dusk. "I've always attended my birthdays alone," he said. "My family didn't go in for that sort of thing. I suppose that is why I have always remembered yours. I envied you. You were very pretty that day. You had on a blue dress with a sash, and your hair down."

"I usually had my hair down, didn't I?"

"I don't know. I only saw you that once."

"I remember now," she said. "Your father and mine had interests together."

"Yes," he said.

She sighed and there was silence a moment. Then she said, "You've requited all that. I wrote Mamma what you've done for me."

"Life isn't long enough to make up for some things, Nina."

"It's too short to bear grudges, boy."

"I am so bitter," he said. "I am going to make my way alone."

"Ah, don't be bitter. Their hearts may be breaking for you over there, and you not know."

He took up her hand and kissed it.

Among the arbors at Père Lapin's a table had been set for them on the terrace that overlooked the distant city. Two old square candle-lanterns stood at each end of the table. The girl seated herself on one of the benches, and Haworth took the one opposite. Far away in the city the Eiffel Tower began to light itself, a tall wand of fire against the sky.

"I'm going to work like the mischief," he said. "I'll show these French medical students a thing or two. I'm glad I came over. I believe I'll write to the governor and tell him that I've kept straight for six months, and that the habit is fixed. Do you think the shock will kill him?"

"You could put it on his tombstone that he died happy."

He handed her a plate of soup. "Yes," he said, soberly, "I believe I could."

. . . . . .

Jimmy was talking to a customer, the next day, when Haworth hunted him up, and Haworth had to loaf around and

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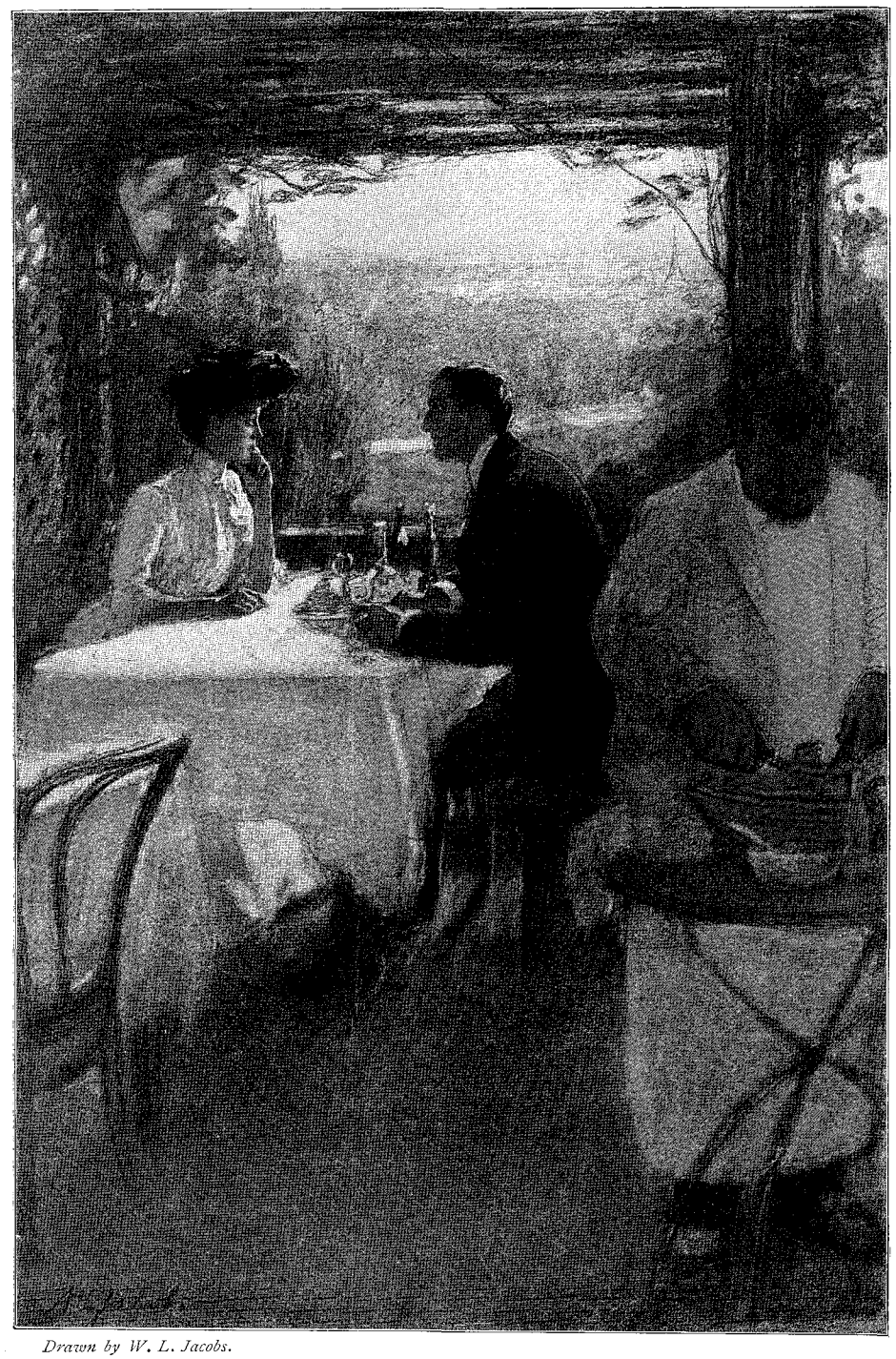

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

Among the arbors at Père Lapin's a table had been set for them.—Page 96.

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wait. Finally he saw the customer go away.

"Sell any machines, Jim?"

"Oh, Lord, no. That man's only an agent for a rubber stamp."

"And I've been waiting to talk to you!" howled Haworth, in disgust. "We went to Suresnes. She likes *you*, Jim."

Jimmy could not think of any appropriate speech to make, but he looked pleased, and that was all that Haworth asked.

"I wrote to the governor to-day. Gave a clean bill of health."

"I'm glad. That's the first glimmering of sense you've shown," said Jim. "Are you going to try for another job?"

"No, I'm not proud. I'll hold on to what I've got till the Exposition's over, and then I'll see."

"You're game, anyhow. You always were," said Jim, looking on him with a peculiar fondness.

"What do you bet," said Haworth, looking pensively at his feet, "that I'm engaged to her before the Exposition's over?"

"What's the use betting on a dead certainty?"

"That's so," said Haworth, "I hadn't looked at it that way." And he went off to patrol his beat, whistling a bar of 'Just One Girl,' and there was a reassuring light in his blue eyes and a curve about his lips. And deep down in his heart there was a strong new feeling of charity and peace. "The Prodigal is still afar off," he said to himself, with a queer little shrug of his shoulders under Uncle Sam's uniform, "but Mug, my son, I have a feeling that you've come into your own again."

Big, clumsy Jimmy Whitfield stood in the middle of his machines in the space devoted to the Plainfield cultivators, and looked after him wistfully. "There goes a man," he said.

VIOLIN-MOODS

By Robert Haven Schauffler

To-day the sense of Spring fills all my frame
And, thrilling, stirs and throbs in me as when
The sap began to course like liquid flame
In March, in my old tree-home, far from men.
And now my song grows free and clear again,
And full of vibrant, vernal murmuring,—
Re-echoing bird-notes out of brake and fen,
That tell of youth and young love on the wing
And all the thousand, joyous mysteries of Spring.

As all the sensuous body of the mere
Swerves to the influent moon; as rhyme sways rhyme,
I feel the bounding pulses of the year,
In all the boundless vigor of her prime,
Beat in her forest-ocean. On a time
The warm, rich life of summer surged in *me*.
And still my finer spirit-senses chime
With subtle instincts of that soul-less tree
And all the mystic power that moves the summer sea.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER XX

"THE WOMAN IN BLACK"

IN the doorway, immediately behind Bianchi and looking over the little man's head, stood a woman of perhaps forty years of age in full evening toilet. About her head was wound a black lace scarf, and hanging from her beautiful shoulders, half concealing a figure of marvellous symmetry, was a long black cloak, open at the throat, trimmed with fur, and lined with watermelon-pink silk. Tucked in her hair was a red japonica. She was courtesying to the room with all the poise and graciousness of a prima donna saluting an audience.

Oliver sprang for his coat and was about to cram his arms into the sleeves, when she cried, waving her white arms covered with bracelets, bare almost to the shoulder: "Oh, please don't! I wish I could wear a coat myself, so that I could take it off and paint. Oh! the smell of the lovely pipes! It's heavenly, and it's so like home. Really," and she looked about her, "this is the only place I have seen in America that I can breathe in. I've heard of you all winter and I so wanted to come. I would not give dear Bianchi any rest till he brought me. Oh! I'm so glad to be here."

Oliver and the others were still standing, looking in amazement at the newcomer. One of the unwritten laws of the club was that no woman should ever darken its doors, a law never broken until this moment.

While she was speaking Bianchi had stepped back, and was now holding the tips of the woman's fingers within his own. When she had finished he said, with the bow of an impresario introducing a new songstress:

"Gentlemen of the Stone Mugs, I have the honor of presenting you to the Countess Kovalski."

Again the woman courtesied, sweeping the floor with her black velvet skirt, broke out into a laugh, handed her cloak and scarf to Bianchi, who threw them over the shoulders of the lay figure, and advanced toward the table, Fred, as host, drawing out a chair for her.

"Oh!—what lovely beginnings—" she exclaimed, waiving the formality of all special introductions, bending over the table and examining the sketches with her lorgnette. "Let me make one. I studied two years with Achenbach. You did not know that, Bianchi, did you? There are so many things you do not know, you lovely man." She was as much at home as if she had been there every evening of her life.

Still, with the same joyous self-contained air she settled herself in Fred's proffered chair, picked up one of Jack's brushes, reached over his shoulder, and with a "please-hold-still, thank-you," scooped up a little yellow ochre from his palette, and unloaded it on one corner of a tile. Then, stripping off her bracelets, she piled them in a heap before her, selected a Greek coin dangling from the end of one of them, propped it up on the table, and began work. The men—all of whom were too astonished to resume their work—crowded about her, watching the play of her brush—so masterful in its technique that before the drawing was finished the room broke out in unrestrained applause.

During all this time, while her brush was at work she was talking in German to Crug, or in French to Waller, only stopping to light a fresh cigarette which she took from a jewelled case beside her. She could, no doubt, have as easily lapsed into Russian, Choctaw, or Chinese had there been any such strange people about.

When the men had resumed their customary seats and the room had once more settled to work—it had only been a question of sex that had destroyed the equilibrium, a question no longer of value now

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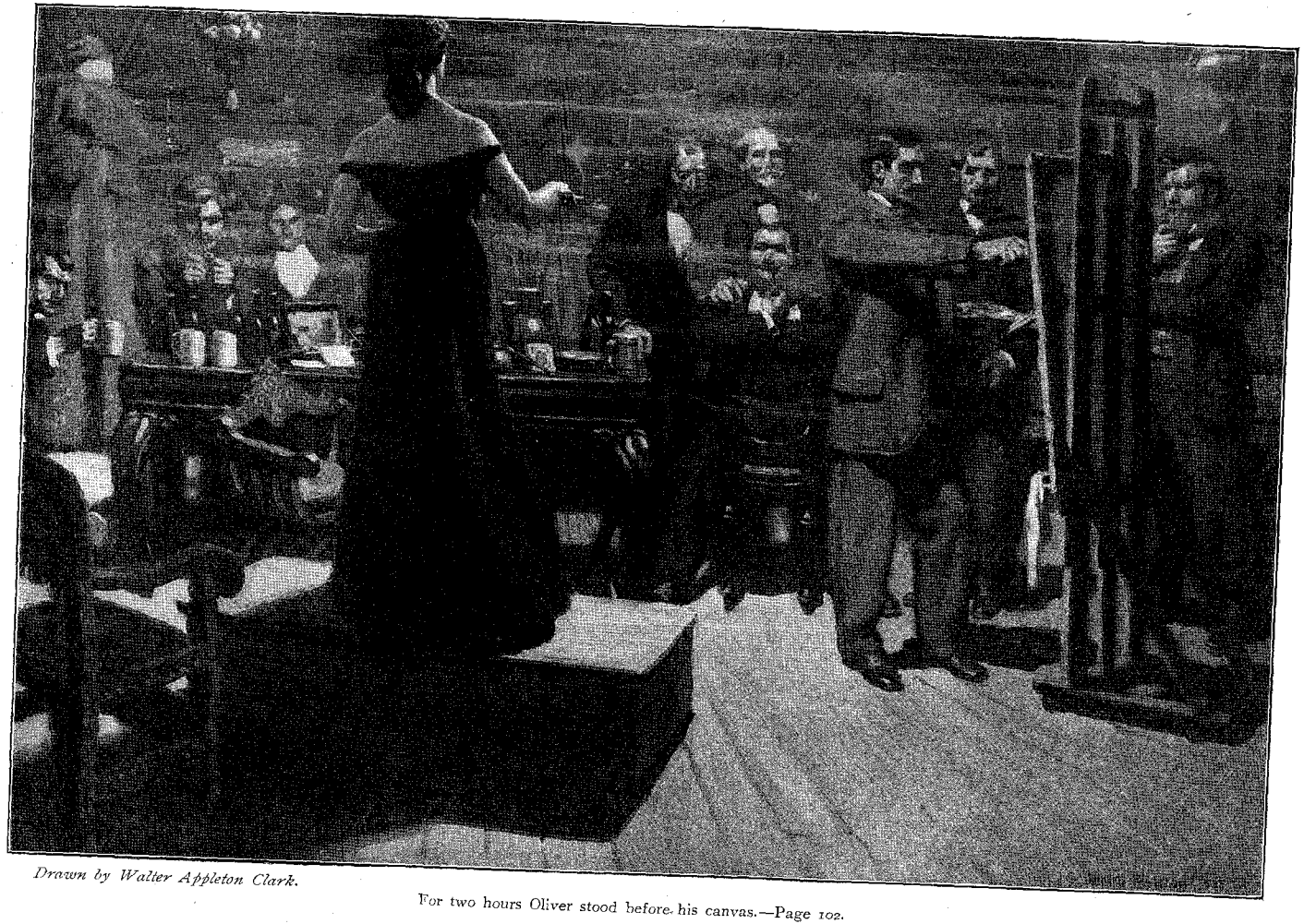

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

For two hours Oliver stood before his canvas.—Page 102.

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that the fair intruder could really *paint*—Oliver bent over her and said, in his most gallant manner:

"If the Countess Kovalski will be gracious enough to excuse Bianchi (he had never left her elbow) I will try and make a Burgomaster of him. Perhaps you will help me tie this around his neck," and he held out the white ruff. He had put on his coat, despite her protest.

"What, dear Bianchi in a ruff! Oh! how perfectly charming! That's really just what he looks like. I've always told him that Rembrandt ought to have seen him. Come, you sweet man, hold up your beautiful Dutch face."

As she spoke she caught the ruff from Oliver's hand and stretched out her white arms toward Bianchi.

"No, I'm not going to pose now," protested the Pole, pushing back her hands. "You can get me any time. Take the Countess, Horn. She'd make a stunner."

"Yes! Yes! Please do," she laughed, springing from her seat and clapping her hands with all the gayety and joyousness of a child over some expected pleasure.

Oliver hesitated for an instant, as he looked down into her eyes, wondering whether his brush could do justice to their depth. Then he glanced at her supple figure and white skin in contrast to the black velvet, its edge softened by the fall of lace, the dominant, insistent note of the red japonica in her blue-black hair, the flesh tones brilliant under the gas-jets. The color scheme was exactly what he had been looking for all winter—black, white, and a touch of red.

"I have never been so honored, Madame. Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he answered, with a dry smile. "May I conduct your ladyship to the platform?" And he held out his hand and led her to the stand facing the big easel.

Then there followed a scene such as many of the Stone Mugs had not witnessed since they left the Latin Quarter.

The Countess, erect on the raised platform, stood with head up and slightly turned, the full glare of the gas-jets falling upon her neck and throat, made all the more brilliant by reason of the dark green walls of Fred's studio which formed the background behind her. One arm was partly raised, a lighted cigarette between the fingers, the other was lost in the folds of the velvet gown. She posed as naturally and as easily as if she had done nothing else all her life, and with a certain bravado and swing that enchanted everybody in the room.

One talent demanded of the artist members of the club when they sought admission, and insisted upon by the Committee, was the ability, possessed in a marked degree by Oliver, of making a rapid, telling sketch from life, and at night. So expert had most of the members become that many of their pictures made under the gas-light were as correct in their color values as work done in the day-time. In this night work Oliver was an expert. Most of his work had to be done under artificial light during the long years of his struggle.

The men—they were again on their feet—crowded closer, forming a circle about the easel. They saw that the subject appealed to Oliver, and they knew how much better he could paint when his heart was in his work. His picture of Margaret Grant in the Tam-o'-Shanter cap, the best portrait at the last exhibition, had proved that.

Oliver saw the interest shown in his work and put himself on his mettle. He felt that not only his own reputation, but the honor of the Stone Mugs, was at stake. He felt, too, a certain pride and confidence in the sureness of his touch—a touch that the woman he loved believed in—one she had really taught him. He began by blocking in with a bit of charcoal the salient points of the composition. Fred stood on his left hand holding a cigar-box filled with tubes of color, ready to unscrew their tops and pass them to Oliver as he needed them.

As the dark background of greenish black, under the vigorous strokes of his brush, began to relieve the flesh tones, and the coloring of the lips and the japonica in the hair took their places in the color scheme, a murmur of applause ran through the room. No such piece of night work had ever been painted since the club had come together, and certainly not before.

"A Fortuny, by thunder!" burst out Waller. He had been the first man to recognize Oliver's talent in the old days and had always felt proud of it.

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For two hours Oliver stood before his canvas, the Countess resting now and then, and floating over to the piano, as Simmons had done, running her fingers over its keys, breaking out into Polish, Hungarian, or French songs at the pleasure of the room. During these rests Oliver turned the picture to the wall. He did not wish her to see it until it was finished. He was trying some brush tricks that Madge had taught him, some that she had learned in Couture's atelier, and whose full effect could only be recognized in the finished work.

When the last touches of Oliver's brush had been laid on the canvas, and the modest signature, O. H., as was the custom, had been affixed to its lower left-hand corner, he made a low, sweeping bow to the model and whirled the easel in front of her.

The cry of delight that escaped her lips was not only an expression of her pleasure, but it convinced every man in the club that the Countess's technical knowledge of what constituted a work of art equalled her many other accomplishments. She sat looking at it with thoughtful, grave face, and her whole manner changed. She was no longer the woman who had so charmed the room. She was the connoisseur, the expert, the jury of last resort. Oliver watched her with absorbing interest as he sat wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Monsieur Horn," she said, slowly, as if weighing each word, "if you will come to my country they will cover you over with medals. I had no idea anyone in this new land could paint as you do. You are a master. Permit me, Monsieur, to make you my obeisance—" and she dipped back on one foot and swept the floor with her skirts.

Oliver laughed, returned the bow with a mock flourish, and began rolling down his shirt-cuffs. A thrill quivered through him, that thrill only felt by a painter when he is conscious that some work of his brush has reached the high-water mark of his abilities. For only the artist in him had been at work. What stirred him was not the personality of the Countess, but the harmony of the lines playing about her figure: the reflected lights in the blue-black of her hair; the soft tones of the velvet lost in the shadows of the floor and melting into the walls behind her; the high lights on the bare shoulder and arms divided by the severe band of black; the subdued grays in the fall of lace uniting the flesh tones and the bodice; and, more than all, the ringing note of red sung by the japonica tucked in her hair and which found its only echo in the red of her lips—red as a slashed pomegranate with the white seed-teeth showing through. The other half of her beautiful self—the half that lay hidden under her soft lashes and velvet touch, the half that could blaze and scorch and burn to cinders—that half Oliver had never once seen nor thought of.

This may have been because, while his fingers worked on, his thoughts were somewhere else, and that he saw another face as he mixed his colors, and not that of the siren before him. Or it may have been that, as he looked into the eyes of the Countess, he saw too deeply into the whirlpool of passion and pain which made up the undercurrent in this beautiful woman's strange life.

Not so the others. Many of them—the most serious-minded of men where women were concerned—were fast falling under her spell. Crug—who, to quote Waller, had drifted into a state of mind bordering on lunacy—was so completely taken off his feet that he led her ladyship by her finger-tips again to the piano, and, with his hand on his heart, and his eyes upraised, begged her to sing for him some one of the songs of her native land and in the tongue of her own people. This the Countess did with consummate taste and skill, and with such earnestness and force, throwing her soul into every line, that the men broke out in rounds of applause, crowding about her with the eagerness of bees around a hive—all except Waller and Oliver, who sat apart, quietly watching her out of the corners of their eyes.

The portrait was forgotten now; so were the sketches and tiles, and the work of the evening. So was everything else but the woman who dominated the room. She kept her seat on the piano-stool, the centre of the group, as a queen of the ballet sits on a painted throne, flashing her eyes from one to the other, wheeling about to dash off an air from some unknown opera

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—unknown to those who listened—laying her lighted cigarette on the music-rack as she played, and whirling back again to tell some anecdote of the composer who wrote it, or some incident connected with its production in Vienna or Warsaw or St. Petersburg—the Club echoing her every whim.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the staid and sober-minded Stone Mugs, under these conditions, completely lost their heads, and that when Oliver picked up an empty beer-mug, the symbol of the Club used in all ceremonies, and began filling it with the names of the members which he had written on slips of paper, preparatory to the drawing of the lottery for the picture which he had just finished—every meeting-night a lottery was drawn, the lucky winner possessing the picture of the evening—Crug and Munson should have simultaneously sprung to their feet, and, waving their hands over their heads, have proposed, in one and the same breath, that "Our distinguished visitor" should have the privilege of adding her own name to those in Oliver's mug—the picture to be her individual property should her patronymic be the first to be drawn from its open mouth.

Waller started to his feet to object, and the words of protest were half out of his mouth when Oliver stopped him. A woman was always a woman to Oliver, no matter what her past or present station in life might be. It was her sex that kept him loyal when any discourtesy was involved.

"Keep still, old man," he whispered. "They've gone crazy, but we can't help it. Get on your feet and vote."

When the sound of the "ayes" adopting Crug and Munson's motion had died away, Oliver inscribed her initials upon a small piece of paper, dropped it in the mug, held it high above the lady's head, and asked her to reach up her dainty fingers and pick out the name of the lucky possessor of "The Woman in Black," as the picture had now been christened. The white arm went up, the jewelled fingers felt about nervously among the little ballots, and then the Countess held up a twisted bit of paper.

A burst of applause filled the room. The scrap of paper bore the initials of the Countess! The "Woman in Black" was her property.

But the most extraordinary part of the evening's performance was still to come.

When the hour of midnight had arrived—the hour of dispersal, a rule rarely broken—she called to Bianchi and directed him to go out into the hall and bring in her long black stockings and stout shoes, which she had taken off outside Fred's door, and which she had left hanging on a nail.

I can see her now—for I, too, was leaning over that same table, Oliver beside me, watching this most extraordinary woman of another world, who had been the idol of almost every capital in Europe, and whom I knew (although Oliver did not) had been quietly conducted out of some of them between dark and daylight. I can see her now, I say, sitting on the stool, facing the group, the long, black-silk stockings that Bianchi had brought her in her hands. I remember just the way in which, after loosening her dainty, red-heeled slippers, she swept aside her skirts, unfastened her garters, and, with the same unconsciousness and ease with which she would have slipped a pair of rubbers over a pair of shoes, she drew the long black stockings over her flesh-colored ones, refastening the garters again, talking all the time, first to one and then the other; pausing only to accentuate some sentence with a wave of her shoe or stocking or cigarette, as the action suited the words.

That the group about her was composed solely of men made not the slightest difference. She was only trying to save these precious, flesh-colored silk stockings that concealed her white skin from the slush and snow of the streets. As to turning her back to her hosts during this little change of toilet—that was the last thing that entered her head. She would as soon have stepped into a closet to put on her gloves.

And then again, why should she be ashamed of her ankles and her well-turned instep and dainty toes, as compact in their silk covering as peas in a pod! She might have been, perhaps, in some one of the satin-lined drawing-rooms around Madison Square or Irving Place, but not here, breathing the blue smoke of a dozen pipes and among her own kind,—the kind she had known and loved and charmed all her life

After all it was but a question of econ-

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omy. Broadway was a slough of mud and slush, and neither she nor Bianchi had the price of a carriage to spare.

Oliver watched her until the whole comedy was complete; then, picking up his wet sketch and handing it with the greatest care to Bianchi, who was to conduct her ladyship to her lodgings, he placed the long black cloak with the fur-trimming and watermelon-colored silk lining about her beautiful, bare shoulders, and, with the whole Club following and waving their hands good-night, our young gentleman bowed her out and down-stairs with all the deference and respect he would have shown the highest lady in the land.

CHAPTER XXI

"MARGARET GRANT—TOP FLOOR"

ONE spring morning, some time after the visit of the Countess to the Club and the painting of her portrait by Oliver—the incident had become the talk of the studios before the week was out—Oliver sat in his own rooms on the top floor, drinking his coffee—the coffee he had boiled himself. The janitor had just slipped two letters through a slit in the door. Both lay on the floor within reach of his hand. One was from his mother, bearing the postmark of his native town; the other was from a prominent picture dealer on Broadway, with a gallery and big window looking out on the street.

Oliver broke the seal of his mother's letter, and moved his chair so that the light from the overhead skylight would fall on its pages.

It read as follows:

"My Darling Boy: Your father goes to you to-morrow. Mr. Cobb was here last night with a letter from some gentleman of means with whom he has been corresponding. They want to see the motor, so your father and Nathan leave on the early train.

"This man's kindness is a constant surprise to me. I have always thought it was he who prevented the mortgage from being foreclosed, but I never knew until yesterday that he had written his name under my own the first time the note was to be renewed, and had kept it there ever since. I cannot speak of this to him, nor must you, if you see him, for Judge Bowman told me in confidence. I am the more glad now that we have always paid the interest on the note. The next payment, which you have just sent me, due on the first of the month, is now in my bureau-drawer ready for the Bank.

"Whether the mortgage can ever be paid off I do not know, for the farm is ruined, I fear. Mr. Mowbray's cousin, who drove over last week to see what was left of the plantations in that section, writes me that there is nothing remaining of your grandfather's place but the bare ground and the house, which is now occupied by strange negroes. All the outbuildings and fences have been burned, and many of the beautiful trees cut down for firewood. I can only pray my Heavenly Father that something will come out of this visit to New York. It is our only hope now. But for the ground-rents which still come in every three months I do not see how we could have lived.

"Don't lose sight of your father for a moment, my son. He is not well and gets easily fatigued, and although he is greatly elated over his promised success, as we all are—and he certainly deserves to be—I think you will see a great change in him these last few months. I would not have consented to his going had not Nathan gone with him. Nathan insists upon paying the expenses of the trip; he says it is only fair that he should, as your father has given him an interest in the motor. I earnestly hope for some results, for I shall have no peace until the whole amount of the mortgage is paid back to the bank and you and Mr. Cobb are released from the burden, so heavy on you, my boy.

"There is no other news to tell you. Sue Clayton brought her boy in to-day. He is a sweet little fellow, and has Sue's eyes. She has named him John Clayton, after her father. They have made another attempt to find the Colonel's body on the battle-field, but without success. I am afraid it will never be recovered.

"Lavinia sends her love. She has been much better lately. Her army hospital work has weighed upon her, I think. Three years was too long.

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"I have the last newspaper notices of your academy picture pinned on my cushion, and I show them to everybody who comes in. They always delight me. You have had a hard fight, my son, but you are winning now. No one rejoices more than I do in your success. As you said in your last letter, the times have really changed. They certainly have for me. Sorrow and suffering have made me see many things in a different light these last few years.

"Malachi and Hannah are well, but the old man seems quite feeble at times.

"Your loving mother,
"SALLIE T. HORN."

Dear lady, with your soft white hair and deep brown eyes that have so often looked into mine! How dreary were those long days of hate and misery! How wise and helpful you were to every living soul who sought your aid, friend and foe alike. Your great heart sheltered them all.

Oliver read the letter through and put his lips to the signature. In all his life he had never failed to kiss his mother's name at the bottom of her letters. The only difference was that now he kissed them with an added reverence. The fact of his having proved himself right and her wrong in the choice of his profession made loyalty with him the more tender.

"Dear, dear mother!" he said to himself. "You have had so much trouble lately, and you have been so plucky through it all." He stopped, looked dreamily across the room, and added, with a sigh: "But she has not said one word about Madge; not one single word. She doesn't answer that part of my letter; she doesn't intend to. Then he opened the other communication which read:

"DEAR MR. HORN: Please call here in the morning. I have some good news for you.

"JOHN SNEDECOR."

Oliver turned the picture dealer's letter over, peered into the envelope as if he expected to find some trace of the good news tucked away in its corners, lifted the tray holding his frugal breakfast, and laid it on the floor outside his door ready for the janitor's morning round. Then, picking up his hat, he locked his door, hung an "out card" on the knob, and, strolling down-stairs, stepped into the fresh morning air. He knew the dealer well. He had placed two of old Mr. Crocker's pictures with him—one of which had been sold.

When he reached Snedecor's gallery he found the big window surrounded with a crowd gazing intently at an upright portrait in a glittering gold frame, to which was affixed the imposing-looking name-plate bearing the inscription:

"The Woman in Black,
By Oliver Horn."

So this was Snedecor's good news!

Oliver made his way through the crowd and into the open door of the shop—the shop was in front, the gallery in the rear—and found the proprietor leaning over a case filled with artists' supplies.

"Has she had it *framed*, Snedecor?" asked Oliver, with a light laugh.

"Not much! I made that frame for Mr. Peter Fish. She sent it here for sale, and Fish bought it. He's wild about it. Says it's the best thing since Sully. He wants you to paint his daughter; that's what I wanted to see you about. Great card for you, Mr. Horn. I congratulate you!"

Oliver gave a low whistle. His own good fortune was for the moment forgotten in his surprise at the woman's audacity. Selling a sketch painted by one of the Club! one which had virtually been *given* to her. "Poor Bianchi! He does pick up the queerest people. I wonder if she was out of stockings," he said half aloud.

"Oh, you needn't worry about the Madame; she won't suffer for clothes as long as she's got that pair of eyes in her head. You just ought to have seen her handle old Fish. It was beautiful. "But, see here now, you don't want to make old Peter a present of this portrait of his daughter. He's good for a thousand, I tell you. She got a cracking price for that one," and he pointed to the picture.

Again Oliver laughed.

"A cracking price? She must have needed the money bad." The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed.

Snedecor looked surprised. He was

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thinking of Fish's order and the amount of his commission. Most of Oliver's remarks were unintelligible to him—especially his reference to the stockings.

"What shall I say to him?" Snedecor asked at last.

"Oh, nothing in particular. Just send him to my studio. I'll be in all to-morrow morning."

"Well, but don't you think you'd better go and see him yourself now? He's too big a bug to run after people. That kind of thing don't come every day you know; you might lose it. Why he lives right near you in that big house across the Square."

"Oh, I know him very well," said Oliver, nodding his head. "No, let him come to-morrow to me; it won't hurt him to walk up three flights of stairs. I'm busy to-day. Now I think of it, there's one thing, though, you *can* tell him, and please be particular about it—there will be no advance over my regular price. I don't care to compete with her ladyship."

Without waiting to hear the dealer's protest he stepped outside the shop and joined the crowd about the window, elbowing each other for a better view of the portrait. No one recognized him. He was too obscure for that. They might after this, he thought with an exultant throb, and a flush of pride crossed his face.

As he walked down Broadway a sense of the humor of the whole situation came over him. Here for years he had been working day and night; running the gauntlet of successive juries and hanging committees, with his best things rejected or skied until his Tam-o'-Shanter girl made a hit; worrying, hoping against hope, racking his brain as to how and when and where he would find the path which would lead him to commercial success—a difficult task for one too proud to beg for favors and too independent to seek another's aid—and here, out of the clear sky, had come this audacious Bohemienne, the pet of foyer and studio—a woman who presented the greatest number of contrasts to the things he held most dear in womankind—and with a single stroke had cleared the way to success for him. And this, too, not from any love of him nor his work nor his future, but simply to settle a board bill or pay for a bonnet.

Again Oliver laughed, this time so loudly that the man in front turned and looked at him.

"A cracking price," he kept repeating to himself, "a cracking price, eh? and out of old Peter Fish! Went fishing for minnows and hooked a whale, and another little Fish for me! I wonder what she baited her hook with. That woman's a genius."

Suddenly he caught sight of the sign of a Long Island florist set up in an apothecary's window between the big green and red glass globes that lined its sides.

Turning on his heel he entered the door.

"Pick me out a dozen red japonicas," he said to the boy behind the counter.

Oliver waited until each short-stemmed blossom was carefully selected, laid on its bed of raw cotton, blanketed with the same covering, and packed in a paper box. Then, taking a card from his pocket, he wrote upon its back: "Most grateful thanks for my share of the catch," slipped it into an envelope, addressed it to "The fair Fisher, The Countess Kovalski," and, with a grim smile on his face, kept on down Broadway toward the dingy hotel, the resort of all the Southerners of the time, to arrange for rooms for his father and Nathan Gill.

Having, with his card and his japonicas, dismissed the Countess from his mind, and to a certain extent his obligations, the full importance of this new order of Peter Fish's began to take possession of him. The color rose in his cheeks and an old-time spring and lightness came into his steps. He knew that such a commission, and from such a man, would at once gain for him a recognition from art patrons and a standing among the dealers. Lasting success was now assured him in the line he had chosen for his life's work. It only remained for him to do the best that was in him. Better than all, it had come to him unasked and without any compromising effort on his own part.

He knew the connoisseur's collection. It filled the large gallery adjoining his extensive home on Washington Square and was not only the best in the city, containing as it did examples of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Chrome, Sully, and many of the modern French school—among them two fine Courbets and a Rous-

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seau—but it had lately been enriched by one or more important American landscapes, notably Sanford Gifford's "Catskill Gorge" and Church's "Tropics"—two canvases which had attracted more than usual attention at the Spring Exhibition of the Academy. An order, therefore, for a family portrait from so distinguished a patron not only gave weight and dignity to the work of any painter he might select, but it would unquestionably influence his many friends and acquaintances to go and do likewise.

As Oliver stepped quickly down the street the beauty of the day made him throw back his shoulders and drink in long deep breaths, as if he would fill his very pores with its vitality. These early spring days in New York—the most beautiful the world over; not even in Italy can one find better skies—always affected him in this way. There was a strength-giving quality in the ozone, a brilliancy in the sunshine, and a tempered coolness in the air to be found nowhere else. There was, too, a certain picturesqueness in the sky-line of the houses—a sky-line fringed with jets of white steam from the escape-pipes of numerous fires below, which appealed to his artistic sense. These curling plumes that waved so triumphantly in the sparkling morning light, or stirred by the wind, flapped like milk-white signal flags, breaking at last into tatters and shreds, blurring the edges of chimney and cornice, were a constant source of delight to the young painter. He would often stop to watch their movements, and as often determine to paint them at the first opportunity. They seemed to express to him something of the happy freedom of one released from pent-up toil; a freedom longed for in his own heart, and which had rarely been his since those blessed days under Moose Hillock, when he and Margaret roamed the woods together.

Still a third cause of rejoicing—and this sent a flutter around his heart—was the near prospect of meeting his dear old father, whom he had not seen for months; not since his last visit home, and whose long years of struggle and waiting seemed now to be so nearly ended.

With these last joyous thoughts filling his mind, he stepped quickly through the corridor of the hotel, approached the desk, and had just given the names of his father and Nathan to the clerk, when a man behind the counter interrupted him with:

"Just arrived. Got in this morning. There they are by the window."

Two quaint-looking old gentlemen were gazing out upon the rush of Broadway—two old gentlemen so unusual that even the habitues of the place, those who sat tilted back all day chipping the arms of their chairs with their pen-knives, or sipping countless toddies and juleps, were still staring at them in undisguised astonishment. One—it was Nathan—wore a queer hat, bushy, white hair, and long, pen-wiper cloak. It was the same cloak, or another just like it; the same, no doubt; few new clothes had been bought during the war—and the other—and this was his own dear father, wore a buff waistcoat, high white silk scarf, and brown frock coat, with velvet collar. Neither of them were every-day sights around the corridors of the New York Hotel—even among a collection of human oddities representing every State in the South.

"We thought it best to take the night train, my son," said Richard, starting up at Oliver's caressing touch—he had put both hands on his father's shoulders. "You got your dear mother's letter, of course. Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Sit down here alongside of us. How well you are looking, my boy," and he patted him lovingly on the arm. What a whirl it all is! Nathan and I have been here for hours; we arrived at six o'clock. Did you ever see anything like it? The people never seem to stop coming. Ah! this is the place for you, my boy. Everything is so alive, so full of purpose, so intense, so delightful and inspiring to me. And such a change in the ten years since I was here."

He had brought the motor with him. It lay at the moment in a square box inside the office-railing. Not the big one that he had just perfected—that one was at home under the window in the old shop, in the back yard in Kennedy Square—but a smaller working model made of pine wood, with glass-tumblers for jars and imitation magnets wrapped round with thread instead of wire—the whole unintelligible to the layman, but perfectly clear to the scientist He had with him,

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too, packed in a small carpet-bag, which lay within reach of his hand, all the patents which had been granted him as the work progressed—besides a huge bundle of papers, such as legal documents, notices from the scientific journals, and other data connected with the great Horn Galvanic Motor, which was so soon to revolutionize the motive power of the world. Tucked away in his inside pocket, ready for instant use, was Amos Cobb's letter, introducing "the distinguished inventor, Mr. Richard Horn, of Kennedy Square," etc., etc., to the group of capitalists who were impatiently waiting his arrival, and who were to furnish the unlimited sums of money necessary in its development—unlimited sums being ready for any scheme, no matter how chimerical, in the flush times through which the country was then passing.

"I have succeeded at last, my boy, as I wrote you," said Richard, with dancing eyes. "Even that small motor at home—the one you know—that one has a lifting power of a hundred pounds. All that is necessary now is to increase the size of the batteries and the final result is assured. Let me show you this"—and, oblivious of the many eyes fastened on him, he drew toward him the black carpet-bag and took out a sheet of paper covered with red and blue lines. "You see where the differences are. And you see here"—and he pointed out the details with his thin white finger—"what I have done since I explained to you the new additions. This drawing, when carried out, will result in a motor with a lifting capacity of ten tons. Ah, Oliver, I cannot tell you what a great relief has come to me now that I know my life's work is crowned with success."

Nathan was quite as happy. Richard was his sun-god. When the light of hope and success flashed in the inventor's quiet, thoughtful face, Nathan basked in its warmth and was radiant in its glow. He needed all the warmth he could get, poor old man. The cold chill of the days of fear and pain and sorrow had well-nigh shrivelled him up; he showed it in every line of his body. His shoulders were much more bent; his timid, pipe-stem legs the more shaky; the furrows about his face deeper; the thin nose more transparent. All during the war he had literally lived in Richard. The cry of the "extras" and the dull tramp of marching troops, and the rumbling of cars laden with army supplies had jarred on his sensitive ear as would discordant notes in a quartette. Days at a time he would hide himself away in Richard's workshop, helping him with his bellows or glue-pot, or piling the coals on the fire of his forge. The war, while it lasted, paralyzed some men to inaction—Nathan was one of them.

"At last, Oliver, at last!" Nathan whispered to Oliver when Richard's head was turned for a moment. "Nothing now but plain sailing. Ah! it's a great day for dear Richard! I couldn't sleep last night on the train for thinking of him."

As Oliver looked down into Nathan's eyes, glistening with hope and happiness, he wondered whether, after all these long years of waiting, his father's genius was really to be rewarded? Was it the same old story of success—one so often ending in defeat and gloom, he thought, or had the problem really been solved? He knew that the machine had stood its initial test and had developed a certain lifting power; his father's word assured him of that; but would it continue to develop in proportion to its size?

He turned again toward Richard. The dear face was a-light with a new certainty; the eyes brilliant, the smiles about the lips coming and going like summer clouds across the sun. Such enthusiasm was not to be resisted. A fresh hope rose in the son's heart. Could this now almost assured success of his fathers help him with Madge? Would their long waiting come any nearer to being ended? Would the sum of money realized be large enough to pay off the dreaded mortgage, and would there still be enough for the dear home and—here his heart gave another bound—something over for Madge and himself?

He knew how large this hoped-for sum must be. His mother's letter describing the ruin of the farm was not news to him. He had known also for years how worthless her own father's property had become—the property with which she expected to discharge the bank's note—and how the full amount of the debt must eventually be paid. Her letter had indeed stated the facts—this motor was

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now their only hope outside the work of his own brush.

Perhaps, after all, his lucky day had come. The first gleam of light had been this order of Peter Fish's to paint his daughter, and now here, sitting beside him, was his father with a letter in his pocket from one of the richest men in New York, who stood ready to pay a small fortune for the motor. Then he thought of his mother. What a delight it would be when she could be freed from the millstone that had hung around her neck for years.

He must go and tell Margaret and take his father and Nathan with him. Yes, his lucky day *had* come.

Soon the two delighted and astonished old gentlemen, under Oliver's guidance, were making their way up Broadway ostensibly to see his picture at Snedecor's, but really to call upon the distinguished painter, Margaret Grant, whom everyone was talking about, both in New York and in Kennedy Square, for one of her pictures graced Miss Clendenning's boudoir at that very moment. Our young Romeo had waited too many months for someone from Kennedy Square to see the woman he loved, and now that the arms of his father and Nathan were linked in his own, and their legs subject to his orders, he did not intend to let many precious minutes pass before he rang Margaret's studio bell.

When Snedecor's window was reached Richard stopped short in amazement.

"Yours, Oliver! Marvellous! Marvellous!" Richard exclaimed, when the three had wedged their way into the crowd to see the better. "A fine strong picture, and a most superb looking woman. Why, I had no idea! Really! Really"—and his voice trembled. He was deeply touched. The strength of the coloring, the masterly drawing, the admiring crowd about the window, greatly surprised him. While he had been closeted with his invention, thinking only of its success and bending every energy for its completion, this boy of his had become a master.

"I didn't do my full duty to you, my son," he said, with a tone of sadness in his voice, when they had resumed their walk up Broadway "You lost much time in finding your life's work. I should have insisted years ago that you follow the trend of your genius. Your dear mother was not willing and I let it go, but it was wrong. From something she said to me the other night I feel sure she sees her mistake now, but I never mention it to her, and do you never let her know I told you. Yes! You started too late in life, my boy."

"No, dear old daddy; I started just in the nick of time and in the right way."

How could he have thought anything else on this lovely spring morning, with the brightest of skies overhead, his first important order within his grasp, his dear old father and Nathan beside him, and the loveliest girl in the world or on the planets beyond waiting for him at the top of her studio stairs!

"It's most kind of you to say so, but couldn't you have learned to work by following your own tastes?" continued Richard, dodging the people as he talked.

"No dad. I was too confounded lazy and too fond of fun. And then the dear mother wanted me to go to work, dad, and that was always enough for me."

"Oh, my son, it does me good to hear you say so"—and a light shone on the old gentleman's face. "Yes! you *always* considered your mother. You can't think how she has suffered during these terrible years. And she has borne it so well, and without a single murmur of any kind. Isn't it fine, my son, to think it is all over? She will never have to worry again—never—never. The motor will end all her troubles. She did not believe in it once, but she sees it now."

They continued on up Broadway, Oliver in the middle, Richard's arm in his; he hurrying them both along; steering them across the streets; avoiding the trucks and dragging them past the windows they wanted to look into, with promises of plenty of time for that tomorrow or next week. Only once did he allow them to catch their breath, and that was when they passed the big bronze statue overlooking Union Square, and then only long enough for the two to take in its outlines and from its pedestal to fix their eyes on the little windows of Miss Teetum's boarding-house, where he had spent so many happy and unhappy days.

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Soon the two breathless old gentlemen and equally breathless young guide—the first condition due to the state of the two old gentlemen's lungs and the second due entirely to the state of this particular young gentleman's heart—stood in a doorway just off Madison Square, before a small bell-pull bearing above it a tiny sign reading: "Margaret Grant. Top Floor."

"Miss Grant has been at home only a few months," Oliver burst out as he rang the bell and climbed the stairs. "Since her father's death she has been in Paris with her mother, her cousin, Higbee Shaw the sculptor, and her brother John. A shell injured the drum of his ear, and while she painted he was under the care of a French specialist. He is still there. If you think I can paint just wait until you see her work. Think, dad! she has taken two medals in Munich, and last year had honorable mention at the Salon. You remember her brother, of course, don't you, Uncle Nat, the one Malachi hid over father's shop?"

Uncle Nat nodded his head as he toiled up the steps. He remembered every hour of the hideous nightmare. He had been the one other man besides the chief of police to shake Oliver's hand that fatal night when he was exiled from Kennedy Square.

Mrs. Mulligan, in white apron, a French cap on her head, and looking as fresh and clean as a trained nurse, opened the door. Margaret had looked her up the very day she landed, and had placed her in charge of her apartment as cook, housekeeper, and lady's maid, with full charge of the front door and studio. The old woman was not hard to trace; she had followed the schools of the academy from their old quarters to the new marble building on Twenty-third Street, and was again posing for the draped-life class and occasionally lending a hand to the new janitor. Margaret's life abroad had taught her the secret of living alone, a problem easily solved when there are Mrs. Mulligans to be had for the asking.

"Yes, Mr. Oliver, she's insoide. Oh! it's fri'nds ye hev wid ye!" and she started back.

"Only my father and Mr. Gill," and he brushed past Mrs. Mulligan, parted the heavy portières that divided Madge's working studio from the narrow hall, thrust in his head and called out, in his cheeriest voice:

"Madge, who do you think is outside? Guess! Father and Uncle Nat. Just arrived this morning."

Before Margaret could turn her head the two stood before her: Richard with his hat in his hand, his brown overcoat with the velvet collar over his arm—he had slipped it off outside—and Nathan close behind, still in the long, pen-wiper cloak.

"And is it really the distinguished young lady of whom I have heard so much?" exclaimed Richard with his most courtly bow, taking the girl's outstretched hand in both of his. "I am so glad to see you, my dear, both on your own account and on account of your brother, whom we once sheltered. And how is he now? and your dear mother?"

To all of which Margaret answered in low gentle tones, her eyes never leaving his, her hand still fast in his; until he had turned to introduce Nathan so that he might pay his respects.

While Nathan was talking, Richard, with a slight bow as if to ask her permission, began making the tour of the room, his glasses held to his eyes, examining each thing about him with the air of a connoisseur suddenly ushered into a new collection of curios.

"Tell me who this sketch is by," he asked, stopping before Margaret, and pointing to a small Lambinet, glowing like an opal on the dull-green wall of the studio. "I so seldom see good pictures that a gem like this is a delight. By a Frenchman, too. Ah! Yes, I see the subtlety of coloring. Marvellous people, these Frenchmen. And this little jewel you have here? This bit of mezzo in color. With this I am more familiar, for we have a good many collections of old prints at home. It is, I think—yes—I thought I could not be mistaken—it is a Morland," and he examined it closely, his nose almost touching the glass.

The next instant he was by the window looking out over the city, the smoke and steam of a thousand fires floating over its wide expanse.

"Come here, my son," he called to Oliver. Look over that stretch of energy and brains. Is it not inspiring? And that band

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of silver, moving so quietly and resistlessly out to sea. What a power for good it all is, and what a story it will tell before the century is out."

Margaret was by his side as he spoke. She had hardly taken her eyes from him since he entered the room—not even when she was listening to Nathan. All her old-time prejudices and preconceived estimates of Richard were slipping away. Was this the man whom she used to think of as a dreamer of dreams, and a shiftless Southerner? This charming old gentleman with the air of an aristocrat and the keen discernment of an expert? She could hardly believe her eyes.

As for Oliver, his very heart was bursting with pride. It had all happened exactly as he had wanted it—his father and Margaret had liked each other from the very first. And then she had been so beautiful, too. Even in her long painting-apron and her hair twisted up in a coil on her head. And the little blush of surprise and sweetness which had overspread her face when they entered, and which his father must have seen, and the inimitable grace with which she slipped from her high stool, and with a half courtesy held out her hand to welcome her visitors, and all with the *savoir faire* and charm of a woman of the world! How it all went straight to his heart.

If, however, he had ever thought her pretty in this working-costume, he thought her all the more captivating a few minutes later in the little French jacket—all pockets and buttons—which she had put on as soon as the greetings were over and the tour of the room had been made in answer to Richard's delighted questions.

But it was over the luncheon, which Mrs. Mulligan had brought in, that his sweetheart was most enchanting. Her full-rounded figure moved so gracefully when she leaned across to hand someone a cup, and the pose of the head was so delicious, and it was all so bewitching, and so exactly as he wished it, and so precisely satisfied his artistic sense. And he so loved to hear her talk when she was the centre of a group like this, as much really to see the movement of her lips and the light in her eyes and the gracious way in which she moved her head as to hear what she said

He was indeed so overflowing with happiness over it all, and she was so beautiful in his eyes as she sat there dispensing the comforts of the silver tray, that he must needs pop out of the room with some impromptu excuse and disappear into the little den which held her desk, that he might dash off a note which he tucked under her writing-pad—one of their hiding-places—and which bore the lines: "You were never so much my queen as you are to-day, dearest," and which she found later and covered with kisses before he was half way down the block on his way back to the hotel with the two old gentlemen.

She was indeed beautiful as she sat there. The brow was wider and whiter, perhaps, than it had been in the old days under the bark slant, and the look out of the eyes a trifle softer, and with a certain tenderness in them—not quite so defiant and fearless; but there had been no other changes. Certainly none in the gold-brown hair that Oliver so loved. That was still her glory, and was still heaped up in magnificent masses, and with the same look about it of being ready to burst its bonds and flood everything with a river of gold.

"Lots of good news to-day, Madge," Oliver exclaimed, after they had all taken their seats, his father on Margaret's right, with Nathan next (every day he brought her the minutest details of his life). "What do you think? Old Peter Fish wants me to paint his daughter's portrait."

Margaret looked up quickly and laid her hand on his.

"Oh, Oliver! Not Peter Fish! How do you know? That's the best thing that has happened yet. I know the girl—she will be an easy subject; she's exactly your type." There were still traces of Brookfield thrift to be found in Margaret.

"Just saw John Snedecor. Fish bought 'The Woman in Black.' He's delighted with it."

"Why, I thought it belonged to the Countess."

"So it did. She sold it."

"Sold it!"

"Yes. Does it surprise you?"

"No; I can't say that it does. I am glad, though, that it will stay in the country It's by far the best thing you or anybody else has done this season. I was

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afraid she would take it back with her. Poor woman! She has had a hard life, and it doesn't seem to get any better, from what I hear."

"You know the original, then, my dear?" asked Richard, holding out his second cup of tea for another lump of sugar, which Margaret in her excitement had forgotten.

"I know *of* her," answered Margaret, as she dropped it in; "and she knows me, but I've never met her. She's a Pole, and something of a painter, too. She studied in the same atelier where I was, but that was before I came to Paris. Her husband became mixed up in some political conspiracy and was sent to Siberia, and she was put across the frontier that same night. She is very popular in Paris; they all like her, especially the painters. There is nothing against her except her poverty." There could be nothing against any woman in Margaret's eyes. "But for her jewels she would have had as hard a time to get on as the rest of us. Now and then she parts with one of her pearls, and between times she teaches music. You must see the picture Oliver painted of her—it will delight you."

"Oh, but I have!" exclaimed Richard, laying down his cup. "We looked at it as we came up. It is really a great picture. He tells me it is the work of two hours and under gas-light."

"No, not altogether, father. I had a few hours on it the next day," interrupted Oliver.

"Strong, isn't it?" continued Margaret, without noticing Oliver's explanation. "It is really better in many ways than the girl in a Tam-o'-Shanter cap—the one he painted of me. That had some of Lely's qualities about it, especially in the flesh tones. He always tells me the inspiration to paint it came from an old picture belonging to his uncle. You know that, of course?" and she laid a thin sandwich on Nathan's plate.

"You mean Tilghman's Lely—the one in his house in Kennedy Square? Oh," said Richard, lifting his fingers in appreciation, "I know every line of it. It is one of the best Lelys I ever saw, and to me the gem of Tilghman's collection."

"Yes; so Ollie tells me," continued Margaret. "Now this picture of the Countess is to me very much more in Velasquez's method than in Lely's. Broader and stronger and with a surer touch. I have always told Ollie he was right to give up landscapes. These two pictures show it. There is really, Mr. Horn, no one on this side of the water who is doing exactly what Oliver is." She spoke as if she was discussing Page or Huntington or any other painter of the day, not as if it was her lover. "Did you notice how the lace was brushed in and all that work about the throat—especially the shadow tones?"

As to Richard, she treated him precisely as if he was one of the guild. His criticisms of her own work—for he had insisted on seeing her latest picture and had been even more enthusiastic over it than he had been over Oliver's—and his instant appreciation of the Lambinet, convinced her, even before he had finished the tour of the room, that the dear old gentleman was as much at home in her atmosphere as he was in that of his shop at home discussing scientific problems with some *savant*.

"I did, my dear. It is quite as you say," answered Richard, with great earnestness. "This 'Woman in Black,' as he calls it, is painted not only with sureness and with an intimate knowledge of the textures, but it seems to me he has the faculty of expressing with each stroke of his brush, as an engraver does with his burin, the rounds and hollows of his surfaces. And to think, too, my dear," he continued, "that most of it was done at night. The color tones, you know"—and his manner changed, and a more thoughtful expression came into his face—the scientist was speaking now—"are most difficult to manage at night. The color scale undergoes some very curious changes under artificial light, especially with a gas consuming as much carbon as our common carbureted hydrogen. The greens, by the absorption of the yellow rays, become the brighter, and the orange and red tones, from the same reason, the more intense, while the paler violets and, in fact, all the tertiaries, of a bluish cast lose——"

He stopped, as he caught a puzzled expression on her face. "Oh, what a dreadful person I am," he exclaimed, rising from his seat. "It is quite inexcusable in me. Please forgive me, my

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dear—I was really thinking aloud. Such ponderous learned words should be kept out of this delightful abode of the Muses, and then, I assure you, I really know so little about it, and you know so much." And he laughed softly, and made a little bow as a further apology.

"No. I don't know one thing about it, nor does any other painter I know," she laughed, blowing out the alcohol lamp, "not quite in the same way. And if I did I should want you to come every day and bring Mr. Gill with you to tell me about it." Whereupon Nathan, replying that nothing would give him more pleasure (he had been silent most of the time—somehow no one expected him to talk much when Richard was present), struggled to his feet at an almost imperceptible sign from the inventor, who suddenly remembered that his capitalists were waiting for him, pulled his old cloak about his shoulders and, with Richard leading the way, they all four moved out into the hall and stood in the open doorway.

When they reached the top stair outside the studio-door Richard stopped, took both of Margaret's hands in his, and said, in his kindest voice and in his gravest and most thoughtful manner, as he looked down into her face:

"My dear Miss Grant, may I tell you that I have to-day found in you the realization of one of my day dreams. And will you forgive an old man when he says how proud it makes him to know a woman who is brave enough to live the life you do. You are the forerunner of a great movement, my dear—the mother of a new guild. It is a grand and noble thing for a woman to sustain herself with work that she loves"—and the dear old gentleman, lifting his hat with the air of a courtier, betook himself down-stairs followed by Nathan, bowing as he went.

No wonder he rejoiced! Most of the dreams of his younger days were coming true. And now this woman—the beginning of a new era—the opening out of a new civilization. And ahead of it a National Art that the world would one day recognize!

He tried to express his delight to Oliver, and turned to find him, but Oliver was not there nor did he join his father for five minutes at least. That young gentleman—just as Richard and Nathan had reached the *bottom* of the second flight of stairs—had suddenly remembered something of the utmost importance which he had left in the *inner* room, and which he could not possibly find until Madge, waiting by the bannister, had gone back to help him look for it, and not then, until Mrs. Mulligan had left them both and shut the kitchen-door behind her. Yes, it was quite five minutes, or more, before Oliver clattered down-stairs after his guests, stopping but once to look up through the bannisters into Margaret's eyes—she was leaning over for the purpose—his open hand held up toward her as a sign that it was always at her command.

CHAPTER XXII

MR. MUNSON'S LOST FOIL

TENTH STREET, at seven o'clock one April night, for a quiet, orderly, well behaved and most dignified street was disgracing itself in a way that shocked its inhabitants. Cabs driving like mad were rattling over the cobbles, making their way toward the old Studio Building. Policemen were shouting to the drivers to keep in line. Small boys were darting in and out, peering into the cab windows and calling out to their fellows: "Ki Jimmy! see de Ingin wid de fedder-duster on his head"—or, "Look at de pill in de yaller shirt! My eye, ain't he a honey-cooler!"

At the entrance of the building, just inside the door where the crowd was thickest, stood two men in armor with visors down—stood so still, in fact, that the boys and bystanders thought they had been borrowed from some bric-a-brac shop until, in an unguarded moment, one plumed knight rested his tired leg with a rattling noise that sounded like a tin-peddler shifting his pack or the adjustment of a length of stovepipe.

Behind the speechless sentinels, leading into the narrow corridor, stretched a red carpet lined by rows of palms and evergreens and hung about with Chinese lanterns. At the end of this carpet opened a

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door that looked into a banquet hall as rich in color and as sumptuous in its interior fittings as an audience-chamber of the Doges at a time when Venice ruled the world.

The walls were draped with Venetian silks and Spanish velvets, against which were placed Moorish plaques, Dutch brass sconces holding clusters of candles, barbaric spears, bits of armor, pairs of fencing foils, old cabinets, and low, luxurious divans. Thrust up into the skylight, its gaff festooned with trawl-nets, drooped a huge sloop's sail, its graceful folds breaking the square lines of the ceiling. All about, suspended on long filigree chains, swung old church-lamps of brass or silver, burning ruby tapers.

In the centre of this glow of color stood a round table, its top covered with a white cloth, with covers laid for fifty guests. On this were placed, in orderly confusion, great masses of flowers heaped up in rare porcelain vases; silver candelabra bearing lighted candles; old Antwerp brass holding bon-bons and sweets; Venetian flagons filled with rare wines; Chinese and Japanese curios doing service as ash-receivers and match-safes; Delft platters for choice dishes; besides Flemish mugs, Bavarian glasses, George III. silver, and the like.

At the head of this sumptuous board was placed a chair of state, upholstered in red velvet, studded with brass rosettes, the corners of its high back surmounted by two upright gilt ornaments. This was to hold the Master of the Feast, the presiding officer who was to govern the merry spirits during the hours of the revel. In front of this royal chair was a huge stone mug crowned with laurel. This was guarded by two ebony figures, armed with drawn scimitars, which stood at each side of the throne-seat. From these guards of honor radiated two half-circles of lesser chairs, one for each guest—of all patterns and periods: old Spanish altar-seats in velvet, Dutch chairs in leather, Italian chairs in mother-of-pearl and ivory—all armless and quite low, so low that the costumed slaves, who were to wait on the royal guests, could serve the courses without having to reach over their backs.

Moving about the room, rearranging the curios on the cabinets, adding a bit of porcelain to the collection on the table, shifting the lights for better effect, lounging on the wide divans, or massed about the doorway welcoming the new arrivals as they entered, were Venetian nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, costumed with every detail correct, even to the jewelled daggers that hung at their sides, all genuine and of the period; cardinals in red hats and wonderful church robes, the candle-grease of the altar still clinging to their skirts; Spanish grandees in velvet and brocade; Indian rajahs in baggy silk trousers and embroidered waistcoats, with Kohinoors flashing from their turbans—not genuine this time but brilliant all the same; Shakespeares, Dantes (one of each), besides courtiers, nobles, gallants, and gentry of various climes and periods.

All this splendor of appointment, all these shaded candles, hanging-lamps, Venetian glass, antique furniture, rich costumes, Japanese curios, and assorted bric-a-brac, were gathered together and arranged thus sumptuously to add charm and lustre to a banquet given by the Stone Mugs to those of their friends most distinguished in their several professions of art, literature, and music.

Any banquet the Club gave was sure to be as unique as it was artistic. Sometimes it would be held in the hold of an abandoned vessel left high and dry on a lonely beach, which, under the deft touches of the artists of the Club, would be transformed in a night to the cabin of a buccaneer filled with the loot of a treasure ship.

Sometimes a canal boat, which the week before had been loaded with lime or potatoes, would be scoured out with a firehose, its deck roofed with awnings and hung with lanterns, its hatches lined with palms, and in the hold below a table spread of such surprising beauty, and in an interior so gorgeous in its appointments that each guest, as he descended the carpeted staircase leading from the deck above to the carpeted keelson below, would rub his eyes wondering whether he had been dreaming, and had suddenly awaked aboard Cleopatra's barge.

Again the Club would hold a Roman feast in one of Solari's upstairs rooms —the successor to Riley's of the old

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days—each man speaking ancient Latin with Tenth Street terminals, the servants dressed in tunics and sandals, and the members in togas. Or they would make a descent at midnight on Fulton Market and have their tomcods scooped from the fish-boxes alive and broiled to their liking while they waited; or they would take possession of Brown's or Farrish's for mugs of ale and English chops. But it was always one so different from any other function of its class that it formed the topic of the studios for weeks thereafter.

To-night it was the humor of the Club to reproduce as closely as possible, with the limited means at their disposal—for none of the Stone Mugs were rolling in wealth, nor did these functions require it—some one of the great banquets of former times, not to be historically or chronologically correct, but to express the artistic atmosphere of the occasion.

That there were certain unavoidable and easily detected shams under all this glamour of color and form did not lessen the charm of the present function.

Everybody, of course, knew before the evening was over, or could have found out had he tried, that the two knights in armor who guarded the outer entrance to this royal chamber, and who had been the target of the street-rats until they took their places at the inside door, were respectively Mr. Patrick McGinnis, who tended the furnace in the basement of the Tenth Street Studio Building, stripped for the occasion down to his red flannels, and Signore Luigi Bennelli, his Italian assistant.

Closer inspection of the two ebony blackamoors, with drawn scimitars, who guarded the royal chair at the head of the table, would have revealed the fact that they were not made of ebony at all, but of veritable flesh and blood—the blackamoor on the right being none other than Black Sam, the bootblack who shined shoes on the corner of the avenue, and his bloodthirsty pal on the left the kinky-haired porter who served the grocer next door; the only "*honest*" thing about either of them, to quote Waller, being the artistic clothes that they stood in.

Further continued investigation would have shown that every one of the wonderful things that made glad and glorious the big square room on the ground floor of the building, from the brass sconces on the walls to the hanging church lamps, with everything that their lights fell upon, had been gathered up that same morning from the several homes and studios of the members by old black Jerry, the official carman of the academy, and had been dumped in an indiscriminate heap on the floor of the banquet hall, where they had been disentangled and arranged by half a dozen of the painters of the Club; that the table and table-cloth had been borrowed from Solari's; that the very rare and fragrant old Chianti, the Club's private stock, was from Solari's own cellars *via* Duncan's, the grocer; and that the dinner itself was cooked and served by that distinguished boniface himself, assisted by half a dozen of his own waiters, each one wearing an original Malay costume selected from Stedman's collection and used by him in his great picture of the Sepoy mutiny.

Moreover, there was not the slightest doubt that the "Ingin" whom the boys had cheered in the street, and who was now bowing so gravely to the master of ceremonies, was no other than the distinguished Mr. Thomas Brandon Waller, himself "N.A., Knight of the Legion of Honor, Pupil of Piloty, etc., etc.;" that the high-class mandarin in the sacred yellow robe and peacock feather, who accompanied him, was Crug the 'cellist; that the bald-headed gentleman with the pointed beard, who looked the exact presentment of the divine William, was Munson; and that the gay young gallant in the Spanish costume was none other than our Oliver. The other nobles, cavaliers, and hidalgos were the less known members of the Club, who, in their desire to make the occasion a success, had fitted themselves to their costumes instead of attempting to fit the costumes to themselves, with the difference that each man not only looked the character he assumed but assumed the character he looked.

But no one, even the most knowing—no student of costumes, no reader of faces, no discerner of character, no acute observer of manners and times—in glancing over the motley company would have thought for one moment that, in all this atmosphere of real unrealism, the two old

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gentlemen who had just entered leaning on Oliver's arm—one in a brown coat with high velvet collar and fluffy silk scarf, and the other in a long, pen-wiper cloak which, at the moment was slipping from his shoulders—were genuine specimens of the period of to-day without a touch of make-up about them; that their old-time manners, even to the sweeping bows they both gave the master of ceremonies, as they entered the royal chamber, were their very own, part of their daily equipment, and that nothing in the gorgeous banquet hall, from the jewelled rapier belted to Oliver's side, and which had once graced the collection of a prince, down to the priceless bit of satsuma decorating the table and now stuffed full of cigarettes (the bit could be traced back to the Ming dynasty), were any more *veritable* or genuine, or any more representative of the best their periods afforded than these two quaint old gentlemen from Kennedy Square.

Had there been any doubt in the minds of any one of these wiseacres, either regarding their authenticity or their quality, he had only to listen to Oliver's presentation of his father and friend and to hear Richard say, in his most courteous manner and in his most winning voice:

"I have never been more honored, sir. It was more than kind of you to wish me to come. My only regret is that I am not your age, or I would certainly have appeared in a costume more befitting the occasion. I have never dreamed of so beautiful a place."

Or to see him lift his hand in astonishment as he swept his eye over the room, his arm still resting on the velvet sleeve of Oliver's doublet, and hear him add, in a half whisper:

"Wonderful! Wonderful! Such harmony of color; such an exquisite light. I am amazed at the splendor of it all. What Aladdin among you, my son, held the lamp that evoked all this beauty?"

Or still more convincing would it have been had you watched him moving about the room, shaking every man's hand in turn, Oliver mentioning their real names and their several qualifications, and afterward the characters they assumed, and Richard commenting on each profession in a way quite his own.

"A musician, sir," you could have heard him exclaim as he grasped Crug's hand, over which hung a fall of antique lace; "I have loved music all my days. It is an additional bond between us, sir. And the costume is quite in keeping with your art. How delightful it would be, my dear sir, if we could discard forever the sombre clothes of our day and go back to the velvets and silks of the past."

"Mr. Stedman, did you say, my son?" and he turned to Oliver. "You have certainly mentioned this gentleman's name to me before. If I do not mistake, he is one of your very old friends. There is no need of his telling me that you are *Gratiano*. I can quite understand now why *Jessica* lost her heart."

Or to see him turn to Jack Bedford with: "You don't tell me so! Mr. John Bedford, did you say, Oliver? Ah, but we should not be strangers, sir. If I am right, you are a fellow-townsman of ours, and have already distinguished yourself in your profession. Your costume is especially becoming to you, sir. What discernment you have shown. Permit me to say, that with you the old adage must be reversed—this time the man makes the clothes."

The same adage could really have been applied to this old gentleman's own dress, had he only known it. He had not altered it in twenty years, even after it had become a matter of comment among his neighbors in Kennedy Square.

"I always associate one's clothes with one's manners," he would say, with a smile. "If they are good, and suited to the occasion, best not change them." Nathan was of the same mind. The wide hat, long, evenly parted hair, and pen-wiper cloak could be traced to these same old-fashioned ideas. These idiosyncrasies excited no comment so far as Nathan was concerned. He was always looked upon as belonging to some antediluvian period, but with a progressive man like Richard the case, his neighbors thought, might have been different.

As Richard moved about the room, saluting each one in turn, the men in and out of costume—the guests were in evening dress—looked at each other and smiled at the old gentleman's quaint ways, but the old gentleman, with the same ease

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of manner and speech, continued on quite around the table, followed closely by Nathan, who limited his salutations to a timid shake of the fingers and the leaving of some word of praise or quaint greeting, that many of them remember even to this day.

These introductions over—Oliver had arrived on the minute—the ceremony of seating the guests was at once begun. This ceremony was one of great dignity, the two men-at-arms escorting the Master of the Feast, the Most High Pan-Jam, Frederico Stono, N.A., to his Royal Chair, guarded by the immovable blackamoors, the members and guests standing until His Royal Highness had taken his seat, and then dropping into their own. When everyone was in his place Richard found himself, to his delight, on the right of Fred and next to Nathan and Oliver—an honor accorded to him because of his age and relationship to one of the most popular members of the Club, and not because of his genius and attainments—these latter attributes being as yet unknown quantities in that atmosphere. The two thus seated together under the especial care of Oliver—a fact which relieved the master of ceremonies of any further anxiety on their account—were to a certain extent left to themselves, the table being too large for general conversation except with one's neighbors.

The seat in which he had been placed exactly suited Richard's frame of mind. With an occasional word to Fred, he sat quite still, talking now and then in low tones to Nathan, his eyes taking in every detail of the strange scene.

While Nathan saw only the color and beauty of it all, Richard's keener mind was analyzing the causes that had led up to such a gathering, and the skill and taste with which the banquet had been carried out. He felt assured that the men who could idle so luxuriously, and whose technical knowledge had perfected the artistic effects about him, could also work at their several professions with equal results. He was glad that Oliver had been found worthy enough to be admitted to such a circle. He loved, too, to hear his son's voice and watch the impression his words made on the room. As the evening wore on, and he listened to his banter, or caught the point of the jests that he parried and heard his merry laugh, he would slip his hand under the table and pat his boy's knee with loving taps of admiration, prouder of him than ever. His own pleasures so absorbed him that he continued to sit almost silent, except for a word now and then to Nathan or a monosyllable to Fred.

The guests who were near enough to observe the visitors closely soon began to look upon Richard and Nathan as two quaint, harmless, exceedingly well-bred old gentlemen, rather provincial in appearance and a little stilted in their manners, who, before the evening was over, would, perhaps, become tired of the gayety, ask to be excused, and betake themselves to bed. All of which would be an eminently proper proceeding in view of their extreme age and general infirmities, old gentlemen of three score years or thereabouts appearing more or less decrepit to athletes of five and twenty.

Waller was the only man who really seemed to take either of them seriously. After a critical examination of Richard's head in clear relief under the soft light of the candles, he leaned over to Stedman and said, in a half whisper, nodding toward Richard :

"Stedman, old man, take that in for a minute. Strong, isn't it ? Wouldn't you like to paint him as a blessed old Cardinal in a red gown ? See how fine the nose is, and the forehead. Best head I've seen anywhere. Something in that old fellow."

The dinner went on. The Malays in scarlet and yellow served the dishes and poured the wine with noiseless regularity. The men at arms at each side of the door rested their legs. The two blackamoors, guarding the High Pan-Jam's chair, and who had been promised double pay if they kept still during the entire evening, had not so far winked an eyelid. Now and then a burst of laughter would start from one end of the table, leap from chair to chair, and end in a deafening roar in which the whole room joined. Each man was at his best. Fred, with entire gravity, and with his sternest and most High Pan-Jam expression, told, just after the fish was served, a story of a negro cook at camp so true to life and in so perfect a dialect that the right-hand blackamoor doubled him-

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self up like a jack-knife, much to the astonishment of those on the far side of the big round table, who up to that moment had firmly believed them to be studio properties with ebony heads screwed on bodies of iron wire, the whole stuffed with curled hair. Bianchi, who had come in late, clothed in a Burgomaster's costume and the identical ruff that Oliver had expected to paint him in the night when the Countess took his place, was called to account for piecing out his dress with a pair of breeches a century behind his coat and hat, and had his voice drowned in a roar of protests before he could explain.

Batterson, the big baritone of the Club, Batterson with the resonant voice, surpassed all his former efforts by singing, when the cheese and salads were served, a Bedouin love-song, with such power and pathos and to the accompaniment of a native instrument so skilfully handled that the room rose to its feet, waving napkins, and the great Carvalho, the famous tenor —a guest of Crug's, each member could invite one guest—who was singing that week at the Academy of Music, left his seat and, circling the table, threw his arms about the singer in undisguised admiration.

When the cigars and *liqueurs* had been passed around—these last were poured from bubble-blown decanters and drunk from the little cups flecked with gold that Boudoin had found in an old shop in Ravenna—the chairs were wheeled about or pushed back, and the members and guests rose from the table and drifted to the divans lining the walls, or threw themselves into the easy-chairs that were being brought from the corners by the waiters.

The piano, with the assistance of the two now crest-fallen and disappointed blackamoors, was pushed from its place against the wall; Crug's 'cello was stripped of its green baize bag and Simmons's violin case opened and his Stradivarius placed beside it. The big table, bearing the wreck of the feast, more captivating even in its delightful disorder than it had been in its orderly confusion, was then, with the combined help of all the Malays, moved gently back against the wall, so as to widen the space around the piano, its *débris* left undisturbed by special orders from the Royal Chair, the rattling of dishes while their fun was in progress being one of the things which the Club could not tolerate.

What is so fascinating, by the way, or so picturesque, as a dinner-table wrecked by good cheer and hospitality? The stranded, crumpled napkins, the bunching together of half and wholly emptied glasses, each one marking a period of content—the low candles, with half dried tears still streaming down their cheeks (tears of laughter, of course); the charming disorder of cups on plates and the piling up of dishes one on the other—all such a protest against the formality of the beginning! and all so suggestive of the lavish kindness of the host. A wonderful object-lesson is a wrecked dinner-table, if one cares to study it.

While all this rearranging of the banquet hall was going on, Simmons was busying himself putting a new bridge under the strings of his violin, tightening its bow, and testing the condition of his instrument by that see-saw, harum-scarum flourish so common to all virtuosos. (No function of the Club was ever complete without music.) The men settled themselves comfortably in their seats, Oliver, Richard, and Nathan together, the gay costumes of the members, and the black coats and white shirt-fronts of the guests presenting a picture as rich in color as it was strong in contrast.

Silence now fell upon the room, the slightest noise when Simmons played being an unpardonable sin. The waiters were ordered either to become part of the wall decoration or to betake themselves to the outside hall, or to the North Pole, a suggestion of Waller's when one of them rattled some glasses he was carrying on a tray.

Simmons tucked a handkerchief in the band of his collar, balanced his bow for an instant, looked around the room, and asked, in a modest, obliging way:

"What shall it be, fellows?"

"Better give us Bach. The aria on the G strings," answered Waller.

"No, Chopin," cried Fred.

"No, you wooden-head, Bach's aria," whispered Waller. "Don't you know that is the best thing he does?"

"Bach it is then," answered Simmons, tucking his instrument under his chin

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As the music filled the room, Richard settled himself on one of the large divans between Nathan and Oliver, his head lying back on the cushions, his eyes half closed. If the table with its circle of thoughtful and merry faces, had set his brain to work, the tones of Simmons's violin had now stirred his very soul. Music was the one thing in the world he could not resist.

He had never heard the aria better played. He had no idea that anyone since Ole Bull's time could play it so well. Really, the surprises of this wonderful city were becoming greater to him every hour. Nathan, too, had caught the infection as he sat with body bent forward, his head on one side listening intently.

When the last note of Simmons's violin had ceased vibrating, Richard sprang to his feet with all the buoyancy of a boy and grasped the musician by the hand.

"My dear sir, you really astound me! Your tone is most exquisite, and I must also thank you for the rendering. It is one quite new to me. Ole Bull played it, you remember—excuse me"—and he picked up Simmons's violin where he had laid it on the piano, tucked it under his chin, and there floated out through the room, as a bird suddenly bursts into song, half a dozen liquid notes, so clear and sweet that all eyes were instantly directed toward the quaint old gentleman, who still stood with uplifted bow, the violin in his hand.

"Where the devil did he learn to play like that?" said one member to another. "Why I thought he was an inventor."

The quaint old gentleman in the high collar and fluffy silk scarf, with the silver-white hair and the sweet, thoughtful face, was looming up into prominence!

"Keep your toes in your pumps, gentlemen," said Waller under his breath to some men beside him, at he sat hunched up in the depths of an old Spanish arm-chair. He had not taken his eyes from Richard while the music went on. "We're not half through with this old fellow. One thing I've found out, any how—that's where this beggar Horn got his voice."

Simmons was not so astounded; if he was he did not show it. He had recognized the touch of a musician in the very first note that came from the strings, just as the painters of the Club had recognized the artist in the first line of the Countess's brush.

"Yes, you're right, Mr. Horn," said Simmons, as Richard handed him back the instrument. "Now I come to think of it, I do remember having heard Ole Bull phrase it in that way you have. Stop a moment; take my violin again and play the air. There's another instrument here which I can use. I brought it for one of my orchestra, but he has not turned up yet," and he opened a cabinet behind him and took out a violin and bow.

Richard laughed as he again picked up Simmons's instrument from the piano where he had laid it.

"What an extraordinary place this is," he said as he adjusted the maestro's violin to his chin. "It fills me with wonder. Everything you want seems to be within reach of your hand. You take a bare room and transform it into a dream of beauty; you touch a spring in a sixteenth century cabinet, and out comes a violin. Marvellous! Marvellous!" and he sounded the strings with his bow. "And a wonderful instrument too," he continued, as he tightened one of his strings, his acute ear having detected a slight inaccuracy of pitch.

"I'm all ready, Mr. Simmons; now, if you please."

If the Club and its guests had forgotten the old gentleman an hour before, the old gentleman had now quite forgotten them.

He played simply and easily, Simmons joining in, picking out the accompaniment, entirely unaware that anybody was listening, as unaware as he would have been had only the white-haired mistress been present, and perhaps Malachi stepping noiselessly in and out. When he ceased, and the audience had broken out into exclamations of delight, he looked about him as if surprised, and then, suddenly remembering the cause of it all, said, in a low, gentle voice, and with a pleasant smile: "I don't wonder you're delighted, gentlemen. It is to me the most divine of all his creations. There is only one Bach." That his hand had held the bow and that the merit of its expression lay with him, never seemed to have entered his head

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When the applause had died out, and Oliver with the others had crowded around his father to congratulate him, the young fellow's eyes fell upon Nathan, who was still sitting on the long divan, his head resting against the wall, his trembly legs crossed one over the other, the thin hands in his lap—Richard's skill was a never-ending delight to Nathan, and he had not lost a note that his bow had called out. The flute-player had kept so quiet since the music had begun, and had become so much a part of the decorations—like one of the old chairs with its arms held out, or a white-faced bust staring from out a dark corner, or some portrait that looked down from the tapestries and held its peace—that almost everyone had forgotten his presence.

The attitude of the old man—always a pathetic one, brought back to Oliver's mind some memory from out his boyhood days. Suddenly a forgotten strain from Nathan's flute floated through his brain, some strain that had vibrated through the old rooms in Kennedy Square. Springing to his feet and tiptoeing to the door, he passed between the two men in armor—rather tired knights by this time, but still on duty—ran down the carpeted hall between the lines of palms and up one flight of stairs. Then came a series of low knocks. A few minutes later he bounded in again, his rapier in his hand to give his legs freer play.

"I rapped up Mitchell, who's sick in his studio upstairs, and got his flute," he whispered to Waller. "If you think my father can play you should hear Uncle Nat Gill," and he walked toward Nathan, the flute held out toward him.

The old gentleman woke to consciousness at the sight of the instrument, and a slight flush overspread his face.

"Oh, Oliver! Really, gentlemen—I—of course, I love the instrument, but here among you all—" and he looked up in a helpless way.

"No, no, Uncle Nat," cried Oliver, pressing the flute into Nathan's hand. "We won't take any excuse. There is no one in my town, gentlemen," and he faced the others, "who can play as he does. Please, Uncle Nat—just for me; it's so long since I heard you play," and he caught hold of Nathan's arm to lift him to his feet

Oliver's announcement caused a stir as great as Richard's performance. A certain curiosity took possession of the room, quite distinct from the spirit of merriment which had characterized it before. Many of the men now left their seats and began crowding about the piano, red cardinals, cavaliers, nobles, and black-coated guests looking over each other's shoulders. Everybody was getting more and more mystified.

"Really, Fred," whispered Waller, who still sat quietly watching the two visitors—he had not taken his eyes from them since Richard in his enthusiasm sprang forward to grasp Simmons's hand—"this is the most ridiculous thing I ever saw in my life. First comes this fossil thoroughbred who outplays Simmons, and now comes this old nut-cracker with his white tow-hair sticking out in two straight mops, who is going to play the flute! What in thunder is coming next? Pretty soon one of them will be pulling rabbits out of somebody's ears, or rubbing gold watches into canary birds."

Nathan took the flute from Richard's outstretched hand, bowed in a timid way like a school-boy about to speak a piece, turned it over carefully, tried the silver keys to see that they responded easily to the pressure of his fingers, and raised it to his lips. Richard picked up the violin and whispered to Munson, with whom he had been talking—the one member who could play the piano as well as he could paint or fence—who nodded his head in assent.

Then, with Richard leading, the four—one of the guests—a 'cellist of distinction took Unger's place—began Max's arrangement of the overture to "Fidelio"—the one Richard and Nathan had played so often together in the old parlor in Kennedy Square, with Miss Clendenning and Unger—an arrangement which had now become known to most musical amateurs.

There is not a man yet alive who has forgotten the tones of Nathan's flute as they soared that night through the clouds of tobacco-smoke that filled the great banquet hall. Every shade and gradation of tone was a delight. Now soft as the cooing of doves, now low as the music of a brook rippling over the shal-

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lows and again swelling into song like a chorus of birds rejoicing in the coming of spring.

Not until the voice in the slender instrument had become silent and the last note of Richard's bow had ceased reverberating—not, in fact, until both men had laid down their instruments, and had turned from the piano—did the room seem to recover from the spell that had bound it. Even then there was no applause; no clapping of hands nor stamping of feet. There followed, from members and guests alike, only a deep, pent-up sigh and a long breath of relief, as if from a strain unbearable. Simmons, who had sat with his head buried in his hands, gave no other sign of his approval than rising from his chair, taking Nathan's thin hand in his own and grasping it tightly, without a word. Stedman blurted out, in a low voice to himself: "My God! Who ever heard anything like that?" and remained fixed to his seat. As for Richard and Nathan, they resumed their places on the divan as men who had read a message not their own to willing ears.

Another, and quite a different mood now took possession of the room. Somehow the mellow tones of Nathan's flute had silenced the spirit of rollicking buffoonery which had pervaded the evening.

The black-coated guests, with superlative praise of the good time they had had, and with renewed thanks for the privilege, began to bid Fred, the Master of Ceremonies, good-night. Soon only the costumed members, with Richard and Nathan, were left. So far from being tired out with the night's diversion, these two old gentlemen seemed to have just wakened up.

Those remaining drew their chairs together, lighted fresh cigars, and sat down to talk over the events of the evening. Richard related an anecdote of Macready when playing the part of *Hamlet*. Stedman told of the graceful manner in which Booth, a few months before, in the same part, had handed the flageolet to the musicians, and the way the words fell from his lips, "You would play upon me." Oliver cut in with a description of the great tragedian's first night at the Winter Garden after his seclusion—addressing his words rather to his father than to the room—acting the scene as he talked, and in his tight-fitting doublet, looking not unlike the tragedian himself—a night when the whole house rose to greet their favorite and cheered and roared and pounded everything within reach of their hands and feet for twenty minutes, while Booth stood with trembling knees, the tears rolling down his cheeks. Munson remarked with some feeling—he was an intimate friend of the actor—that he remembered the night perfectly, having sat behind Oliver, and that Booth was not only the most accomplished actor but the best swordsman ever seen on the American or any other stage: Munson, an expert fencer himself when he was a student at Heidelberg, as was evidenced by the scar on his left cheek, and so thought himself competent to judge.

While Munson was speaking the great Waller had risen from his seat for the first time, and, gathering his gorgeous raiment closer about him, had crossed the room, and now stood filling a thin glass from a Venetian flagon that graced the demoralized table.

"Booth's a swordsman, is he?" he said, pushing back his turban from his forehead, and walking toward Munson, glass in hand, his baggy trousers and tunic making him look twice his regular size. You know as much about fencing, Munson, as you do about the lost tribes of Israel. "Booth handles his foil as a policeman does a rattan cane in the pit of the Bowery. Forrest is the only man in this country who can handle a blade."

"I do, do I?" cried Munson, springing to his feet and unhooking a pair of foils decorating the wall. "Stop where you are, you caricature of Nibboo Khan, or I'll run you through the body and pin you to the wall like a beetle, where you can kick to your heart's content. Here, catch this," and he tossed one of the foils to Waller.

"A ring! A ring!" cried the men, with one of those sudden inspirations that often swept over them, jumping from their seats and pushing back the chairs and music-racks to give the contestants room.

Waller laid down his wine-glass, slipped off his turban and gold embroidered tunic with great deliberation, threw them over to Oliver, who caught them in his arms, tightened his sash, grasped the foil in his

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fat hand, and with great gravity made a savage lunge at the counterfeit presentment of William Shakespeare, who parried his blow without moving from where he stood. Thereupon the lithe, well-built young fellow teetered his foil in the air, and with great nicety pinked his fat antagonist in the stomach, selecting a gilt band just above his sash as the point of contact.

A mock battle now ensued, Munson chasing Waller about the room, the members roaring with laughter, Richard with Oliver's assistance having mounted the divan to see the better, clapping his hands like any boy and shouting, "Bravo! Bravo! Now the uppercut, now the thrust! Ah, well done. Capital! Capital!"

Oliver listened in wonder to the strange expressions that dropped from his father's lips. Up to that moment he had never known that the old gentleman had ever touched a foil in his life.

The next instant Richard was on the floor again, commiserating with Waller, who was out of Munson's reach and out of breath with laughter, and congratulating Munson on his skill as a swordsman.

"I only noticed one flaw, my dear Mr. Munson, in your handling," he cried, with a graceful wave of the hand, "and that may be due to your more modern way of fencing. Pardon me"—and he picked up Waller's foil where he had dropped it, and the fine wrist with the nimble fingers, that had served him so well all his days, closed over the handle of the foil. "The thrust in the old days was made *so*. You, I think, made it *so*"—and two flashes at different angles gleamed in the candlelight.

Munson, as if to humor the old gentleman, threw up his foil, made a pass or two, and, to his intense astonishment, received the button of Richard's foil on his black velvet jacket and within an inch of his heart.

Everybody on the floor at once circled about the contestants. The spectacle of an old gentleman in a snuff-colored coat and high collar, having a bout with a short gentleman in shorter velvet trunks, silk hose, and steel buckles, was one too droll and too exhilarating to lose—anachronistic it was, yet quite in keeping with the surroundings What was more exhilarating still was the extreme punctiliousness with which the old gentleman raised the handle of his foil to his chin after he had made his point, and saluted his antagonist as if he had been some knight of King Arthur's table.

Still more fascinating was the way in which the younger man settled down to work, his brow knit, his lips tightly closed, the members widening out to give them room, Oliver and Nathan cheering the loudest of them all as Richard's foil flashed in the air, parrying, receiving, now up, now down, his right foot edging closer, his dear old head bent low, his deep eyes fixed on his young antagonist, until, with a quick thrust of his arm and a sudden upward twist of his hand, he wrenched Munson's foil from his grasp and sent it flying across the room,

Best of all was the joyful yet apologetic way with which Richard sprang forward and held out his hand to Munson, crying out, as he grasped it:

"A fluke, my dear Mr. Munson; quite a fluke, I assure you. Pray forgive me. A mere lucky accident. My old fencing-master, Martini, taught me that trick. I thought I had quite forgotten it. Just think! it is forty years since I have had a foil in my hands," and, laughing like a boy, he crossed the room, picked up the foil, and, bowing low, handed it to the crestfallen man with the air of a gallant.

Half the Club, costumed as they were—it was now after midnight, and there were but few people in the streets—escorted the two old men back to their hotel, Munson walking beside Richard, Waller, his flowing skirts tucked up inside his overcoat, on the right of Nathan, Oliver, Fred, and the others following behind, the hubbub of their talk filling the night. Even when they reached the side door of the hotel and rang up the night porter, they must still stand on the sidewalk listening to Richard's account of the way the young gallants were brought up in his day; of the bouts with the foils; and of the duels which were fought.

When the last good-byes had been given, and Oliver had waved his rapier from the doorstep as a final farewell to his fellow members before he saw his father

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and Nathan up-stairs to bed, and the delighted escort had turned on their heels to retrace their steps up Broadway, Waller slipped his arm into Munson's and said, in his most thoughtful tone, one entirely free from cynicism or badinage:

"What a lovely pair of old duffers. Who would have thought they'd pan out as they did? Bohemia, after all, Munson. There is only one true the world over. We think we've got it, but we haven't. Their kind—the old kind—is the best!"

(To be concluded.)

WIND ON THE MOUNTAIN

By Joseph Russell Taylor

SUDDENLY fallen in blue enchanted weather,
Like a sea at its highest heave and farthest run,
Blue beyond blue, asleep, in the wind and sun,
The mountains! Here, with only our arms for tether,
In the rose-heaped laurel and ankle-deep in the heather,
With the wind on the mountain are we o'er a world at rest,
The wind in your wild skirts binding us breast to breast,
Blowing your hair in my face as we cling together.
Close in my arms! If now at the wind's wild prime,
If we should be snatched on the wind's wild wildest sweep,
Snatched and whirled and blown as light as a feather,
Up and away from our bride-bloomed summit of time,
Out and afar where the peaks of eternity sleep,
We may vanish at least and fall at the last together.

THE POINT OF VIEW

SOME months ago the opinion was expressed in these pages that the rapid progress of "Teutonizing" in American education was a not unmixed blessing. In truth, Teutonism, here as elsewhere, has the defects of its qualities. And some good German judges have been warning our Teutonized professors of pedagogics that they were in danger of reproducing the defects without the qualities.

"Anglicizing" in Education.

To this tendency the immense educational foundation established by the will of Cecil Rhodes can scarcely fail to have an antidotal effect. A hundred scholarships of $1,500 a year each must necessarily turn in the direction of that provision the minds of a large multiple of a hundred American youths. Considering the common result of a scholastic or other competition in this country for pecuniary advantages, it might seem that the founder, intending to Anglicize, by way of anti-Teutonizing, might have succeeded in Hebraizing without meaning it. But this assumption may be held to be dispelled by his solicitude for "all-roundness" and against book-worminess. When scholarship, in competition for a scholarship, is to count but four points in ten, it will be easy to circumvent the single-minded grubber. If the candidate's capacity to "take punishment" is thoroughly investigated, by means of a twenty-four foot ring and other appropriate apparatus, the cadets

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of the Military Academy would doubtless take higher rank than any but the most indurated football players of the civic cloister, and, at any rate, the danger to which we have referred be largely obviated.

The codiciliary bestowal of scholarships upon Germany has been singularly received in that country, where the attitude of the professorial mind seems to be partly of stupefaction at the notion of the wicked prodigality of an allowance of three hundred sterling, reduced to reichsmarks, for an undergraduate, and of resentment at the anti-Teutonizing tendencies of the testator, and his preference for the Isis, as a fountain of knowledge, over Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Deutschland. One hyper-æsthetic German commentator goes so far as to suggest that the provision was "a covert insult to Germany."

It is a characteristic difference of points of view that is indicated by the fact that, whereas the Germans stand astonished at Mr. Rhodes's immoderation of provision for his students, the head of one of the most expensive Oxford colleges should be publishing his observation that while an undergraduate may, with economy, get on in term time, that is to say for half the year, at Oxford on the avails of a Rhodes scholarship, he for his part does not see how the youth is to subsist in vacation, unless upon "private means." The pittance is hardly adequate to maintain a single hunter. But then "a studious man of Christ Church" is as rare a bird, and as like a black swan, as he was when Bolingbroke perpetuated one of him.

"Private means" do indeed seem to underlie the whole fabric of British society, at least of society with a capital S. It has lately been emphasized that the British army reposes upon that basis, insomuch that none of its regimental officers is supposed, or finds it feasible, to live on his pay. But this disclosure that an undergraduate preparing himself for the leisure of life cannot do it at Oxford on much more than the earnings of the average man, either here or there, is calculated to give the young American pause, and much more the old American "Three years at Oxford, my boy, will teach you something of what rank and money count for, if they teach you nothing else," says one character in "Tom Brown" to another. Yale or Harvard will inculcate quite sufficiently the same lesson as to money, and it is hardly desirable that the male young American should be more greatly impressed than at present with the privileges and immunities of the rank which his sex puts out of his reach. There are but two thoroughly democratic places of education in the United States as it is, the Naval and the Military academies, only two in which "private means" are not allowed in any way to count. It would seem to be the duty of educational reformers to increase and multiply such, rather than to encourage resort to institutions where private means count for so much more. "English university education," said Froude, himself one of its notable products, "fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman, but I know not for what other," or words to that effect. By another British authority, "gentlemanly deportment and cricket" are said to be the arts which flourish most at Eton. And at Oxford the same authority has perverted Byron to observe:

There are our young barbarians all at play.

In spite of these expert testimonies against Anglicizing in education, it is not deniable that scholarship is attainable at Oxford, nor that an Oxford Don is more a man of the world, has much more of the "terity" and rotundity of Mr. Rhodes's intended "all-roundedness," than the corresponding Teutonic functionary. One would go to Oxford with more confidence than to any of the German seats of special knowledge to exemplify the "Anglo-Saxon" ideal of a "scholar and a gentleman." Doubtless proper methods of selection would find a hundred American youths to whom, and to whose country, the Anglican training would be highly beneficial. But how tremendous is the responsibility of the selectors!

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THE FIELD OF ART

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AMERICAN ART

MY DEAR R. S.: The first thing to do in writing briefly, as you have asked me to do, about the fine arts in the United States in the past twenty or twenty-five years and the conclusions I have reached, is to consider our showing in some of the largest exhibitions in which American art has been represented through some process of selection. I prefer not to speak of any such that I have not carefully studied, and so I shall not go farther back than the Paris Exposition of 1878. Here our art was not so completely shown as it might have been, but its condition at the time was fairly well represented in a small collection which included works by the men of solid reputation at home, some by younger men recently returned from study in Europe, and others by artists who were then permanently established in European residence. This collection compared unfavorably, as a whole, in technical merit with the work shown by other great nations. It compared more favorably with them in individuality. Our section was, however, unimportant as a factor in the whole great display. In 1889, at the Paris Universal Exposition, the United States occupied four galleries, and in point of size our exhibition was first among the foreign nations. In reviewing the Paris Exposition of 1889 I wrote as follows in *The Nation*: "The exhibition of American art at the Champ de Mars is a most creditable one, and I have no hesitation in affirming that in interest, in technical excellence, and in individuality it is second to none except the French. The number of artists who are well trained in the *métier* is surprisingly large in proportion to what it is in other countries, and there are so many who are masters of technique, and so many others who, though they are not always that, are remarkable for well-defined originality of conception and individuality in their methods of expression, that the exhibition is one well worth seeing on account of its importance in this vast collection of the world's art . . There can be no doubt that we are on the right road, that we are laying sound foundations, and that some of the superstructure already to be seen is well built and beautiful; and we are justified in hoping that the day is not far off when it will be admitted that American art can hold its own with any other, and that it will then be supported and encouraged at home as it deserves." Though the sculpture exhibition was very small, it was plain to be seen at that time that our sculptors were going to take a very high place in contemporary art.

The "day not far off" came, so that he who ran could read, at the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893. I reviewed this exhibition also for *The Nation*, and wrote: "I shall review the American and the French sections first because of the preponderating importance of the French school in modern art and its great influence for good on our own artists, and because the American exhibition in general interest, and to a considerable extent in technical achievement, is the best of all those at Chicago." I had pointed out in a preceding paragraph that the French section was not as fine as the one in Paris in 1889, simply because it was much less complete. It was, however, a large and fairly representative exhibition of French art. I quote again: "Before speaking of the pictures, however, it will be proper to consider the sculpture. . . . The United States exhibition is on the whole excellent. . . . It is next in importance and general excellence to the French. The other nations, it may be noted here, present scarcely anything of value. . . . It must be most gratifying to Americans to find our sculptors making such an excellent showing at Chicago. The works just enumerated, taken in connection with the decorative groups and figures on the buildings and in the grounds, . . . prove that we have made as great, though not as general, progress in this as in painting."

We had many large pictures at Chicago, most of them painted by our artists resident abroad, and most of them depicting figure subjects. The home artists exhibited the largest number of portraits and many of the best of them. Almost all the landscapes in the exhibition were by home artists, and it

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was apparent that the excellence of our work in this field was largely due to home influences. Summing up, I wrote of the landscapes: "The landscapes in the American section are extremely good, and one has but to walk through the galleries of the other nations after looking at them to feel how good they are."

At the Paris Exposition, 1900, the pictures by American artists were hung in seven galleries. The sculpture filled an extensive and prominent section of the great, glass-roofed court of the Grand Palais, while some pieces were placed in the gardens. I reviewed the fine arts exhibition at Paris in 1900 for *The Sun*. I quote a passage from my second letter in a series of ten: "It is well to say at this point that the United States section is, all things considered, the most satisfactory suite of galleries to visit in the whole show. . . . Our exhibition, in spite of the absence of representation by some of the best men in New York, is sufficiently complete to be very impressive, and the general average of the work is so high that it must command admiration from all cultivated visitors." The jury of awards complimented us by giving to the United States artists more recompenses than to those of any other nation, although our closest competitors, Great Britain and Germany, made notably fine exhibitions.

You spent several days, my dear R. S., at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last year, and you doubtless remember that in our talks about the Exhibition of Fine Arts you spoke in praise of the group system as carried out in that exhibition. Nearly every painter of United States citizenship, whether resident at home or abroad, who has made what may be called a record, or has such a considerable number of admirers and followers as to entitle him to a place in an exhibition that was planned to be catholic as well as complete, was represented in our galleries. There were as many as nine or ten pictures by some of these artists, five or six by many more, and so on, down to those who had but a single work. In most cases such a single work was one of the painter's very best.

Our sculpture consisted of no less than 194 exhibits, and many of these were heroic or life-sized figures or groups. It was a costly undertaking to bring them there, set them up, and send them home again; but I felt that no complete exhibition of American art in its present flourishing condition could be made without a comparatively full display of the work of our sculptors, who have in modern art no rivals worthy of serious consideration but the French. The award of a special diploma, "above and apart from all other awards," to Augustus Saint Gaudens shows how high a place was held by sculpture. It was a grand thing that the highest award of all at the Pan-American was given to an artist. More than that, it was created for him, for a gold medal was the highest class of recompense in the regular awards. We had a room full of beautiful water-colors; we had a complete and beautiful exhibition of wood-engravings, and we had drawings and etchings (including twenty-two of Mr. Whistler's) by all our eminent artists who have won reputation in the field of black and white. There were 1,651 works in the United States exhibition, the exhibitors in the four groups numbering 655. As I have been quoting from what I have written about other expositions, I may here quote a paragraph from a note published in our illustrated catalogue: "The group system in the hanging of pictures is a feature of this exhibition, and it is owing in part to following this system of placing several works by the same artist in a group on the walls that the co-operation of a number of eminent artists was secured who are unwilling to lend to exhibitions where only one or two examples of their work may be shown, or where, if they have a larger number, these works may be widely scattered. The exhibition of sculpture should prove to be a revelation to those who have not closely followed the wonderful progress made in recent years by American sculptors."

It is now a matter of history, since the jury of awards for fine arts reported that this exhibition was "the most complete and representative exhibition of American art ever got together," and the critics of our most prominent journals expressed their appreciation in similar terms, that those who make opinion found at the Pan-American Exhibition of Fine Arts proof of the assertion which has often been made by the supporters of American art that we rank with any contemporary school, and that we perhaps lead them all in individuality. The limits within which this letter must be confined do not permit me to speak in detail of the splendid achievements of many of our great painters and sculptors. I am convinced that we lack neither talent nor skill, that in our best schools the instruction

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is sane and sound, and I believe, moreover, that the artists of the United States—those whose head-quarters are in New York especially—are more loyally supported than the artists of any other country. I know that large sums of money are spent by our wealthy men for old masters, some of which are genuine and others spurious; but we do not compete with this class of work. Nor do we, the living artists, compete with those who are dead; but I venture to say that there is as much eagerness on the part of some of our collectors to obtain fine pictures by Inness, Wyant, Homer Martin, or Wyatt Eaton as there is on the part of others to secure important works by Corot, Millet, Rousseau, or Daubigny. We have everything in our favor, except that the conditions under which we live do not conduce to the tranquil pursuit of our profession. There are but few of us who find it possible to work uninterruptedly in the studio, because the strenuous life in this great city calls upon us to do many things which take time from our work. The conditions which surround us hurry us too much, and I think we have too many exhibitions. We should gain very much if our exhibitions were more centralized; for the effect of one great annual art exhibition in New York, if such an exhibition could be held, would make a deeper impression than the scattered displays which continue as now from November to May. We have more exhibitions in New York, large and small, than in any other art centre in the world. I wish we could have a permanent one—a museum collection—which should consist of works by our best painters and sculptors. There should be plaster casts in it, or replicas, of monuments by the latter which are erected in other cities.

I should not acquit myself of what you have asked me to do if I abstained altogether from criticism. Let me speak, therefore, as briefly as possible, of some of the qualities in which our art seems to me to be deficient, emphasizing once more before I do so its great general excellence and the fine achievements of some of those whose names we should all put down if we were to make a list of our greatest men. Our landscape painting, judged by the highest possible standard, is, I think, often lacking in the highest forms of dignity and style. The absence of fine lines is particularly noticeable. The autumn season, with its reds, browns, yellows, and grays, is seen to be a favorite subject, and the spring motives are likewise in great favor. The spring pictures are too often merely pretty, and the autumn pictures too often merely "rich." The beautiful summer greens and the depiction of noble trees near to the spectator in the perspective are pretty generally avoided. How fine a green picture can be made we may see when we look at Inness's "Summer Silence." We have no living artist who can paint a picture as fine as that. Some of our landscape painters, again, seem to be too intent on obtaining what may be called decorative effect, which is secured by agreeable arrangement of color, and fail to be moved by the grand beauty of fine lines. They miss the virility produced by firm, strong drawing.

None too numerous are the painters who, in treating subject pictures (I refer to easel pictures, and not mural painting), have the patience, perseverance, and grit to carry their work through the suggestive stages on beyond into completeness, where form suggested must become form well defined, and color massed without much detail must become color "holding good" after it has passed through many modifications of light and shade, and covering many pieces of modelling where form must be, if not *exact*, yet so nearly so as to give the semblance of truth. There is too much suggestion, and too much giving only what may be given in a very conscientious and at the same time skilful sketch, and too little of vanquishing the manifold difficulties which constitute a performance which may be called complete. The nude is so little painted in our country, unfortunately, that no critical reference need be made to this noble class of subjects. It is deplorable, but we may hope that it will not be so at some later period. In portraits, as in landscapes, our artists have reached a very high plane. There is, however, I feel convinced, too little thought of dignity and style and too little appreciation of the value of fine lines. We are not by any means alone in all this, for other schools are as bad in this respect as our own. What is best in portraiture in all the world's art we find in the works of Titian, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. There can be no disputing the pre-eminent rank of these magnificent three, and I refrain from adding any other great name. We may have more personal sympathy with the art of any one of these three than with the art of any two others, but nearly all artists will agree, I think,

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that their works are so fine as to serve as examples of what is best. Do the modern painters of to-day, with all their new knowledge, succeed in rivalling them? I can think of a few masters who form no mean company for them, including the late Paul Baudry for one, and one of our compatriots who dwells in London for another; but how seldom do we find sincere attempts to get in portraits the kind of nobility and beauty of aspect that mark the work of the three painters named above.

We know that lasting fame in art is made by artists. No individual and no company or "cult" ever has made or ever will make a lasting reputation for an artist against the consensus of artist opinion; but in our day praise of what is not good but really evil can and does do much to encourage the weak in persisting in their weakness. The blunderer even is praised for his clumsiness—for his "seeking," for his "searching for something better than the superficial"; for his "efforts to infuse his work with soul," and many other things whereof the speakers do not know the right meaning. What they would say if they could has a right meaning, but that meaning is beyond their ken. The keen pleasure, the unalloyed joy that comes to him who knows what the art of painting is, and knows when the performance is good, is denied to all those who prate of uplifting of the soul, and who ought to go to their libraries for the kind of uplifting they talk about, but not to the art galleries. Charles Blanc, a good critic at times, but not one of the great French critics of art who seem to have acquired the right way of seeing almost as well as Fromentin himself, wrote thus in a review of the Paris Exposition of 1878 of M. Bonnat's magnificent portrait of Thiers: "He has seen him, and he has chosen to paint him in one of those terrible moments in which, absorbed in the misfortunes of his native land, he felt weighing down upon his head the burden of a formidable responsibility and stood motionless, his eye fixed on that mental image which is the fatherland. In expressing this inner look, this pent-up pain, this profound and tragic preoccupation, Bonnat has created a work that is truly historical—a masterpiece." To write thus of M. Bonnat, the master realistic portrait painter, was on a par with a remark once made to me by a talented author who thought it "dangerous to go to Mr. Sargent for a portrait because he divines his sitters' 'potentialities' and puts them on canvas, thus revealing them where nobody before suspected their existence!" How much better is the comment of the peasant whose vocabulary is limited and whose brain is unmuddled by theories, "Ça, c'est beau," and "Ça, c'est laid." The great artist indeed is impelled to paint some particular thing because it appeals to him as fine and beautiful. When he has finished the task he set for himself, the only question that need be asked to determine its merit is "Is it beautiful?" for it cannot be beautiful if it is not well done. But let us remember that there are not many who are qualified to give the answer.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

"A canvas should express a human outlook upon the world, and so it should represent an area possible to the attention; that is, it should subtend an angle of vision confined to certain natural limits of expansion. Now, to group two or more studies of figures in order to fill a larger canvas, either commits the painter to a wider angle of vision, and consequently a more distributed attention, or else it compels him to paint his group as if it were removed from him far enough to subtend only the same angle as the single figure of one of his previous studies. Let him choose either alternative, and either way a difference of treatment is forced upon him. This is a point which demands serious study on the realistic grounds of perspective, modelling, color, and definition; but for the present it is sufficient to settle it upon the merely decorative ground of complexity of pattern. If a certain proportion of cutting up recommends itself as beautiful and effective in any one sketch or study, then unquestionably a compilation of such studies must be a false method of composing a large canvas. The large canvas should not express a larger angle of sight than the small one. In a word, the cutting up of a canvas bears a ratio to the size of the canvas, and not to the square foot of space. So that you may enlarge a one-foot sketch, but you may not compile nine one-foot studies to make a three-foot picture. Whether you compile actual separate sketches on one canvas, or merely paint parts of that canvas under different impressions, the fault is the same"—*R. A. M. Stevenson*, "The Art of Velasquez."

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

We started to run back to the raft for our lives

—'Sindbad on Burrator'

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